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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

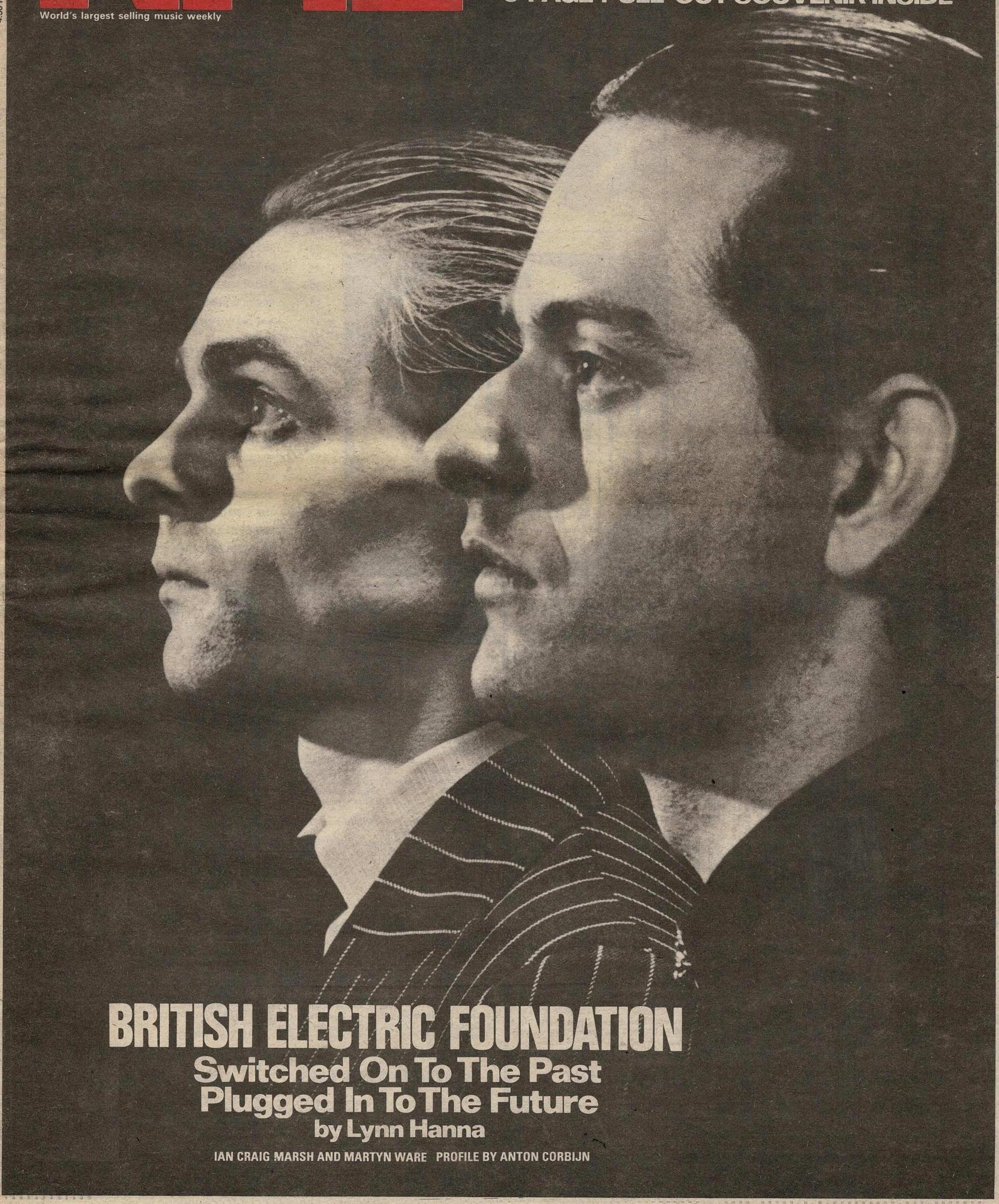
NME

World's largest selling music weekly

30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

A special re-mix edition of three decades of NME

8-PAGE PULL-OUT SOUVENIR INSIDE



BRITISH ELECTRIC FOUNDATION

Switched On To The Past Plugged In To The Future

by Lynn Hanna

IAN CRAIG MARSH AND MARTYN WARE PROFILE BY ANTON CORBIJN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT**	**Tight Fit (Jive)**	7	1
2	5	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	3	2
3	2	MICKEY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	5	2
4	3	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	9	3
5	10	POISON ARROW	ABC (Neutron)	6	5
6	4	T'AINT WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)	Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)	6	4
7	14	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	3	7
8	16	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	8
9	8	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	5	8
10	(—)	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (RSO)	1	10
11	11	CLASSIC	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)	4	11
12	7	SEE YOU	Depeche Mode (Mute)	6	7
13	24	PARTY FEARS TWO	Associates (Situation 2)	2	13
14	28	DAMNED DON'T CRY	Visage (Polydor)	2	14
15	6	CENTREFOLD	J. Geils Band (EMI)	6	4
16	9	RUN TO THE HILLS	Iron Maiden (EMI)	5	9
17	13	STARS ON STEVIE	Starsound (CBS)	4	13
18	12	TOWN CALLED MALICE	Jam (Polydor)	7	1
19	18	SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK	Robert Palmer (Island)	4	18
20	(—)	YOUR HONOUR	Pluto (KR)	1	20
21	29	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	2	21
22	21	MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	21
23	17	CARDIAC ARREST	Madness (Stiff)	6	10
24	(—)	GHOSTS	Japan (Virgin)	1	24
25	27	HEAD OVER HEELS	Abba (Epic)	6	14
26	25	BAAL'S HYMN	David Bowie (RCA)	3	25
27	19	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	10	4
28	(—)	ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	28
29	(—)	A BUNCH OF THYME	Foster & Allen (Ritz)	1	29
30	15	DEUTSCHER GIRLS	The Original Adam & The Ants (EG)	4	8

Japan in at No. 24 *Pic: Pennie Smith*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	8	**THE GIFT**	**Jam (Polydor)**	2	1
2	1	PELICAN WEST	Haircut One Hundred (Arista)	4	1
3	2	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	10	1
4	3	ACTION TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	5	3
5	9	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	19	2
6	(—)	FUN BOY THREE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	1	6
7	7	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	18	3
8	5	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	15	5
9	4	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	22	1
10	6	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	7	6
11	14	ONE NIGHT AT BUDOKAN	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	2	11
12	17	DIAMOND	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	2	12
13	21	20 WITH A BULLET	Various (EMI)	3	13
14	10	DREAMING	Various (K-Tel)	5	2
15	28	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Inglesias (CBS)	9	6
16	(—)	SPEAK & SPELL	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	16
17	16	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	21	9
18	15	WESTWORLD	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)	3	15
19	13	FREEZE FRAME	J. Geils Band (EMI)	4	13
20	12	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT	XTC (Virgin)	6	6
21	11	PRIVATE EYES	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	7	6
22	20	WORD OF MOUTH	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	4	12
23	29	DR HECKLE & MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	2	23
24	(—)	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	4	15
25	27	SEE JUNGLE	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	3	25
26	(—)	QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	17	1
27	26	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	14	1
28	30	MESOPOTAMIA	B52s (Island)	4	16
29	(—)	FILTH HOUND OF HADES	Tank (Kamaflage)	1	29
30	23	LA FOLIE	Stranglers (Liberty)	9	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(14)	**I Hate People**	Anti Nowhere League (XYZ)
2	(1)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
3	(2)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(5)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse**	Dirt (Crass)
5	(3)	**Getting Up**	Pigbag (Y)
6	(4)	**Jet Boy Jet Girl (EP)**	Chron-Gen (Secret)
7	(7)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos (Riot City)
8	(13)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
9	(6)	**Love Song**	Damned (Big Beat)
10	(9)	**Destroy The Youth**	Charge (Kamera)
11	(12)	**Megga City/Work**	Spizz Energi 2 (Rough Trade)
12	(18)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
13	(10)	**Dancing**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
14	(20)	**It's Been Hours Now**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
15	(—)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
16	(23)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory/Belelux Import)
17	(—)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
18	(17)	**No Hope For Anyone**	Dead Wretched (Infernal)
19	(—)	**Today's Generation**	Attack (No Future)
20	(16)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
21	(8)	**I Won't Close My Eyes**	UB40 (Dep Int)
22	(19)	**White And Green Place**	Maximum Joy (Y)
23	(28)	**Bomb Scare EP**	Dead Man's Shadow (Rondolet)
24	(29)	**Mello Love**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
25	(22)	**Saturday Night Special**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
26	(24)	**Vicious Circle**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
27	(11)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
28	(15)	**Got To Get Out (EP)**	Court Martial (Riot City)
29	(25)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
30	(—)	**Smash It Up**	The Damned (Big Beat)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(5)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
3	(2)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
4	(12)	**To The Shores Of Lake Placid**	Various (Zoo)
5	(3)	**Fourth Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
6	(7)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
7	(4)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(9)	**Not To**	Colin Newman (4AD)
9	(6)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10	(8)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (Big Beat)
11	(—)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
12	(10)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
13	(21)	**True Democracy**	Steel Pulse (Wiseman Doctrine)
14	(11)	**Contradictions**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
15	(—)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
16	(13)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
17	(30)	**DJ Clash**	Nicodemus/Toyan (Greensleeves)
18	(15)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
19	(17)	**Live In London — Tape**	Fall (Chaos)
20	(—)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Superville)
21	(14)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
22	(22)	**Introduce Me To The Doctor**	Pinski Zoo (Despatch)
23	(18)	**Live In Sheffield**	Pressure Co. (Paradox)
24	(29)	**Filth Hounds Of Hades**	Tank (Kamaflage)
25	(28)	**Fire Of Love**	Gun Club (New Rose)
26	(16)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
27	(25)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
28	(27)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
29	(20)	**Unknown Pleasures**	J. Division (Factory)
30	(23)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (Rough Trade)

Compiled by NME *from a nationwide survey of independent record shops*

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Education**	Burning Spear (Spear)
2	**Just A Little Bit More Loving**	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
3	**Proverbs Extractions (10")**	Pablo Moses (White label)
4	**Pretty Woman**	Diamonds / Toyan (Reggae)
5	**Water Pumper**	Yellowman (Absissa)
6	**100 lbs Cothe**	Cornell Campbell (Gorgon)
7	**Back To School**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
8	**Tribute To Young Gals**	Ranking Roger (Centre Forward)
9	**Stop Push Fine**	Reggae George (Cry Tuff)
10	**Bible Connection**	Danny Dread (Thrillseekers)
11	**Rapid 16**	George Nooks (Yvonne Special)
12	**Bad Boy**	Edi Fitzroy (Magnum Force)
13	**If I Was A Pauper**	Phillip Frazer (Youthman Promotion)
14	**Pass The Knowledge**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
15	**Bushmaster**	D J Jango (African Museum)

REGGAE LPs

1	**One Yellowman**	Yellowman / Fathead (J&L
2	**We Must Unite**	Viceroys (Trojan
3	**King Of Dub Rock Vol 2**	Sir Coxsone Sound (Regal)
4	**Think Constructively**	Sammy Dread (Heartbeat)
5	**Other Side Of Dub**	Lone Ranger (Studio 1)

Charts by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

US SINGLES

1	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2	**Open Arms**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**Centerfold**	J Geils Band (EMI America)
4	**That Girl**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
5	**Sweet Dreams**	Air Supply (Arista)
6	**We Got The Beat**	Go-Go's (IRS)
7	**Make A Move On Me**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
8	**Mirror Mirror**	Diana Ross (RCA)
9	**Shake It Up**	The Cars (Elektra)
10	**Pac-man Fever**	Buckner & Garcia (Columbia)

US LPs

1	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go Go's (IRS)
2	**Freeze Frame**	J Geils Band (EMI America)
3	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4	**4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
5	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
6	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
7	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A&M)
8	**Physical**	Olivia Newton John (MCA)
9	**Great White North**	Bob & Doug McKenzie (Mercury)
10	**Get Lucky**	Loverboy (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

SWEDEN

1	**Dare**	Human League (Virgin)
2	**Shaky**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
3	**Making Waves**	The Nolans (CBS)
4	**Preskriberade Romanser**	Ulf Lundell (Parlaphone)
5	**Dansa Kvack Kvack**	Curt Haggers (Mariann)
6	**Sons And Satisfaction**	Simple Minds (Virgin)
7	**Homosapien**	Pete Shelley (Genetic)
8	**Duran Duran**	Duran Duran (EMI)
9	**Time**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
10	**The Visitors**	Abba (Polar)

Courtesy GLF / Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Knowing Me Knowing You**	Abba (Epic)
2	**Going In With My Eyes Open**	David Soul (Private Stock)
3	**Chanson D'Amour**	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
4	**When**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
5	**Sound And Vision**	David Bowie (RCA)
6	**I Don't Want To Put A Hold On You**	Bernie Flint (EMI)
7	**Torn Between Two Lovers**	Mary McGregor (Ariola)
8	**Moody Blue**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	**Sunny**	Boney M (Atlantic)
10	**Oh Boy**	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Without You**	Nilsson (RCA)
2	**Beg Steal Or Borrow**	New Seekers (Polydor)
3	**Alone Again (Naturally)**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	**American Pie**	Don McLean (United Artists)
5	**Meet Me On The Corner**	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
6	**Hold Your Head Up**	Argent (Epic)
7	**Mother And Child Reunion**	Paul Simon (CBS)
8	**Floy Joy**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9	**Desiderata**	Les Crane (Warner Bros)
10	**It's One Of Those Nights**	Partridge Family (Bell)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Release Me**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	**This Is My Song**	Harry Secombe (Philips)
3	**Puppet On A String**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
4	**Edelweiss**	Vince Hill (Columbia)
5	**I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman**	Whistling Jack Smith (Decca)
6	**Simon Smith And His Amazing Dancing Bear**	Alan Price Set (Decca)
7	**Somethin' Stupid**	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
8	**This Is My Song**	Petula Clark (Pye)
9	**Georgie Girl**	Seekers (Columbia)
10	**Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields**	Beatles (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
2	**Tell Me What He Said**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	**Can't Help Falling In Love**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**March Of The Siamese Children**	Kenny Ball (Pye)
5	**Hey! Baby**	Bruce Channel (Mercury)
6	**Dream Baby**	Roy Orbison (London)
7	**Let's Twist Again**	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
7	**Twistin' The Night Away**	Sam Cooke (RCA)
9	**Wimoweh**	Karl Denver (Decca)
10	**A Hole In The Ground**	Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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LIZZY IN APRIL, FOREIGNER IN MAY — AND QUEEN FOR SCOTTISH FESTIVAL

"Aw fokkit, split m'pants again . . ." Phil Lynott — *pic: Graham Stewart*

The hard rock boys are back in town

FOREIGNER come to Britain in the spring to headline three major concerts — at Edinburgh Playhouse (May 5), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (7) and London Wembley Arena (9). The four-piece band, who've scored heavily in the UK this year with their album '4' and single 'Waiting For A Girl Like You', will have their follow-up single issued by Atlantic on April 23 — titled 'Urgent', it's taken from their hit album.

Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, priced £6, £5 and £4 (Edinburgh); £6.25, £5.25 and £4.25 (Birmingham); and £6.80 and £5.80 inclusive of booking fee (Wembley). For the Wembley show, tickets are also available by post — postal orders only, made payable to "MAC Promotions, Foreigner Concert" and sent (with SAE) to MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ, marking the envelope "Foreigner Concert". Promoters are Barry Dickens and Rod McSween for ITB.

Foreigner were last in the UK in August 1981, when they played a series of concerts, including Hammersmith Odeon — but that was before their chart breakthrough.

THIN LIZZY have lined up a string of UK concerts, starting in late April — at Oxford Apollo (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Sheffield City Hall (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (30 and May 1).

They had originally intended to play these dates this month, but were forced to postpone them when guitarist Scott Gorham collapsed from nervous exhaustion, during the latter stages of the band's European tour. A number of tickets for the March dates had already been sold for these March dates, and they will remain valid for the revised gigs. However, the bulk of tickets are on sale now, priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 at all venues.

Gorham is now well on the way to recovery, and will be fit for the UK outing. The two London concerts are being filmed by BBC-TV cameras for editing into a 50-minute *Old Grey Whistle Test* special — and this will subsequently be made available as a video cassette.

QUEEN will press ahead with their plans for an open-air concert in the North of England, despite the rejection of their projected show at Manchester United's football ground on May 29. And with the prospects for their proposed London event on June 5 at Arsenal F.C. still looking favourable, they now intend to go one step further — by staging a third outdoor concert in Scotland.

On Thursday last week, Trafford Council finally turned down promoter Paul Loasby's

■ *Continues over*

Spandau name dates

SPANDAU BALLET have decided to reveal the venue locations for their eight-date tour, starting next week. They orginally wanted to keep them on a low-key basis with only minimal advertising, but this has led to a great deal of inaccurate speculation, and they have also been the victims of a number of "phantom" gigs — with tickets being sold for fictional shows, which the band never had any intention of playing.

So they now want to make it clear that their only performances — for the next few weeks, at any rate —will be at Irvine Magnum Centre (March 29), Glasgow Tiffany's (30), Edinburgh Usher Hall (April 1), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (3), Manchester Palace (4), Liverpool Empire (5), Brighton Centre (9) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (10).

A new Spandau single titled 'Instinction' is released by Chrysalis on April 2 — it's a track from their latest album 'Diamond', but has been remixed, with Trevor Horn producing.

Jaz's new band — in Iceland

JAZ, Killing Joke's missing singer, is alive and well and living in Iceland. In fact, he's left Killing Joke and is now working with Icelandic band Peyr — or, at least, that's the story which has appeared in the local Reykjavik papers.

Killing Joke manager Brian Taylor confirmed that the band have given up hope of Jaz returning and are looking for a replacement singer. "We haven't heard from Jaz himself," Taylor said, "but someone who's with him called to say he's not interested in coming back."

Taylor had only "a vague idea" that Jaz might be in Iceland. But Falkinn — Peyr's Reykjavik record label — told *NME* of local news reports that Jaz had joined the band.

Peyr — their name means 'Thaw' — are one of the bands

■ *Continues over*

EXCLUSIVE

Jaz

Ozzy axeman dies in air crash P.4

Teddy Pendergrass critically injured P.4

Todd brings solo show to UK P.45

DAF announce format change P.46

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Mari lacking Imaginations

MARI WILSON — who's just enjoyed some chart success with her single 'Beat The Beat' — left court in tears last week, after a ruling that her back-up group, The Imaginations, must change its name.

The order comes after an action taken by the three-piece group Imagination (makers of 'Body Talk' and 'Just An Illusion'), who claimed that their fans might be misled into paying to see Ms Wilson's group by mistake. Clearly upset by the decision, Mari has offered the following statement:

"I know it sounds ridiculous but we received a letter from the lawyers of Imagination which said that we were confusing the public by using the name Imaginations for our backing band. It's difficult to see how anyone could be confused between a funky black three-piece sporting Egyptian headgear and a girl from Neasden with a beehive and an 11-piece backing band, but that's what they claim. I reckon myself that if you stood both parties up in front of a judge he just might be able to tell the difference.

"But the fact is that we can't even afford to take it that far, as with 12 people to feed we're not exactly the richest band in the world and the legal fees would be enormous. I'm afraid it's the old old story that if you can't afford to fight, you can't win."

According to the Compact Organisation, for whom Mari Wilson And The Imaginations (as were) record, label boss Clark Mono has recommended his act to drop the name "as it was terrible anyway." But meanwhile, as Compact ruefully reflect, "we have 11 people left nameless."

Mari Wilson lets rip . . . Pic: Adrian Boot

Queen for Scotland

■ *From previous page*

licence application for the Manchester concert, entirely on the strength of objections from local residents. He told *NME* on Friday: "It was disgusting — a charade. They simply dismissed rock'n'roll fans as animals."

But it was learned this week that Loasby has now acquired an alternative site in the North, and he confirmed on Monday that this is also a football ground. "We don't anticipate any problems here," he said. "We've been keeping this ground up our sleeves all the time as a stand-by."

Loasby added that he will be making an announcement in one week's time regarding the London show. The exact date and location of the Scottish concert haven't yet been revealed, but it's expected to take place in mid-June.

A twist to the Manchester ban is that United F.C. have themselves decided to appeal against Trafford Council's rejection of the licence application, and local magistrates will consider the appeal at a special hearing next Monday (29). Loasby is withholding details of his stand-by venue until the outcome of this action is known.

Pendergrass is 'critical' after car hits tree

TEDDY PENDERGRASS, who recently completed a triumphant sell-out British concert tour, today lies in hospital in a critical condition following a serious car accident.

He was driving home after watching a basketball game in Philadelphia, when his Rolls crashed into a tree, and he had to be cut out of the vehicle — though his girl friend, who was with him at the time, walked away unhurt.

He was rushed to the spinal cardiac department of the Thomas Jefferson Hospital, where tests were being carried out to determine the extent of his injuries — but a spokesman said that Pendergrass appeared to have a serious neck injury, and the hospital had described his condition as "critical".

Obviously, at this early stage it is unclear how this will affect his commitments — either short or long term.

Ozzy's guitarist killed in crash

RANDY RHOADS, lead guitarist in Ozzy Osbourne's band, was killed at the weekend in a plane crash in Florida. On a rest day in Osbourne's U.S. tour, he had gone for a joy ride in a light plane with the band's wardrobe mistress and bus driver, who was evidently piloting — and all three died in the disaster. At press-time, it was unknown if Osbourne would complete the tour.

Improvisation weirdos for Anti-Apartheid

STEVE BERESFORD, Lol Coxhill and David Toop are among the performers playing at an Anti-Apartheid benefit gig this Saturday (March 27) in North London's Caxton House.

The concert, which begins at 7.30, rounds off a day-long festival of films, exhibitions and theatre — including a visit from the celebrated Japanese American Toy Theatre Of London — which will hopefully raise funds for Anti-Apartheid's work in fighting racism.

Beresford and friends will appear in the guise of The Promenaders, a '20s-style band who specialise in seaside songs. The rest of a diverse bill consists of The Work, led by ex-Henry Cow keyboardist Tim Hodgkinson; The Casual Labourers, a new band put together by Bendle, formerly of The Door And The Window; and The Mercy Foundation. Tickets for the gig are £2.50 (£1.50 unwaged), while a mere 50p gains you entry to the festival, which begins at noon.

— JIMINY CRICKET

Jaz in Iceland

■ *From previous page*

who appear on 'Northern Lights Playhouse', a compilation LP of Icelandic bands distributed in England by Rough Trade. The LP's accompanying blurb suggests Peyr are a band who would appeal to Jaz's keen interest in black magic and the occult. Not only are they working on "diabolic devices" to control the audience, they've even invented a special instrument to operate outside the normal range of human hearing which is supposed to establish "psychic links" with the audience.

Meanwhile, Killing Joke are determined to continue, though the fate of their upcoming tour is uncertain at press time.

"We're not looking for Jaz clones," stressed Taylor, "though we've already had one application from someone claiming to be Jaz in a different form."

A mysterious ad appears on page 60 of this week's *NME*. It reads: "CAN YOU FURTHER THE KILLING JOKE? Chortle Chortle" — and that's all. Obviously a job ad for extremely subtle applicants.

Clones and victims of psychic possession apart, Killing Joke are open to offers and can be contacted at 01-450 2694.

— GRAHAM LOCK

REPRINTED DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND!!

Thirty years of dumb questions

SEE! *NME* always was intellectual. This wodge opposite on The Monkees comes from *NME*, July 14, 1967 — and note, will you, the similarity in format to our extremely up-to-the-minute *Portrait Of The Artist* series. In those days it was called *Life Lines*. But it's the same thing. Nothing changes.

If the truth be known, the idea of lining up celebs and firing dorkish questions at them (Do you have a pet? What is your favourite thing?) is by far the most efficient way of opening a person up.

The thick will respond thickly, the apologetic will grovel and beg love, while those with the ultra wit will pour much-needed scorn over the whole stupid enterprise.

The Monkees, you'll observe, exhibit a consistent level of chirpish though not offensive humour — most suitable for a West Coast surrogate Beatles Band with a syndicated television series to protect.

Micky Dolenz likes girls with long hair — and girls with short hair — while Peter Tork wants to be president of the United States. Haw haw. But seriously. Not bad.

Looking back through old *Life Lines*, there are even more staggering nuggets.

Did you know, for instance, that **Jerry Lee Lewis** (May '61) had a white poodle called Dinky, and *Ready Steady Go's* **Cathy McGowan** a cat called Winkie? **Lulu** had merely a budgie but was "dying for a poodle" herself.

Jerry Lee, by the way, liked "cigars and relaxing with cowboy boots". And he couldn't wait to return to Great Britain to "show his thanks to all his fans who had remained loyal to him" — a pointed reference to those who hadn't when in 1958 JLL was chucked from this

Silent Sid

country when it was learnt that the 13-year-old cousin accompanying him was actually his new bride. Phew! That — as they say — is how they do thangs in Louisiana.

Jerry Lee named **Elvis** as his favourite singer but Elvis, in his own *Life Lines* (October '57, March '58 and June '63) failed to repay the compliment. Elvis listed Dean Martin as his top warbler, while for actors he confessed to quite a thing for Marlon Brando and Natalie Wood.

Even as early as '57 Elvis was reporting an annual income of $2m, but here's the poignant bit. His most earnest ambitions of the day were to "be a serious dramatic actor and to visit Britain".

On both quests he was wide of the mark. And how far down the road did he travel from the simple Tupelo boy who liked listening to records, reading movie magazines and supping his favourite plain ice water? Ah, such wonderful simple times.

By the early '60s all was becoming obscurer. **Charlie Watts** of the Stones named jazzers Gil Evans and George Russell as his sources of inspiration, while bassist **Bill Wyman** went for the existential pastimes of eating cashew nuts and astronomy.

But taking the art of obscurantism to its pinnacle was 1965 folk nurd **Donovan** (real name Donovan Phillips Leitch). To the query, what is your personal ambition, the Don answered: "To live till I die and fill in the space in between". Wow. As for personal dislikes — simple. "People who laugh when they want to cry and vice versa."

Cliff Richard, interestingly, expressed a loathing of "insincere people and putting on a false smile for photographers" (June '63). The accompanying photograph of Mr Richard — you guessed it — shows the star with tall greasy haircut smiling falsely for an insincere photographer.

The mid '60s were something of a watershed. After Charlie Watts' existential cashew nuts *(Bill Wyman's actually — Ed.)* we got the 'rock musician' expressing a knowingness about life on the bottom floor.

Rick Wright of **Pink Floyd** (August '67) dislikes "drunks, crowded pubs, violence and difficult situations", while co-Floydist Nick Mason squeams even louder with his "nasty people, terrifying experiences, being tortured and the big dipper at Southport".

The Floyd, at the same time, had obviously been taking drugs. They were dressed in sickly paisley shirts. And the Arty One, Syd Barrett, practically refused to speak.

How grimly lifelike all this seemed next to the fat-cheeked little **Hayley Mills** (November '61) who thed: "I want to do as well as my family would like me to do". Four years later **The Small Faces'** Kenny Jones echoed her with: "I want to be liked by everyone and please everybody and give my best on the drums at all times."

There is so much more of this calibre in the old *Life Lines*. A joke? You want a joke?

Peter Sellers — who was having a chart success with 'Goodness Gracious Me' — was asked in December 1960, what do you think the music business will be like in ten years time? "Ten years older," quipped Pete.

And what are your tastes in

Public Frank

music? "I never eat it," came the peppery response.

If we could have found an old Beatles *Life Line* we'd have given you a little of that too. But the files were missing.

Perhaps a suitably enigmatic way out is the pet dislike of **Frank Sinatra**, as offered in July 1963. Said the mysterious one: "I never like to be seen in public without a hat on."

Oh yes, and whatever happened to **Jerry Lordan** and **The Marbles?**

— ANDREW TYLER

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

THE MONKEES

Micky Dolenz

Real name: George Michael Dolenz Jr. (my father, George Snr., was a famous actor).

Birthdate: March 8, 1945.

Birthplace: Los Angeles, California.

Personal points: 6ft.; 10 st. 5 lb.; hazel eyes; dark brown hair.

Sisters' names: Coco, Debbie and Gina.

Present home: Van Nuys, California.

Where educated: Los Angeles Trade and Technical College.

Instruments played: Drums, guitar, comb and paper and artichoke.

Age entered show business: 10.

TV debut: "Circus Boy." I played Corky but I was Micky Braddock then.

TV acting appearances: "Circus Boy," "Peyton Place," "Route 66," "Mr. Novak."

Hobbies: Photography.

Favourite colour: Invisible.

Favourite clothes: Double-breasted tee-shirts, casual and dressy.

Favourite group: Alpha Centuri and the Milky Way.

Car: Pontiac.

Miscellaneous likes: Girls with long hair—and girls with short hair.

Miscellaneous dislikes: Girls who like okra (a plant).

Best friend: Rick Klein.

Tastes in music: Tamla-Motown and Australian zimbong cantatas.

Peter Tork

Real name: Peter Halsten Thorkelson.

Birthdate: February 13, 1944.

Birthplace: Washington, DC.

Personal points: 5ft. 11in.; 10 st. 11 lb.; hazel eyes; reddish-brown hair.

Parents' names: John and Virginia.

Brothers' and sisters' names: Nick, Christopher and Ann Elizabeth.

Present home: Van Nuys, Calif.

Instruments played: Guitar, French horn (on the quiet), five-string banjo, recorder, organ and piano.

Where educated: Carleton College, Minnesota—I flunked out—twice!

Age entered show business: 20.

First public appearance (as an amateur): Basket-passing in Greenwich Village. I used to sing in coffee bars and instead of hats we passed bread baskets.

First professional appearance: Troubadour Club, West Hollywood, 1956.

Biggest break in career: Landing the "Monkees."

Former occupation: Student—sort of.

Favourite colour: Bright—red, orange and yellow.

Favourite clothes: Same as I wear on TV—I dig nutty shirts.

Favourite singers: Frank Ifield, Ray Charles.

Favourite groups: Beatles, Spoonful.

Miscellaneous likes: Love.

Tastes in music: Folk and beat.

Personal ambition: To be President of the United States.

Davy Jones

Real name: David Thomas Jones.

Birthdate: December 30, 1945.

Birthplace: Manchester.

Personal points: 5ft. 3in.; 8 st. 8 lb.; brown eyes; brown hair.

Father's name: Harry.

Sisters' names: Lynda, Hazel and Beryl.

Present home: Hollywood.

Instruments played: Guitar and tambourine.

Where educated: Varna Secondary Modern, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

Age entered show business: 15.

First public appearance (as amateur): School.

First professional appearance: BBC radio programme, "Morning Story."

Biggest break in career: Landing the part of the Artful Dodger in "Oliver!"

TV debut: BBC "June Evening" but I've also appeared in "Coronation Street" as Ena Sharples' nephew and in the first edition of "Z Cars" in 1962.

Radio debut: "Morning Story" and then in "This Happy Land" which was the largest part for a teenage boy written for radio.

TV acting appearances: Parts in "Ben Casey" and "Farmer's Daughter."

First important public appearance: "Oliver!"

Former occupations: Trainee jockey—"But I grew!"

Hobbies: Cars, motor bikes and designing my own suits.

Favourite colour: Blue.

Favourite food: Not fussy.

Favourite drink: Scotch and coke.

Favourite clothes: Suits (self-designed and with colourful linings).

Favourite singer: Tony Newley.

Favourite actress: Ursula Andress.

Favourite group: Beatles.

Miscellaneous likes: Cuff-links, my ring which is white gold with a black star sapphire and diamonds and my 7ft. circular bed.

Miscellaneous dislikes: Not being able to get my shirts in America—I have to buy them in England.

Tastes in music: Universal.

Best friend: David Pearl (one of the "Monkees" production team).

Personal ambition: To be a millionaire.

Professional ambition: For Monkees to be successful in England.

Car: A Ford Mustang, a jeep and a motorbike which Honda gave me.

Mike Nesmith

Real name: Robert Michael Nesmith.

Birthdate: December 30, 1942 (same day as Davy's!).

Birthplace: Dallas, Texas.

Personal points: 6ft. 1in.; 10 st. 10 lb.; brown eyes; brown hair.

Wife's name: Phyllis—I'm the only married one, and the only one who's done national service.

Son's name: Christian Du Val.

Present home: Hollywood.

Instruments played: Guitar, kazoo.

Where educated: San Antonio College, San Antonio.

Age entered show business: 20.

First professional appearance: San Antonio folk clubs.

Biggest break in career: Wandering over to audition for the "Monkees."

TV debut: "Monkees."

Compositions: "Papa Jean's Blues," "Sweet Young Thing" (both from "Monkees" LP) and many others.

Former occupation: Student.

Hobbies: Stripping down cars, hot-rodding and skate boards.

Favourite colour: Blue.

Favourite clothes: Casual like I wear in the programme—jeans and boots. NOT wool hats.

Favourite singer: Danny Hutton.

Car: '56 Chevrolet, jeep and Buick Riviera.

Miscellaneous likes: Kippered guppy, motor racing.

Miscellaneous dislikes: TV shows, hangers-on and being called Wool Hat!

Best friend: John London.

Most thrilling experience: Being signed to the "Monkees."

Tastes in music: Country and Western, folk.

Pets: A dog called Spotte.

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No News is bad news

THE LATEST in a rash of U.S. newspaper failures came last Monday when New York's leftish avant garde *SoHo News* went out of business (ironically, its last cover story was the death of comedian John Belushi). Over the last decade it had been the city's main source of information about emerging bands, non-mainstream theatre and cinema, and it chronicled the general counter-cultural world during rather than after the fact. In many respects, it paralleled the function of *NME*, although with far less music, and as such was the major rival of the much sober *Village Voice*. In fact, in recent months the paper's circulation had actually been climbing, but years of chronic mismanagement — in the final phases by the British Associated Newspaper Group, owners of the *Daily Mail* — backed up impossibly crippling debts to kill it off.

Newspaper failures have been one distressing symptom of the Reagan depression. As Alexander Cockburn put it in his *SoHo News* epitaph in the *Voice*: "At the rate things are going, there will be nothing to write on but the lavatory walls."

— MICK FARREN

RICHARD COOK on the dB's pop ideal

SOPHISTICATED JUKEBOX MUSIC

THE APPEARANCE OF The Great American Pop Band on these shores hasn't exactly caused a stampede to the nation's box offices. But The dB's are winding up an English tour with Dave Edmunds that seems to have brought some more ears back to the most sophisticated jukebox music around.

'Repercussion', the second concentrated dose of their transfiguration of iconic ingredients (Byrds harmonies, Beatles hooks blah blah — I'm sick of these off-the-peg references too) into a personalised pop vanity, merits a testing of the airwaves and your own systems alike as far as I'm concerned. But maybe it's too late for Yankophile sympathies in these balmy days of Altered Haircuts.

"We don't think of ourselves as revivalists. You could say that Public Image is reviving Can," says Chris Stamey as the group and I recline in the authentic gloom of Albion Records HQ.

"All these contemporary European groups are reviving disco music from '78–'79," grumbles bassist Gene Holder. "They sound as much like the '60s as we do."

"Martin Rushent — he's great. He did all those old Yes records and now he's sticking all those licks in." Stamey fixes me with an ever-ready Cheshire grin. Wholesome, this man. Also, along with Peter Holsapple, an American songwriter in the classic manner, though there's few enough of those these days.

"All the people we really like aren't much like us anyway — The Gun Club, Al Green," puts in Holsapple, eyes bleary behind his horn-rims. Peter got mugged last night on the way back from The Venue.

"Led Zeppelin," mumbles Holder, afraid that I'll hear him.

Stamey: "And the Art Ensemble of Chicago! No, we don't sit around and listen to 'Pet Sounds' for ideas. We never do anything *that* calculated."

CRITICISM OF The dB's (as crystallised in Paul Tickell's glum review of 'Repercussion' last week) usually centres on charges that pastiche and plain workmanship elbow out craft and inspiration in a view of pop that prizes a studied surface over depth: I hear that, but I also get a curious addiction to it, even if 'Repercussion's' smoother sheen misses some of the flat-out adrenalin rush of the earlier 'Stands For Decibels'. Anyway, 'Pelican West' isn't exactly massive in its subliminal portent.

What must surely rankle with them is that most defeating of epithets, a pop band with no hits. The dB's have had no hits.

"It's still early days," objects Stamey. Holder points to their support on American college radio and a general optimism prevails. Oh, c'mon, drop this nice guy stuff!

Holsapple: "We see people singing the songs so they must know the stuff. We'll get through eventually."

They remain nonchalant. Perhaps hit factory dreams *are* being consigned to the past these days. The dB's do well enough, for now.

Is there any kind of rivalry between Stamey and Holsapple as the two songwriters?

"It's more kind of comforting knowing there's

Pic: David Corio

Partridge collapses

XTC have been forced to re-schedule some of the dates on their current UK tour after Andy Partridge collapsed on staged in Paris recently, suffering from a stomach bug. In fact XTC's management say the singer has had a bout of jaundice.

The cancelled dates were as follows: Sheffield Poly (March 20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Manchester Apollo (23). These dates have now been re-set to follow on from the group's USA dates, and are as follows: Sheffield Poly (May 23), Manchester Apollo (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26).

Greenham Common 'suffragettes'. Pic: Ed Barber

Snap out of it

***Ten.8* is a photographic journal which appears twice a year — and the current issue contains quite a few names which will have that ring of familiarity to readers of *NME*. Ed Barber, whose Greenham Common Peace Camp arrestees pic appears left; Brian Griffin; Birmingham design group Sidelines who helped cartoonist Steve Bell work Maggie's Farm; and the Network collective of lenspersons who recently gave us Chris Davies' shot of Laurie Anderson investigating even at £2 from 81 Grove Lane, Handsworth, Birmingham; enclose large sae.**

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Common assault

THIRTY FOUR women were arrested at last weekend's anti-Cruise Festival For Peace at Greenham Common Peace Camp, Berkshire — yet the organisers pronounced it a resounding success.

Following the Festival itself, the planned 24-hour blockade of entrances to the RAF base was put into operation on Sunday evening. The all-female demonstrators — "chained to the gate and to each other, suffragette-style" — succeeded in turning away vehicles attempting to enter the base.

By midday on Monday however, base authorities had rolled back a fence and uprooted a concrete post on the north side to create a new entrance on the nine-mile perimeter. Protestors sitting in at the nearest gates immediately took up positions in front of the breach — and 34 were arrested.

The twenty women who organised the festival and protest stressed that "above all it was at all times non-violent". The arrested activists co-operated fully with police, simply going limp and allowing themselves to be removed from the front of the hole in the fencing. All in all, 170 protestors participated in direct action at the base's six gates and many, many more enjoyed the weekend festival — described by a CND spokesperson as "extremely successful".

☐ Students Against Nuclear Energy, who participated in the Greenham Common Festival by holding their annual conference at the site, have now turned their attentions to political art. They've organised two one-day exhibitions of "protest paintings" (specifically anti-nuclear) in London colleges. The paintings will be on display from 10am to 5pm on Monday, 26 April at Goldsmiths College, London SW14, and on Tuesday 27 April at the London School of Economics, WC2. The Tahitian-born artist responsible for them, Jad, will be present to explain his works and the specific personal motivation behind them: the French government's weapons-testing in the Muroroa Atoll area of the Pacific . . . his home.

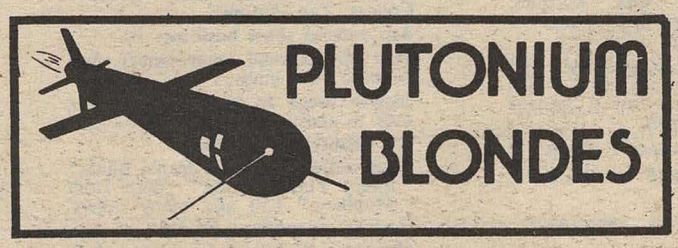
☐ The first major Easter events from anti-nuclear groups are starting to come together. On Sunday, April 11 (Easter Day) cyclists from all over the country will be setting off for destinations as far apart as Brighton, Lancaster, Swansea and Colchester. It's a sponsored ride starting from Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, London, and it's being organised by 'Bike Events' co-op of Bath, who hope to raise money for the forthcoming European Peace Festival in Vienna on August 6-8.

☐ No Nukes Music will be initiating a new series of benefit gigs at the Pied Bull in Liverpool Rd, Islington, London on March 27. That night will be headlined by The Beat Roots, and supported by The Nicemen; on April 17 The Dolly Mixture will lead off with The Deadbeats supporting. After that, gigs will take place on a regular fortnightly basis at the venue and admission will be £1, 75p for the unwaged. Doors open at 8.00.

☐ Lawyer Jamie Woolley writes from Sheffield about Sheffield ANC's new Boycott the Nukes campaign, whose idea is that you don't pay the 'nuclear portion' of your electricity bill. "As the electricity supply industry claim that 11% of the total electricity supply is produced using nuclear power, you knock 11% off the total and send this to our Consumer Campaign Trust at the Sheffield Anti Nuclear Campaign office."

In Germany there are 10,000 people engaged in exactly the same scheme of protest and already the Sheffield crew have recruited 600 supporters. Disconnection of your electricity can be avoided any time by paying any arrears and, in practice, the Electricity Board have not threatened disconnection for such "small amounts" as most campaigners contribute. In Scotland, a similar trust fund has been operating successfully for over a year. For further information, contact: Consumer Campaign Trust Fund, ANC National Office, PO Box 216, Sheffield S1 1BD (0742-754691) or Scottish NAG Box 4, 43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh EH1 2QB.

— CYNTHIA ROSE



someone else in the band who does material," is Holsapple's laconic answer.

Stamey: "Sometimes one of us has a song which we feel strongly about but isn't good for the group to play. Or it might be too experimental, too straight or too Cole Porterish."

Then how do you keep creative tension going?

"Oh, squash, all staying in the same hotel room, very small train compartments . . ."

I don't believe any of those answers, Mr Holsapple.

"Well I don't have a very strong mind."

Is playing music an end in itself for The dB's?

"Oh yeah!" gushes a doe-eyed Stamey. "It has to be. We've been playing for years and this is the most recognition we've got so far. We could easily go into the studio and make an Echo And The Bunnyman record. I've got the raincoat — some coloured lights . . ."

How would you go about that?

Holder: "One chord in every song and somebody who sings lower than we do."

Are they suspicious of sweetness and sentiment? Songs like 'Amplifier', 'Happenstance' or 'Bad Reputation' seem reminiscent of a cynicism some way from the guileless boundaries of pop.

"I think maybe if we're reviving anything we're reviving Freud," suggests Stamey. "Some of the songs are kind of early Freudian . . ."

"Pink Freud?" offers Holsapple.

We run through some of their repertoire and decide on an irrational mix of sarcasm, cynicism and hopeless romanticism. Sounds like an ideal formula to me.

"I think in future we're just going to get our girlfriends to do interviews."

Holsapple: "Well, what's wrong with being sweet? What's wrong with being a sucker?"

Indeed. Something very endemic to English music at present. Hardly what we might expect from a New York group though?

"Other New York groups tolerate us, though we don't sound like them," admits Holsapple. "New York isn't so split up into Rough Trade, Factory or Virgin camps."

THE dB's still remember the calamitous Rainbow US package with distaste. They say they don't talk about it but I hear an avalanche of disavowals all the same. Chris Stamey is philosophical enough.

"It makes it easier to understand what happened to Jerry Lee Lewis. Now *that* was an art crime."

Holsapple wraps it up: "We'll keep throwing out records until they take the bait. If we *are* seen as a revivalist group then it's melody and memory we're reviving."

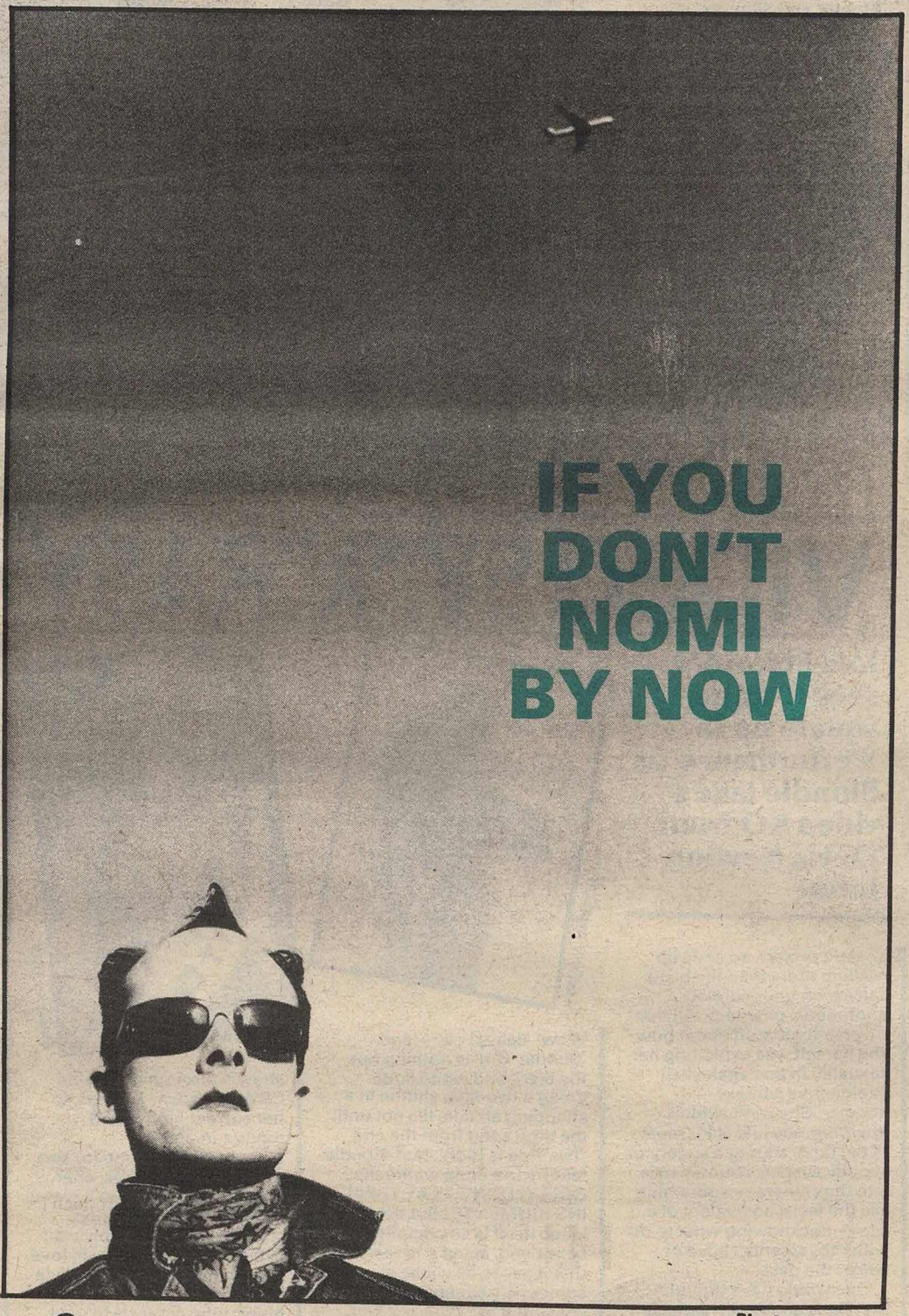
"I just like Ant music," is drummer Will Rigby's sleepy observation.

ARCHIVE FUN

TWENTY YEARS Ago this month, *NME* was celebrating its tenth anniversary. Everyone else was celebrating the fact that 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' had finally left the charts. So, meet this week's token Prats From The Past . . . The Tokens. For The Tokens it was who dragged Britain into 1962 with their hit version of the 'Wimoweh' adaptation that's even now revived and squatting atop the '82 hit parade, courtesy of Tight Fit.

The Tokens were, as history relates, four doo-wopping natives of Brooklyn Noo Yoik, whose ages ranged from 13 to 21. Normally attired in more conventional togs of loin-cloths and leopardskin bikinis, the boys caused a sensation by donning the outlandish gear pictured here. Their performance of 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' was widely viewed as a scathing exposition of the recurrence of atavistic primitivism within the turbulent psyche of the "urban jungle", stripping bare the veneer of civilisation. Ah, for the innocence of those simpler times . . .

"It's a black hole in Time — caused by Adam Ant plundering images from every period there's ever been in the history of the world!"



Pic: David Corio

HE ADMITS that he's a kind of extremist — an extremist of style. This would probably account for the extreme reactions he provokes, both for his music and for the way he looks. "Bloody awful" is one of the commoner descriptions greeting his recent LP debut. "This year's Tiny Tim" is one of the cruellest. But Klaus Nomi takes it all in his stride.

Obviously, singing one of the worst pop songs in living memory (Lou Christie's 'Lightning Strikes') in a piercing operatic falsetto, while wearing the make-up of a demented clown and a fulsome dickie-bow, is not the easiest of pathways to widespread acceptance. And that's just the more commercial side of his work. He's equally liable to apply his lethal shriek of a voice to some genuine classically aria, like Saint-Saens' 'Samson And Delilah', backed up by a New York rock group and a synthesiser. Klaus Nomi seems very strange.

Accordingly I turn up to interview him, armed with the sort of questions you might ask any classical trained, German-born, potentially dangerous fruitcake. Instead, I find a relaxed and affable man, apparently in full possession of marbles. He recognises that people don't always know how to take him. "Anything that's new, you have problems getting accepted. Even when Edison invented the telephone, everybody thought he was nuts."

Although a native of Bavaria, and later West Berlin, it was when Klaus ended up in New York (where else?) that his eccentric career got under way. A couple of performances quickly sealed his notoriety, both as a walking visual outrage and as a visionary mixer of two traditions: electronic rock 'n' roll and 18th centrury opera. It all goes back, he says, to his childhood.

"One day when I was small, I took money from my mother's drawer and I bought Elvis's 'King Creole'. My mother was very much against rock 'n' roll — it was poison for her — and she took the record back to the store and exchanged it for Maria Callas. . . I was a tormented child. It became very confusing because I couldn't make up my mind what I wanted to sing, opera or rock. I always wanted to do one without losing the other."

So he put together this bizarre combination of both. Once in New York, the big break came when David Bowie invited him on to the *Saturday Night Live* TV show with him, conferring vast credibility-by-association (not to mention a few useful rumours). "Everybody believed I was working with David, and out on the street, 'Hey, how's David Bowie?' they said, and I'd say Fine, he's doing the dishes! When I went to play in Wisconsin they'd say, 'Hey, Bowie's room-mate is here!' The response was hysterical. That was the best thing that could happen to me."

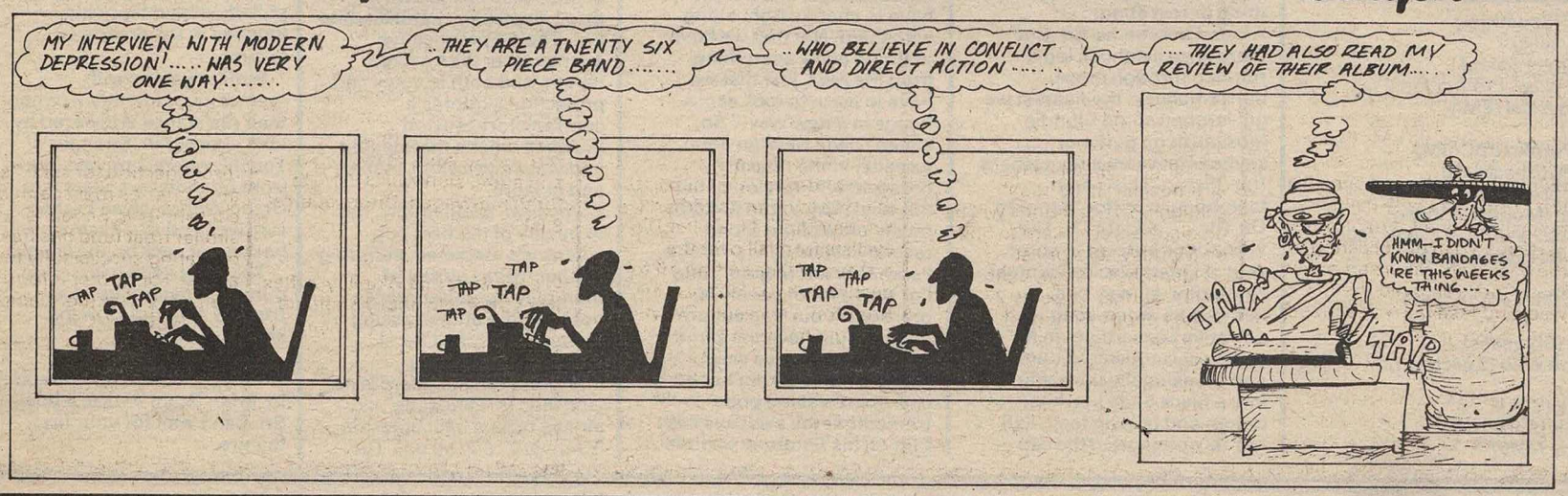
Hysteria or not, only a foreign record company, RCA France, was prepared to invest in this peculiar musical hybrid — hence the new LP. (Klaus hasn't played live in the UK yet.) Add a Teutonic accent and his weird appearance and, he says, U.S. companies were frightened off. "I see it as a fusion," a synthesised modern sound, with classical depth. But don't you get treated as a joke? "Well, things like 'Lightning Strikes' *are* very funny. That song is nothing to be taken seriously. It's fun."

Of course, we've endured "rock operas" in the past. Where's the difference in what you're doing? "Well, besides the operatic *structure* of The Who's 'Tommy' and 'Jesus Christ Superstar' — where there's an overture, and different songs and a story — the *operatic* element is missing. That's because the typical operatic aspect is the human voice, and the artifice of that vocal style. *That's* what makes opera, because it's very dramatic and powerful."

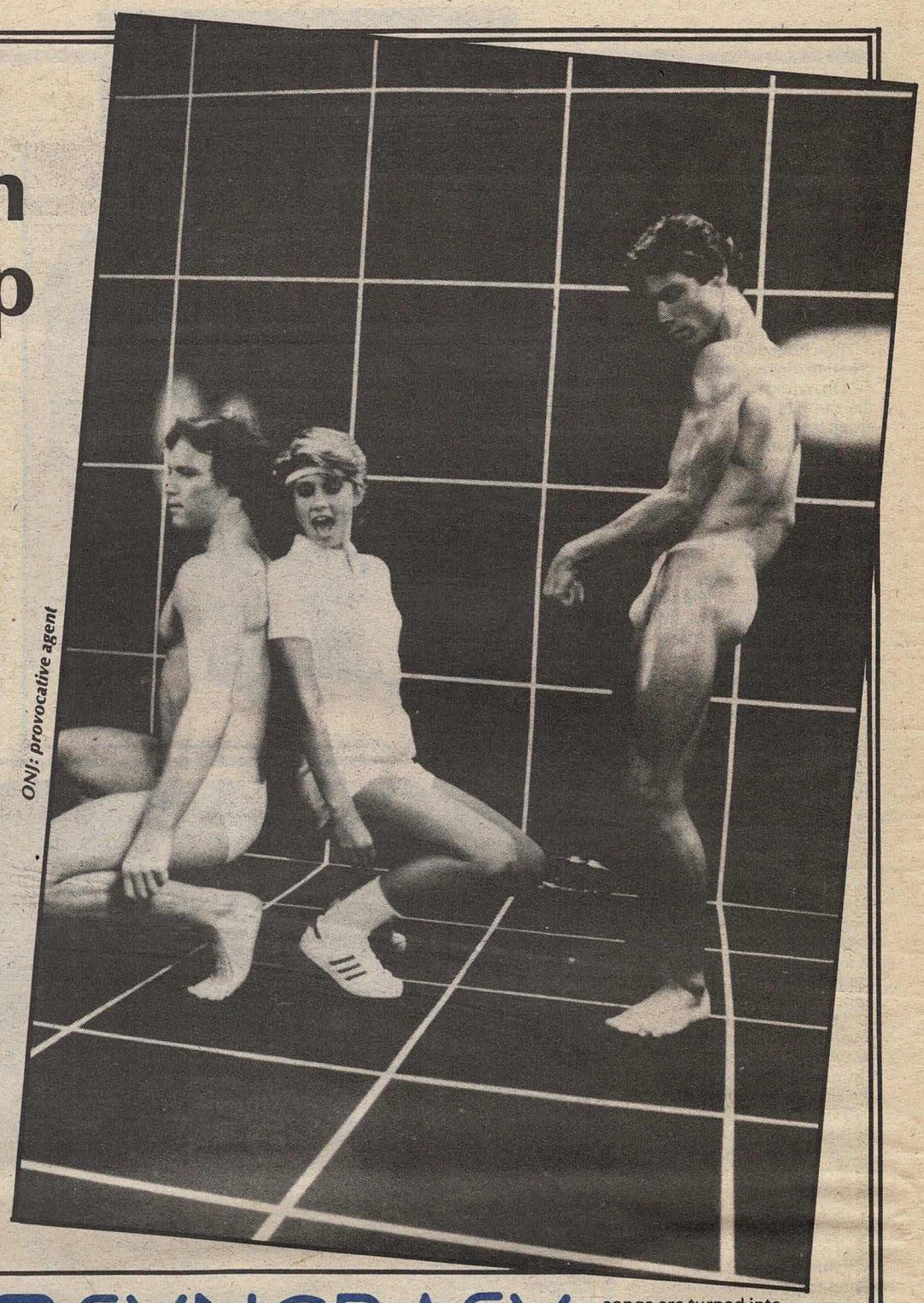
As far as live work goes, Klaus admits that budget considerations limit his massive ambitions for theatricality. Ultimately, he wants *all* the elements of rock and opera: band and orchestra, 1770-style backdrops and video screens. The classical aspect, he insists, will stay strongly in evidence, even though his next album could well feature some country & western, plus a Presley song ". . .because Elvis Presley was my spiritual father, just as Maria Callas was my spiritual mother."

— PAUL DU NOYER

The Lone Groover — Benyon


MY INTERVIEW WITH 'MODERN DEPRESSION'..... WAS VERY ONE WAY.....
..THEY ARE A TWENTY SIX PIECE BAND.....
..WHO BELIEVE IN CONFLICT AND DIRECT ACTION ....
.... THEY HAD ALSO READ MY REVIEW OF THEIR ALBUM.....
TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP
HMM—I DIDN'T KNOW BANDAGES WERE THIS WEEK'S THING....

Licensed to perform sex and ecology pop



ONJ: provocative agent

VIDEO SYNCRASY

IAN PENMAN sees 'Tommy' square up to 'Performance' as Blondie take a video KO from Olivia Newton John

VIDEOMART TIME again, my square-eyed friends and freeze frame fiends. Although speaking for myself, I find it hard to switch from the six-hour junk time of British TV (six 'til 12) to the finicky parameters of the Born Again Videobore . . . those hours are *sacred,* I mean, I'm *purist* about that garbage, and a selection of good films is the last thing I want.

Which is just as well, seeing as the first film up for review is the ridiculous **Tommy** (RSO/Thorn EMI Video £59.95) — which was ridiculous enough on record, and hardly needed the Grandmaster of crass flash, Ken Russell, to further inflate its moribund epic pretensions. The last time I mentioned this scrambled egg on these pages — in connection with the no more sensible infinitely more enjoyable *Altered States* — I remarked that it was one of only three films I had ever walked out on. I can now add to that list a low budget Sci Fi shock horror called *Insemenoid* (which will doubtless play to delighted Scala audiences in years to come), but my affections for *Tommy* remain unchanged. Jack Nicholson is the only tempting possibility in a cast list that includes such lovable old ruffians as Oliver Reed, Keith Moon, Eric Clapton and Elton John. Far out. In fact, as far out as you can possibly take it — and in a lead, depth-charged casket.

On the other hand, how can I possibly say enough about Nicholas Roeg and Donald Cammell's **Performance** (Warner Home Video Rental)? Roeg's first film as (co)director — and, for you rockbores, Jagger's first film as 'actor' — *Performance* bevels on the unlikely meeting of a fugitive London gangster (James Fox — and superb he is too) and a washed-up pop idol (Jagger, very convincingly). I will not attempt to describe how this febrile visual text explodes and disperses its subject(s) but suffice to say it is awesome, and probably the best merger of intellect and hedonism to come out of 1968.

Two years later in 1970, Tony Garnett produced, and Roy Battersby directed, **The Body** (EMI Videogram £39.50), an encyclodedic documentary based around and often in our fallible, fleshy home. It is, by turns, affectingly and awkwardly humanist — tender in its dissection, lamenting our 'civilised' decline into industrial ill-health, longing for a world where William Blake and the children of 1968 would be happy. Such over-tendered idealism isn't helped by one half of the soundtrack, which is Roger Waters' irritatingly drippy voice and acoustic tinkering — God, talk about the wind in the willowy. Ron Geesin's instrumental eclecticism is far preferable, but it's all a bit benevolent for a gnarled little misanthropist like me. Not for me, either, the sight of Richard Neville and female friend in a discussion of Biblical knowledge — an unimaginative coupling which was obviously meant as the Universal word in sexual union, but really only serves to illustrate why natives spying on missionaries were detected by their laughter.

What, I wonder, would they have made of Bette Midler's tassles? Or of Dolores Delago — "the Toast of Chicago" — tastelessly straining against the disinterested conspiracy of booking agencies everywhere, flapping her mermaid's tail, perambulating in a motorised wheelchair replete with tropical fauna and phallic soft-sculpture coconuts? Dolores, Bette, and back-up (?) singers The Harlettes, could probably build an entire revue around jokes about the missionary position. Unfortunately, in the Michael Ritchie-directed **Divine Madness** (Warner Home Video Rental), the concentration is mainly upon the crew's musical routine; apart from one brief monologue from Bette, stoolbound (?), and the aforementioned Dolores Delago disaster, what we get is mainly songs — 20 of them, in fact. If you're a fan it is doubtless divine — my adoration is strictly for the wonderful woman's comedy, and there's not enough of it in *Divine Madness.* It's not the same, knowing she's not going to ad lib the second screening around, although I still love Bette's disaffectionate remark about the world of S&M: "You have to send off for too many *accoutrements.*"

Michael Ritchie adds a luscious professional touch to the concert footage of Bette and the gals (although two of the three tend to get left out in the margins of the widescreen-to-TV condensation) — just enough to let you know he's there, never attempting to transform the show into something it's not (i.e. Art).

Art (you're going to hate me for this) is also absent from **Paul Simon In Concert** (Warner Home Video Rental). This is 11 simple songs in 60 mins from Simon in October, 1980, backed by such L.A. session luminaries as Steve Gadd and Eric Gale: very much your standard, straightforward Live Album With Pictures video — more like a TV Special than a cinematic presentation. Simon has some great songs up his sleeve, or somewhere, but this is for obsessives only.

For anyone but stubborn fans equally, **The Best of Blondie** (Chrysalis Videogram £29.95) has to be a big disappointment. Initially, it's just the lack of adventure, the quick-buck way in which it's been slipshod-slapped together. Of the 15 tracks (same as the LP) only two have really been diffused into the *idea* of a video treatment ('Atomic' and 'Rapture', as you saw them on *TOTP);* the remaining songs are illustrated by footage of a boring rock group playing in studio situ, none of whom know what to do for the camera and all posing lamely nonetheless.

This is the real disappointment: for all these are collected together, and you have to watch that perfect New York pop group you thought you loved make perfect wallies of themselves . . . well, we were in love with a dream, with what we wanted Blondie to be, with an impossible perfection. Debbie herself is the biggest disappointment, a frozen framed sex object — not in the cliched sense of the term, but in the sense that she can't *act,* doesn't *project,* so ends up nothing more than the blank canvas for your curdled photogenic phantasy. All that reverse-logic stuff about how she herself was exploiting her sexuality in and against an exploitative context — phooey! She can't exploit *anything,* she just *is* for most of the time, staring a sugary or slightly suspect countenance into the camera — something like the facial equivalent of a lisp — not knowing what to do with movements above or below the neck.

One would have thought that Debs and Chris hanging around with that Warhol crowd would have picked up a thing or two about Art-as-Package-as-Art. But there is no aesthetic logic running through these performances; the nearest we get is when some Blondie jobsworth on guitar or keyboards wears a toy camera (for 'Picture This') or a telephone cord (for 'Hanging On The . . .' GEDDIT?). The video does purport to some kind of smart-alec conceptual continuity, by way of a tenuous between-song narrative concerning an NY yellow cab cruising around and occasionally bumping into a black dude in white topper and tails. In fact, 'Call Me', is nothing *but* the cab — Wow! Heavy! etc — and 'Sunday Girl' is nothing but the black and white dude doing a two-step shuffle in a shopping arcade. It's not until the third song from the end, 'The Tide Is High', that Blondie feature in a song where they, GOLLY! DON'T PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS! But the 'Tide' video itself is so crappily conceived, acted and realised that it has to be a joke at someone's expense. The consumer's?

"These are the '80s and times change, and people have to change right along with them. Not that we have to throw away everything from the past, just that we have to learn to look at old things in a new way." So stated Olivia Newton John, sweetly, in the recently broadcast TV version of her **Physical** (EMI Video £34.50). Musty old *Rolling Stone* recently called Olivia "rock's Farah Fawcett Majors", and I'm sure a lot of positivist prannies in our pop culture press would have the same idiotic, worm's eye view.

She's moved from her early cherubic Ovaltine pop (remember the sketches with Cliff on his Saturday teatime show?) through creditable C&W crossover success, to her current high-toned tongue-in-cheek sex-and-ecology pop (to sort of balance out things, energy conservation wise, as it were). Her pop is a sensual pop, crafted, crafty, possibly a bit cynical but more likely in love. Unlike the Debbie doll, Olivia on video isn't a one-view sex object who contorts to your specifications: *she's* firmly in control (you can tell which side I display my handkerchief on). She's a provocative agent, rather than a fixed image, and both in voice and projection explores a contradictory tension between what's *threatening* and what's *yearning,* in tone and gesture.

Physical, taken totally, has to be one of the best pop videos yet marketed, suffering neither from a surfeit of men-playing-guitars shots, nor from the embarrassing metonymy of the Literal school of video song interpretation (i.e. there is no landslide in 'Landslide'; no air-sea rescue helicopters in 'Recovery', and so on). The songs are turned into elaborate visual puns, abstract stories crammed full of little indulgences, meaningless motifs — pure visual pleasure.

Olivia knows how to move her head and eyes, just how long to hold a stare. The videos exploit every gaze; between the actors, between actor and camera, between actor and us. Olivia also knows how to walk and dance *to* the beat of a song, and the choreography meshes perfectly with how the camera wants to set up a scene. Even in the three songs which are straight Singer and Band, quick cutting and puzzlework editing ensures interest — cut *to* the beat of the song, so simple, but something that isn't attempted once in the Blondie tape, for instance.

The individual 'Landslide' and 'Physical' videos, you *TOTP* habituees will remember (only the Julien Temple-produced video for ABC's 'Poison Arrow' comes close). In 'Recovery' a red cross marks the — eek! — movement of desire in the unconscious — no kidding folks, Olivia's been swatting up her Lacan. The song is fractured into a sliding-signifier slideshow Nic Roeg would be proud of, where all the stop-frames are pulled out and tangents touched in the dreamiest fashion.

Similar games with memory and identity — when their resistance is lowered by love — occur in 'Stranger's Touch', where a private eye from Chandler wanders into Orson Welles via an Escher stairwell and a hallucinatory backstreet peck on the cheek.

The song itself has a great pun: *"I'm caught up in a triangle / No future in this shape . . . I'm in."*

The *Physical* video was wholly conceived and directed by Brian Grant — take a bow, Bri. Can't wait for your first feature.

Midler: musical

Debbie: doll

VIDEO TOP 20

1	(1)	**Siouxsie & The Banshees** (Spectrum)
2	(2)	**The Best Of Blondie** (Chrysalis)
3	(4)	**Abba Music Show Vol 2** (Intervision)
4	(5)	**Adam & The Ants** (Home Video Productions)
5	(3)	**Olivia Newton-John — Physical** (EMI)
6	(6)	**Queen Greatest Flix** (EMI)
7	(7)	**Rock Flashback — Deep Purple** (BBC/3M)
8	(8)	**Pink Floyd Live At Pompeii** (Spectrum)
9	(10)	**Abba Music Show Vol 1** (Intervision)
10	(9)	**Elvis — Comeback Special** (Mountain Video)
11	(11)	**Elvis — King Of Rock 'n' Roll** (World of Video 2000)
12	(12)	**Paul McCartney & Wings Rockshow** (EMI)
13	(13)	**ELO Live In Concert** (VCL)
14	(—)	**Alice Cooper In Concert** (20th Century Fox)
15	(17)	**Videostars** (EMI)
16	(—)	**Jethro Tull — Slipstream** (Chrysalis)
17	(—)	**The Kids Are Alright — The Who** (Spectrum)
18	(15)	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
19	(18)	**Elton John In Central Park** (VCL)
20	(16)	**James Last Live In London** (Spectrum)

(Chart courtesy HMV)

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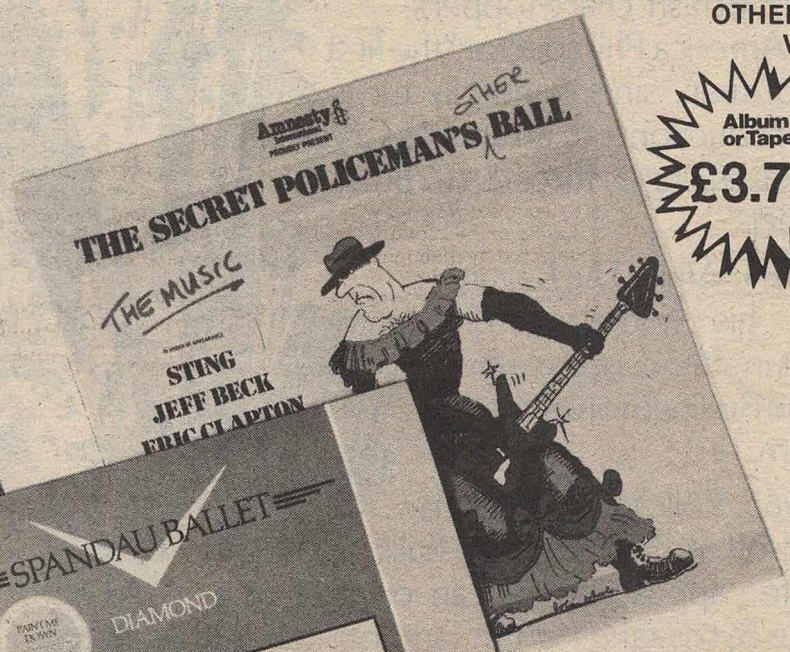

FIVE MILES OUT
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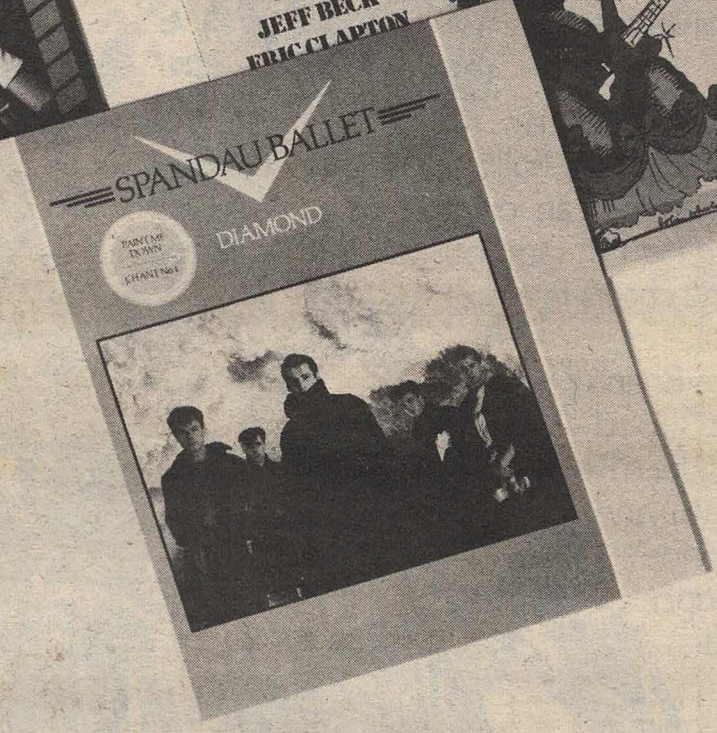
Album or Tape £4.29

DIAMOND
Spandau Ballet

Album or Tape £4.29



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116 STORES NATIONWIDE

AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

1960. Legal hire purchase brings the cheap guitar within the reach of British would-be rockers.

1961. October 28th. Raymond Jones enters a Liverpool record shop in search of a record by "a group called The Beatles." The shop manager, Brian Epstein, is unable to oblige.

1962. New Year's Day. The Beatles audition for Decca and fail. A&R man tells Brian Epstein: "groups of guitarists are on the way out."

1963. The Beatles notch up the first of 17 British chart-toppers.

In America Phil Spector, "the first tycoon of teen," singlehandedly turns record production into an art. His Crystals and Ronettes singles threaten to burst the radio apart.

1964. While The Beatles conquer his homeland, Phil Spector is in attendance as a group called The Rolling Stones cut their first album.

1965. Folk idol Bob Dylan is booed off at the Newport Folk Festival for appearing with an electric band. The Byrds take his 'Mr. Tambourine Man' to the top of the charts in a rock version.

1966. Beach Boy Brian Wilson fashions the intricate 'Good Vibrations'; The Beatles produce 'Revolver,' The Stones 'Aftermath' and Dylan 'Blonde on Blonde' – all records of unprecedented wit and maturity.

Eric Clapton leaves John Mayall to form Cream, the first virtuoso rock band.

1967. Peace, flowers, drugs and love at the Monterey Festival in California. Jimi Hendrix stops the show and then goes on tour supporting the Monkees.

Beatles release 'Sergeant Pepper,' a record on which they spent 700 hours and £25,000. Theatre critic Kenneth Tynan describes the release as "a decisive moment in the history of Western Civilisation."

1968. The Who complete 'Tommy,' the first rock opera. The Stones re-emerge as Princes of Darkness with 'Jumpin' Jack Flash.'

Young David Bowie comes home from seeing 2001 and pens 'Space Oddity.'

1969. Rock festivals at Woodstock, Altamont and the Isle of Wight. Led Zeppelin make their vinyl debut and establish Heavy Rock as the new vogue. Beatles play live for the final time.

1970. Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin die. Neil Young writes 'Ohio' to mark the deaths of four Kent State University students killed by National Guardsmen.

1971. The first generation of rock fans marry and settle down to the tune of Rod Stewart's 'Every Picture Tells a Story' and Carole King's 'Tapestry' (which sold more than 10 million).

1972. David Bowie invents Ziggy Stardust, Alice Cooper performs on stage with a snake and Roxy Music become the critics' darlings as glamour makes a comeback.

1973. The spread of the cheap home hi-fi puts a premium on ostentatious production, reflected in the massive acceptance for Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of the Moon,' Rick Wakeman's 'Six Wives' and many other forays into "art-rock."

1974. Down in the pubs of London, cheap and cheerful groups like Brinsley Schwarz and Ducks Deluxe "get back to basics."

American rock writer Jon Landau pens the famous words "I saw rock and roll future, and its name is Bruce Springsteen."

1975. Country-flavoured, close harmony pop, as practised by Los Angeles acts like The Eagles and Fleetwood Mac, dominate the charts and the airwaves.

Marketing men coin a new term: A.O.R. (Adult Oriented Rock).

5. ROCK
THE GOLDEN YEARS.

1976. Stiff records re-establish the independent label as rock's most potent commercial unit.

The Sex Pistols and Clash declare war on the world in general (and the complacent world of rock in particular), while Blondie and The Jam inaugurate the second golden age of pop.

Rock is officially pronounced dead. But that's been said before.

NEXT WEEK: COUNTRY & WESTERN

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

BASF

Issued by BASF in the interests of better listening.

THIS WAY IN to the Maze phonomenon. Barney Hoskyns unravels the influence of a US supergroup on the Brit-Funk movement. Photo: Peter Anderson.

A-MAAAZE-ING!

FRANKIE BEVERLY'S eight-man Maze could have come to Europe at any time in the last two years and met with the same phenomenal response they are experiencing now. Instead, they have chosen to build up their reputation slowly and surely in America, securing a steady following that put the 'Live In New Orleans' double album high in the American charts and ensures sell-out concerts wherever they go.

They could have toured here two years ago because, unbeknown to them, they have all that time been a widespread influence on Britain's growing jazz-funk scene.

Maze play a tight but untheatrical funk which has earned them respect and love among those tired of more showy, formulaic dance music. In the States they occupy a unique position between the big superstar acts like Earth, Wind And Fire and the new, less commercial breed of street-funk bands influenced by George Clinton's Funkadelic.

Like a great many San Francisco groups, both soul and rock, Maze are less a singles than an albums band. All five of their LPs have gone Gold, while their singles have only been hits on the West Coast and; surprisingly, in the South. In Britain, the influence of their first three albums — 'Maze', 'Golden Time Of Day', and 'Inspiration' — can be traced from Light Of The World through to Incognito's version of 'Changing Times'.

The Maze sound has frequently been described as "mellow" and "laid-back", and certainly many of their songs, like much homegrown jazz-funk, is too lightweight and airily content for my taste.

Why they are good, though, is because when they *do* play funky, they do it without having to add extraneous horns, strings, and synthesizers. Their basic sound is so economical and self-sufficient that the music's soul simply shines straight through.

"There are times when we're recording and I really wanna hear other stuff in there," says Frankie, "but I believe a band can get those sounds with keyboards, like we can with Sam (Porter) and Phil (Woo), and I figure if we work on it long and hard enough we'll get it to where we don't need to bring in these people. When people

OVER

AMAZED

CONTINUED

buy records, man, they wanna hear that shit *live*, they don't want them violins and horns. That's why I used to like War, you know, those *grittier* bands, I don't like the slick acts."

THE FRANKIE BEVERLY story goes back further than street funk, however. In fact, it covers almost the entire evolution of soul music from doo-wop to disco.

Born and bred in Philadelphia, Frankie found himself at an early stage in the familiar position of many vocal-group singers: bounced back and forth from one producer to another without having much say in either choice or style of material.

"I didn't really know what to do at that time in my life except sing, and then it was the Frankie Lymons and Sam Cookes that really influenced me as a singer."

The doo-wop training still shows up today: on 'Before I Let Go' there are even some weird echoes of The Penguins' 'Earth Angel'! But doo-wop gave way to outside influences like the Motown Revue, which on its tours would regularly stop by at Philly's Uptown Theater. Influences like these gradually crystallised into the Philly sound itself, with groups like The Delfonics and The Intruders spearheading the new direction.

Frankie formed The Butlers, and even cut some records with people like Thom Bell on Gamble and Huff's label Jamie-Guyden. But to him the scene was too limited: he wanted to do his own thing, not be part of a soul factory. When Sly Stone appeared on the West Coast, The Butlers stopped trying to become the new Intruders — one can't exactly imagine him singing 'Cowboys To Girls' in any case — and become Raw Soul instead. Into a repertoire consisting mainly of Sly And The Family Stone cover versions, Frankie squeezed a few originals. 'While I'm Alone' and 'Color Blind' were two that would later crop up on the first Maze album.

In 1972, just after the Philly sound had really opened up with a string of masterpieces like The O'Jays' 'Back Stabbers', Frankie Beverly's Raw Soul began their long odyssey to California.

"I *really* liked where Sly was coming from. Before he came there was either the stand-up singing groups or the James Brown frontman with the big band behind. Sly was the first self-contained *black band*."

On their arrival, Raw Soul got pretty heavily into the Stoned Street Funk ethos. When Frankie confesses that he is "definitely a product of that era", long-standing percussionist "Roame" Lowry — he's been with Frankie all along — bursts into riotous laughter.

"I am," continues Frankie, "and that's why I can say there comes a time in your life when you gotta make up your mind to quit fooling and leave certain things alone. I mean, after you almost die from . . . 'cause I got hepatitis and all that shit . . . plus with Jimi dying, that really scared me, that could happen to anybody . . ."

I need hardly remind him of the fate of Frankie Lymon, his first major influence and a singer whose music could hardly be said to epitomise the drugs era of rock'n'roll: *that* Frankie died a penniless junkie at the age of 31.

RAW SOUL'S FIRST few months in 'Frisco were pretty tough, and in due course four of the band's members split back to Philadelphia. But at various times it included both one-time Funkadelic drummer Peekie and Walter Raleigh of the legendary Dyke And The Blazers.

"Yeah man! Why, Dyke And The Blazers were almost ahead of *Sly!* Really raw, and they definitely happened on an underground level. They were ahead of their time and Dyke, he got killed or something (Frankie Lymon, Sam Cooke, Jimi Hendrix . . . the list never ends). What was that big record they had, man?"

"'Let A Woman Be A Woman'," replies young New Yorker Phil Wood in the background. "And also they wrote 'Funky Broadway'. That was one of the original party bands . . ."

It was Marvin Gaye who suggested that Frankie change the name Raw Soul. In 1974 his wife Jan saw them play in a club and freaked out. When Gaye himself heard the tapes he said he didn't think they *were* raw soul.

"You see, when we first became Raw Soul, we were mainly just doing Sly numbers, and after we started playing our own material, I guess the real person came out of me, and the *real* band was not a raw soul band. We weren't like Kool And The Gang or anything, and Marvin saw that we were much, much more than that, he saw that we were real classy. So we became Maze."

Initially, Gaye wanted to put the first album out on an independent label, but in the event Larkin Arnold of Capitol's soul division got wise to the band's obvious talent. Eventually, in 1977, 'Maze' was released — to massive acclaim. It's probably my favourite of the four studio albums, because it undoubtedly has a rawer energy than any of the other three. Even without such residual funk components as horns, the uptempo tracks 'Time Is On My Side', 'Colour Blind', and, above all, 'You', have a direct and unforced power all their own.

What was the difference between the Raw Soul versions of 'While I'm Alone' and 'Color Blind' and the versions on the first Maze album?

"On the first versions of those songs the subjects were strong but the execution, the actual performance of the band, wasn't as good as it could have been, and I just figured if I got a chance to do an album I would re-do them. You hate to do a song wrong and then just let it rest like that."

Does he think Maze's recent big success has made it difficult for them to do a song with a strong social theme like 'Color Blind'? Doesn't he feel they have a different audience now, a perhaps more affluent one, than when he wrote that song at the beginning of the last decade?

"Oh no, the only thing I can say is that a great song is a great song, and a great song *pierces time*. But I don't think that way about our audience, man, if I have something to say I say it — like 'Runnin' Away' on the live album, that's the same thing, the same subject, but the problem is you have to be artistic in saying these things. If you lean too far one way or the other you can limit your appeal."

Why was the second album ('Golden Time Of Day') so much more laid-back than the first?

"Because, and I'll never get caught in this again, from the first album the record company pushed us into doing the second. We were so high and still runnin' off the first album, we just weren't ready."

THREE ALBUMS ON and Maze are at their most confident. The live album is a triumph of energy and audience rapport, from the opening 'You', which demonstrates just how brilliantly a funk break can be used to reinforce an emotional point in the lyrics, to the breezy summer soul of 'The Look In Your Eyes'.

Does Frankie think Maze will be able to maintain the balance between being "mellow" and making it funky?

"Oh yeah! You see, 'funk' is a word that means so much, it doesn't mean you have to be playing a clavinet or something. I really think this band *is* a funky band. Even our *ballads* are funky, because we do 'em with *soul*. I think the live album had a grit about it that I would *love* to get in the studio, but I don't know what it is, I just haven't been able to get that.

"I mean, we've really come from the bottom line, which is a *working* act, and that's why that live album is so good. In the studio it's harder to *make* that energy happen, it doesn't come so naturally."

Does he think Maze have a different following from the more consciously funky groups?

"Well, in America we probably have an older audience, not so many kids, about 18 to 30, something in that range. People who come out to see us in the States, they don't get *suited down*, but they get . . . pretty smart, It ain't slick, but it's a *finer* thing. It ain't kids who're just gonna be satisfied with a beat, these are people that you really *get to*. When they get up they ain't just reacting on the surface, you know . . . the same people who would go and see George Benson, I guess."

What does he think of an act like Benson, or someone who's crossed over into mellow funk from the other side of the fence, like the Doobie Brothers?

"I'm not a staunch fan of either, but I do appreciate them. That guy Michael McDonald — hell of a soulful cat, man! A guy like that proves you don't have to be black to have soul."

At a time when Kool And The Gang have all but abandoned their street funk days to the wind, does Frankie Beverly still feel any ties with the past of Raw Soul?

"Yeah, it's just that the band has its own responsibility now. This is not Sly, this is Maze. I'm not a kid anymore, I have to think in terms of hey man, people are looking up to *Maze* now! We have to maintain the integrity of that. But the influence of people like Sly never goes away."

And there's no risk of them getting more and more laid-back as they get older?

"I don't think so, I don't think there's any risk of us being like a Peabo Bryson or something, doin' a whole album of ballads. We'll always try to keep the balance."

I hope they do, because that balance is their peculiar greatness.

SO FAR, MAZE have kept their sound intact without commercially compromising it for the disco market, or at the same time lapsing into the lethargic blandness of so much West Coast muzak. Frankie Beverly has managed to draw on a multitude of influences from the various stages in his career and has crystallised them into a radiantly relaxed, almost bluesy funk that exudes, as they do personally, a sensuous glow of warmth, humour, and love.

Just as their first album could stretch away from the jazzy tease of 'While I'm Alone' to the grinding protest of 'Color Blind', so on 'Live In New Orleans' they can glide from the sexy pulsation of 'Southern Girl' to the bittersweet control of 'Joy And Pain'.

Finally, does Frankie think Maze will ever make it into the Earth, Wind And Fire and Kool league or is he happy with the way things are?

"I don't really care about that, I only care that we're successful and that we're appreciated, We won't ever do the same things as those bands do. We won't ever play the games that an act has to play to be an Earth, Wind And Fire. I'm not gonna do no disco songs or shit like that just to get a big hit. We're gonna be Maze and be honest with our efforts come what may. I think we're *capable* of a big boom, but we're not going in for all that shit like Grammy awards. You see, we understand the difference between music and the record business."

I would say this is one musical maze you can afford to get lost in.

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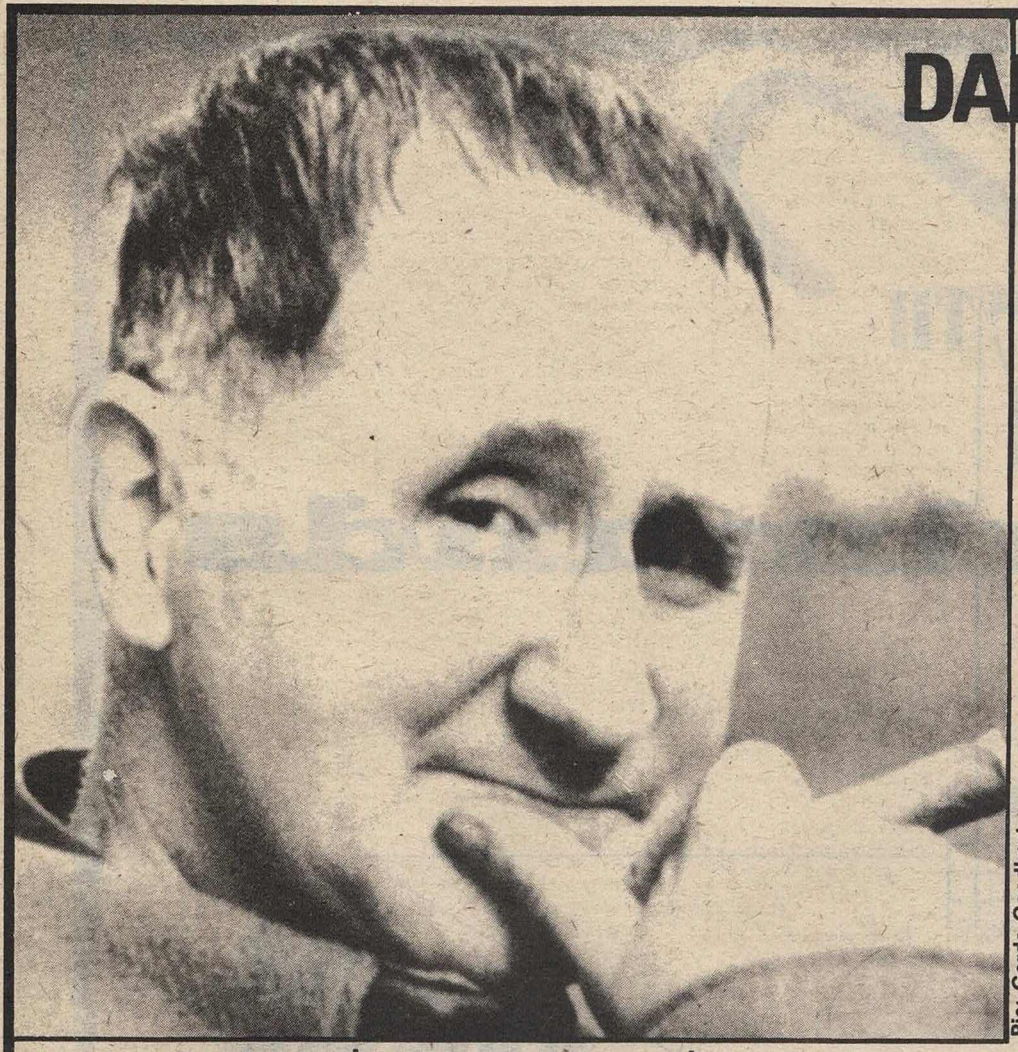
DANCE THIS MESSER ROUND

Bowie played *'Baal'*, The Doors recorded 'The Alabama Song', Bobby Darin charted with 'Mack The Knife' . . . and BERTOLT BRECHT (left) wrote the lot. BIBA KOPF explores pop's unlikeliest manipulator

QUICK BEFORE THEY VANISH



Pic: Gerda Goedhart

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS after his death Bertolt Brecht — German poet, playwright, satirist, polemicist and communist — has scored a rare, welcome hit with an EP of songs from the BBC production of *Baal*, his first play.

Brecht has made the charts before, most often with 'Mack The Knife', and also with 'The Alabama Song' but, discarding Bowie's involvement for a moment, 'Baal' is his unlikeliest and therefore the one he'd probably love best. 'Baal' has no Kurt Weill tune to disguise its vibrant dirtiness or whiff of Weimar decadence to perfume its filthy smells.

Bowie might be responsible for introducing Baal into your home, but having done so he leaves him standing there alone in all his threatening nakedness. To Bowie's credit he plays this one straight and lets the character address the public directly.

Though 60 years on from his conception this bawdy balladeer still has the capacity to upset, he undoubtedly finds a niche in the pop world more easily than he did in theatre. Then, pop has always been full of budding Baals: think of the early, bitter Bob Dylan or later, more appositely, Johnny Rotten (more so than Bowie, the perfect Baal.)

Baal appeals to the same sensibilities that got a thrill from the Sex Pistols' confrontation with Grundy or the fuss about *Romans In Britain*. Of course, such thrills are short-lived and if this is all Baal had to give then both he and his creator would best be forgotten.

But Brecht was more than that and *Baal* the play was only his first, crude assault on petty society conventions. It was written when he was still scrambling a living around the South German town of Augsburg by singing his songs in bars, scribbling reviews for local papers and haranguing the local theatres. His political consciousness had not yet fully developed beyond dressing in the cheap, unkempt working clothes that would become his uniform or playing the Bohemian outsider. It was marked, though, by the very real horrors of the First World War, the social and economic aftermath of which became more noticeable once he moved to Berlin in the early '20s.

In Berlin he discovered kindred spirits in the musicians, writers and artists who strained to break the bourgeois confines of art, rescue it from the rarefied atmosphere of the salon and place it in the streets — or at least those places where the masses meet. Corresponding with developments in Paris and Moscow, they were the first to recognise the impact of the new media, of film, recording and broadcasting.

Conservatory trained musicians looked to "lowbrow" jazz and music hall for influences and began writing for cabaret and film as opposed to the concert hall, established opera houses or theatre. Their commitment to new forms went hand in hand with their thirst for political change. Unlike today, when affiliations are taken up and discarded like fashion accessories, the dangers they were exposed to in the volatile Weimar republic, where soaring unemployment figures and inflation sent thousands out into the streets, tested the depths of their beliefs. Brecht was never found wanting, even if his first important collaborator Kurt Weill eventually succumbed to the lure of Hollywood during their American exile from Nazi Germany.

THE irony of Brecht's own rejection of Hollywood is, of course, that Hollywood understood better than anybody else how to reach the masses. But Brecht, whose aim was to re-educate the audience to participate rather than to mindlessly accept what is presented to them, was mistrustful of Hollywood conventions just as he was earlier of mainstream theatre in Germany.

In Berlin he had devised a new form of theatre which was geared first to alienating the audience so that they could never lose themselves in the drama or forget they were in a theatre and he did so by replacing normal narrative structures with series of contrasting scenes in which those present would hopefully recognise their situation. His plays were often interspersed with songs and captions that commented on the action; just so, *Baal*, though an early unformed example.

The theory was fine and is indeed still influential on today's avant garde — pop as much as elsewhere — but in practice it meant he was rarely heard by the workers he most wanted to reach. Well, after a hard day's work most people would rather have their minds lulled into relaxation than stimulated by reminders of the abject state of the human condition. Or so some would have it.

Thus Brecht seldom scored the popular successes he needed to fully justify the political intent of his work. His biggest hits were those two theatre pieces he wrote with Kurt Weill in the late '20s — *The Threepenny Opera* and *The Rise And Fall Of The City Of Mahagonny* — as opposed to the more austere compositions of his partnership with the politically rigorous Hanns Eisler. And then those two operas have been remembered more for their tunes, their scabrous, exotic entertainment value than Brecht's virulently anti-capitalist messages. It can't be helped, though, because the songs are great.

The Threepenny Opera gave the world 'Mackie Messer' who was subsequently translated and polished up into 'Mack The Knife', which became a massive hit for Bobby Darin in 1959. It would be interesting to note how many of the millions who bought it recognise in Mack The Knife the heartlessly cold manipulator of petty bourgeois fears and desires conceived by Brecht. 'Mack' MacHeath's elevation from murderer and criminal in the opera to respected leader of a network of lowly shopkeepers and businessmen in the Novel version reflected Hitler's rise, because as Brecht's friend and critic Walter Benjamin pointed out: *"(MacHeath) is an adept at displaying what the stunted petty bourgeois understands by a personality."*

The same could be applied to most media figures.

SIMILARLY *The Rise And Fall Of The City Of Mahagonny*, which gave us 'The Alabama Song' (covered most famously by The Doors and, more ignobly, by Bowie), is today more enjoyed for its exciting evocation of a squalid consumer paradise ruled by the maxim "anything goes so long as you can pay for it" than its allusion to the gospel parable of the pound: Those who don't go forth and multiply it will be punished severely. In *Mahagonny*'s case the protagonist is sent to the chair for going broke.

In *Mahagonny* more than *The Threepenny Opera*, Brecht's satire is savage enough to cut through the sweet memory of Weill's faintly nostalgic jazz-tinted tunes, thus making it the most potent of Brecht's long works.

As a team Brecht and Weill were a variation of the tough and tender cop routine and it's the one that invariably works best, or at least the one that gets the man most often heard. That in my book makes Brecht and Weill the first great European pop songwriting partnership. Their balance of confrontation and easy access, wordiness and worldliness, commitment and humanism is an example that endures today.

Being funny, amoral times though, it took an amoralist like Baal to remind British audiences of Brecht. But this might have something to do with Bowie's version being one of the few Brecht records in English!

A SHORT DISCOGRAPHY

David Bowie in Bertolt Brecht's *Baal* (RCA)

The Doors: 'The Alabama Song' (from their first LP — Elektra)

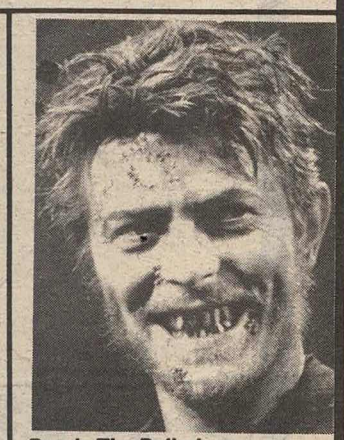
Nachdenkliche Wehrpflichtige: 'Workers Unity Song' (from their 'Politik Fur Junge Leute' EP — Zickzack German import)

***The Threepenny Opera, The Rise And Fall Of The City Of Mahagonny* and *Happy End*, all featuring Lotte Lenya, but mostly in German (CBS) Gisela May: 'Singt Brecht' (Deutsche Grammaphon — German import)**

There's also an Australian LP on the way featuring Brecht songs translated into English by Brecht expert John Willett (who worked on *Baal*), arranged by *Baal* arranger Dominic Muldowney and sung by Robyn Archer (EMI).

Darin The Knife

Morrison The Whisky Bar Kid



Bowie The Balladeer

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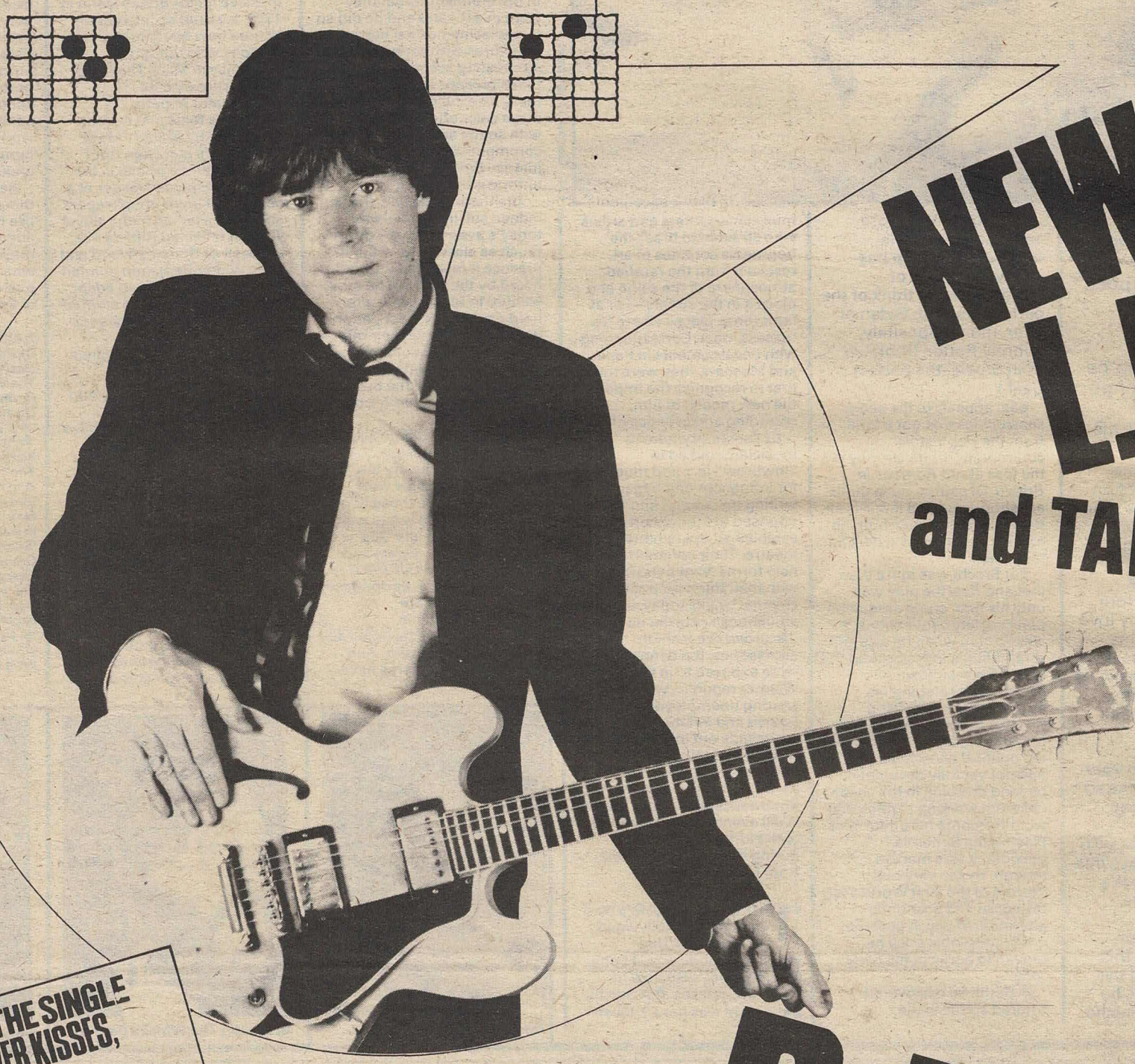

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REVIEWED BY RICHARD COOK

AND NOW, THE GOOD GUYS

RUPERT HINE: The Set Up (A&M)
A superbly conceived vignette of genuinely subversive purity. Hine's outlook on a preordained life in an inescapable social box is an exact parallel to the frustrated bawling of a thousand punk bands, but he codifies a similar resentment in a desperately tense, virginally clean electronic framework intertwined with the most seductively alluring hooks to make the point. So it comes out as both ironic gesture and withering comment. And it's on A&M, in a plain sleeve. Point taken.

WAS (NOT WAS): Tell Me That I'm Dreaming (Ze 12")
A lifestyle rooted in Looneytune cartoons, drive-in doughnut shops and post-Vietnam paranoia is the wellspring for this typically addictive outing from Darnell's token wild and crazey guys. A gawping fantasy of voices and sounds driven on a rollercoaster of percussion — out of control, alright. *Can you imagine all that milk?* Brilliant, even if the jazz partnership assures them of a good word from this sax lover.

PRINCE: Let's Work (WEA)
A very serious, very subtle slice of a funk fruitcake whose customary layers of licentious behaviour and Right-on politicising seem to be conspiring against him over here instead of stirring up an gutter-level fascination. But Prince is maybe too sharp for dullard indigenous ears anyway. 'Let's Work', lyrically an unremarkable retread of 'babe I'm gonna show you how to work all night long' attitudinising (check the hilarious 'Ronnie, Talk To Russia' on the reverse for the heavier manners), cruises around an elastic entanglement of keyboards sorted out in exemplary style in the middle section, springheels on an exultant bass line and finally wigs out in the customised throaty yelp of the Young Pretender himself. An object lesson and a salutary claim to the throne.

BLANCMANGE: God's Kitchen (London 12")
Nearly a remarkable record, Blancmange's debut marks out a disquieting territory somewhere between the harder syntechnicians like Eyeless In Gaza and Tuxedomoon and the iron-throated unpleasantries of the likes of Bauhaus, though singer Neil Arthur's checked mania reminds me mostly of David Byrne. Cross-references aside, 'God's Kitchen' bowls in on a recurrently massive bass keyboard, shakes in the harrowing grip of Arthur's voice and throws a wispy shroud of melodic detail over the outskirts of a stingingly clear production. I think it's *slightly* overstretched — still, a troubling and determined beginning.

MARSHALL CRENSHAW: Something's Gonna Happen (Albion)
Albion continue to push the cause of classic American pop music. 'Something's Gonna Happen' gallops like a modern Buddy Holly record: wheeled in on a piratical charge of acoustic guitars, a storm over this tale of expected duplicity brews up in the rousing vocal bravado and finally breaks out in a truly coruscating electric solo. Another winner from Alan Betrock's Shake stable which is constantly reshaping America's pop heritage and equally persistently being ignored. Give me that Byrds soul kiss!

HOLGER CZUKAY: Ode To Perfume (EMI)
Considering this is twenty minutes trimmed down to four the bleeding's been stopped very cleanly — though it's only to be expected from a man for whom editing is an art in itself. A thesis of electronic persuasion via a veritable gulf stream of tremolo guitar and the subtlest of permutations on a simple idea. An exemplary bonus of the complete 'Persian Love' from 'Movies' on the B-side, the nimblest of east-meets-west nirvanas.

OLD FLAMES OF THE WEEK

NINA SIMONE: My Baby Just Cares For Me (Charly)
Ten inches, four tracks and a voice that slides like warm icing over a pedigree quartet of songs (you want to talk about *class?)* while acoustic piano, acoustic bass and acoustic drums with acoustic brushes paint a smoke-filled backdrop. The clubland espousal of the opening 'My Baby Just Cares For Me' (Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson) has prompted this reissue: any excuse — though let's not be so apologetic! — would be enough to swim through the sensual flow of Nina's interpretive stardust.

'My Baby' is a jaunty snake-hipped stroll; 'I Loves You Porgy' (the Gershwins — sorry, *The* Gershwins) a ballad so melting the pianist is almost dissolving over the keys; 'Love Me Or Leave Me' (Gus and Walter again) a taunting gauntlet to an indecisive lover; and best of all, 'Little Girl Blue' (the unsurpassable Rodgers and Hart), a resignation to loneliness that trembles on the brink of tears until I finally disappear inside the voice. A masterpiece.

SANDIE SHAW: Anyone Who Had A Heart (Virgin)
What seemed an outrageous conceit — BEF's decision to remodel selected milestones of pop history using icons plucked from the heritage itself — bears dividends in a record that doesn't merely update: it transmutes, uplifts and transcends. It calls down every corridor of pop mythology in search of the interpretation that BEF know will define for all time and lays out the answering reverberation like a crown jewel. Sandie Shaw's vocal — a shatteringly controlled intensity that puts her contemporary Black to shame — haunts an eerie chamber roamed by heartbroken players — the anguished decadence of Nick Plytas' very grand piano, David Baptiste's forlorn saxophones. It is a record of great moments — the soprano sax's wild interruption, the shivery thrill of the multi-tracked Shaws on the concluding entreaties — and a great moment of a record, a psalm to the very shrine of pop romance.

NO REVELATION HERE

U2: A Celebration (Island)
Bono, Bono, you break my heart. I was all ready to rave over your record — the black heart of hard rock swelling back to glorious life! A proper celebration, a great, lusty, unencumbered joy! The fabulous return of a living ROCK music on a triumphal charge through the Arcadian gates! — and suddenly it makes me feel tired. *"I believe in the Third World War / I believe in the atomic bomb / I believe in the powers that be / But they won't overpower me"* — I know they're only rock lyrics on a rock record but they sound very easy and deluding and unthreatening to me. A celebration of what?

From its *"Shake! Shake!"* intro inwards 'A Celebration' feeds on itself and ends up bloated and anchorless (Lillywhite's ugly grey production doesn't work so well this time). There is a kind of glory about it and the vocal strains with all your usual passion and loving. It's just that when it's over I don't feel anything except, sort of, spent. A misdirected might. A message lost in music. I like the other side, 'Trash Trampoline And The Party Girl', it's a bit odd and clanking and I think you should try more of these. Keep trying. We're still friends, aren't we?

UPS AND DOWNS

SHE SHERRIFF: I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know About Him (Charisma)
Malcolm's newest performer makes what would be a Susan Maughm record by any other name. A featherweight piece of country gal whimsy for an unremarkable if not unpleasant voice to coo over is thoroughly let down by a production unspeakably lacking in fibre. The aura of covert teenage lipgloss dreaming is hence dispelled by a mess of cottage industry insipidness. The flip is a McLaren tune, 'This House Is For Let', that displays a broody rockabilly feel to better effect.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK: America (Albion)
Psychedelia still breathing here — what else with Steve Hillage at the board — though Hitchcock's muse seems to be growing darker and darker. The gothic embelishments of Anthony Thistlewaite's tenor sax and an unforgiving drum sound lend further body to a tune that plummets into a nowhere chasm like a broken body as the drone disappears. Slowly effective and a promising trailer for his 'Groovy Decay' LP.

YAZOO: Only You (Mute)
Vince Clarke's departure from Depeche Mode hasn't exactly led to catharsis: 'Only You' could quite easily have emanated from the Basildon sponge fancies themselves, though its watercolours are far more reserved than the corresponding tones in the Mode's jiggling essays. The emotional dial is on yearning and it trips through a melodic multiplication table that charms a passage to the heart by the end. Sweet.

THE CAGE FEATURING NONA HENDRYX: Do What Ya Wanna Do (Metropolis)
Another well-judged mix by John Luongo, suss enough to realise the strength here isn't (surprisingly?) in Hendryx's ordinary if lively vocal but in the punishing duel between bass, keyboard and horns, a full-throttle slugfest that powers into overdrive in the instrumental melee at the core of the song. Lifts an otherwise identikit Rusty Egan indulgence into a dance area where only the strong survive.

ROXY MUSIC: More Than This (EG/Polydor)
The lyric writes the record's own epitaph — "More than this, there is nothing." It shows the most complete absorption of Roxy Music's history into mainstream melancholy where a whole art form is subsumed by a jealous prettiness — mirrored in the exquisite cover picture of Rosetti's 'Veronica Veronese' — that bids you stay still and wonder. The wistful keyboard figure *is* attractive, in its tempting way, and in surrender Ferry kills the vocal half-way through just as he did with 'Jealous Guy'. It returns to wave at us once more before the final fade, a sad electric Ophelia lost to itself. A sorrowful record.

TOM BROWNE: Bye Gones (Arista 12")
I await Browne's London gigs next week with some interest, if only to see what he actually *does*. Aside from blowing some trumpet that's routine by any serious improvisational standards it seems to be mostly down to 'The Tom Browne Band' to break sweat on his records. 'Bye Gones' is the second (third?) single from the likeable 'Yours Truly' and while nowhere near as fine as 'Fungi Mama / Bebopafunkadiscolypso' its prodigal way with good humour has a sneaky, sultry sort of appeal.

MOTORHEAD: Iron Fist (Bronze)
A long time since I had a record like this under the stylus so — I enjoyed it! Motorhead need scaling down to the tiniest dimensions: re-record at very low-fi and play on the cheapest cassette player imaginable and the bizarre depravity can be tamed to your own ends. Motorhead excel at the *illusion* of runaway metal madness — everything here is leashed to a rigorous aesthetic that has to include sublime writing like *"Iron horse don't make no sound/Iron hooves don't touch the ground"* because there is simply *no other way.*

WEAPON OF PEACE: Foul Play (Safari)
Spry if finally forgettable example of rock-reggae — much like their other singles, in fact. While I prefer this to the remorselessly dour hyperbole of UB40 (the UB40 backlash continues here) I never really understand the fundamental basis of the hybrid. If I want to hear reggae I go to the masters — Aswad, Bunny Wailer, Uhuru, Isaacs — not a thinned skein of rhythm lightened and deodorised like this very clean production.

COOK THE BOOKS: Piggie In The Middle Eight (Probe Plus)
It may be two-faced but I don't feel I want to be so hard on this one, even if it is another whiteboy reggaefication. A stronger tune, a whirling jacuzzi of keyboards, a meaner sound (Dennis Bovell) and an intelligent dub-dub-dubbing on the 12" illuminate this authentic Toxteth parable (actually written and recorded during last summer's turmoil) to insidious effect.

THIS WEEK'S HUMOUR

DIE DORAUS & DIE MARINAS: Fred Vom Jupiter (Mute) . . . NATIVE HIPSTERS: Tenderly Hurt Me (Illuminated/Glass 12")
The hottest record from Germany since Malaria's 'How Do You Like My New Dog?' has the five Marinas (combined age: 63 years) swooning over Jupiter's answer to Flash Gordon. Unfortunately their collective passion for the swinging cosmonaut engenders a wavering on the brink of atonality — that is, they sing out of tune. As some kind of homegrown riposte, the troupe who gave you the masterly 'There Goes Concorde Again' go for a twelve-incher that mostly dabbles aimlessly in misfit rattling but turns up an ace in 'Poor Prince', a chilling reworking of 'Marie Provost' that rides in on waves of witching hour burbling spasmodically rent asunder by a grisly trombone part. Brrrr!

NOT SO FUNNY

STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL: I Can't Even Touch You (Chrysalis)
An agonised confession involving age, a misspent success and a loser's sense of humour (ie none at all). Both supplied by Midge Ure, whose swollen visions of Europa are becoming thunderously uninteresting. Made for each other.

MOBILES: Amour Amour (Rialto)
A disgraceful piece of 'work'. Doubles up all the clutter that was at least held in some reserve on 'Drowning In Berlin', end result being even more like nothing. Nothing at all. I just played it and I can't remember a thing about it. Let me try again . . . nope. Not a thing. Nothing (is that clear?). Very humorous shot of the group on the sleeve though.

THE HIGSONS: Conspiracy (Waap)
Stupid. Not amusing, not even an interesting failure. Just stupid. A nonentity of a song irresponsibly littered with references to sundry global crises and famous names all pressed into use as aides-de-camp (emphasis at the end) to the principal question *"Who stole my bongos?"* The horn chart is comically out of order too. Anyone touting this as a great example of the new white funk/romance suffers instant credibility meltdown.

T REX: Telegram Sam (EMI)
'Metal Guru' was always my favourite and I can't see much point in releasing this with the preposterous glut of unworthy Bolan swilling around just now — unless it's meant to show the rest of it up. Listening again it clicks that the drumming is the weak spot here — a useless, irascible galumphing that datestamps the music in the iron age of British rock. Hello goodbye, Marc.

OR FORGET THIS LOT AND INDULGE IN THIS WEEK'S PLAYLIST: THIRTEEN DIAMONDS FROM THE ARCHWAY ROAD.

The Hard Blues — Julius Hemphill (Arista)
In Memory Of Jomo Kenyatta — David Murray (Hat Hut)
Wonderful Offer — Lora Logic (Rough Trade)
Nervous Breakdown — Luther Thomas' Dizzazz (Moers Music)
Double Dutch Bus — Frankie Smith (Virgin/WMOT 12")
The Girl Who Danced Oklahoma — Terry Allen (Fate)
Capuchin Swing — Jackie McLean (Blue Note)
The Shadow Of Your Smile — Astrud Gilberto (Verve)
Freddie's Dead — Curtis Mayfield (Buddah)
Hittin' The Bottle Stomp — Mississippi Jook Band (Magpie)
I'll Wait And Pray – John Coltrane (Atlantic)
Loveland — The B-52's (Island)
Nights At The Turntable — Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Vogue)

TROPIC OF

***Peril! Instant death! Adventure . . . Through steaming jungles and across the parched and arid wastelands, over cloud-enshrouded mountain-tracks, treacherous rapids and shark-infested seas, through monsoon, dust-storm and hellish heat-haze. Yes, The Clash have read some jolly exciting books in their trek through the air port departure lounges of the Far East. Finally, our four intrepid explorers arrive in Sydney, Australia, only to confront the most terrifying challenge of all — a ROZ REINES interview for NME.* Now read on . . .**

"This is a business lecture: to make money in Rock 'n'Roll you've got to play in a large auditorium and have all your expenses on one night. Whereas we play seven nights in small halls because we believe that to be R.O.C.K. it's got to be so close like theatre you've got to be able to see my face — see if I mean it: so we have to fork out seven nights hotel bills, seven nights crews wages, seven nights hire fees, you know what I'm saying?

"Now if we really wanted to make money we'd go to the Budokan as Bob Dylan did in Japan where there is 30,000 nips coughing up thousands of yens and all he had to do is just stand there for an hour then piss off to the airport, stuff the money in the plane and bingo — there you have Rock'n'Roll".

Joe Strummer is explaining the concept of "Mag 7" to the hard core of Sydney's entertainment press who are chortling and tittering in response. Strummer has had them in the palm of his hand ever since he and the rest of the last gang wandered into the Clash approved venue for this press conference, the Museum Of Applied Arts and Sciences (mammal section) and apologised profusely for being late; "We're not trying to act like rock stars — honest".

It was clearly a crazy scheme to stage a press conference during a few hours stop over in Australia — a rest period between Tokyo and New Zealand — but certainly necessary to drum up ticket sales, with seven shows to sell out in Sydney and not yet one full house.

Not surprisingly, all four members of The Clash looked tired and jaded. Even the fifth junco partner, Kosmo Vinyl, seemed slightly frazzled in his tomato red suit — more like a carnival roustabout than a fabulous identity case. Manager Bernie Rhodes is somewhere out of frame, keeping a low profile.

Carnival? This is a circus — with Joe Strummer pacing up and down the room pouring out his heart and soul to anyone who listens.

The Clash have been through a lot in the last few months; they've been ensconced in the Electric Ladyland Studios, New York recording their fifth album, provisionally titled 'Rat Patrol From Fort Bragg'. From there they went direct to drug-free Japan, with Topper Headon facing a recent battle against heroin addiction. Then on to New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong and Bangkok before returning to England.

When the group arrive back in Sydney from New Zealand they are less hysterical. Back at their hotel Joe Strummer has acquired a 35 dollar ukelele and is softly playing a duet with Kosmo. They are celebrating Kosmo's birthday — 25 years of Vinyl — and soon they will be emptying 25 bottles of champagne, one for every year. There is no time for an interview. Joe Strummer fixes me with his world weary eyes, shakes hands solemnly and arranges to meet me the following day.

In Sydney, the Mag 7 shows started out shakily and ended on a note of triumph. 'The slow start' had much to do with what Strummer refers to as "the heat treatment"; getting used to the eighty plus temperatures and the debilitating humidity.

Most nights Joe Strummer comes on stage in a Japanese headband, and jungle fatigues. He could be a kamikaze pilot, especially the way he drives himself along every night, for the full two hours, playing like a man possessed — his face an expression of agony, his body one big puddle of sweat.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the show, from the fourth night on, is 'Armagideon Time' when The Clash bring on Gary Foley, the Aboriginal Land-rights Campaigner, who makes a short speech while the group play softly behind him: *"It's only 14 years since you people gave us the vote in this country, and we still have not got the land to give us economic independence. We need land, right. And we need it now. If you people can afford the time to come to a Clash concert, then you can afford the time, when aboriginal people march in this town, for their land-rights, then you should be there . . ."*

Afterwards, Gary Foley said that the response he had from the Clash shows was phenomenal.

"Let's not talk about the black people because what do we know about them, but I think they need a leader and I'm surprised there ain't a black leader come out of England"

— Strummer — press conference, Sydney.

Joe Strummer Gets Physical

AT lunchtime on a beautifully clear Sydney day, Joe Strummer is hard at work in his hotel room trying to prove that he exists. The Clash have designated 1982 'The Year Of The Body', so Strummer is trying to build up his muscles to give himself shape and definition: flesh, muscle, strength, life.

"There's nothing in this room heavy enough to lift," he complains to me. I suggest he try the TV set. He immediately rushes over to the set, grabs it and lifts it up — then spends the next 15 minutes trying to re-assemble it . . .

This is the first official Clash day off in Sydney and Joe Strummer can hardly wait to get close to the sea. We go for lunch at a restaurant on the beach and he tears over to the water. He's wearing a black leather vest, no shirt, with black trousers, day-glo orange socks and Doc Martens ("The Clash Go Tropical").

We sit down at a table, me with my tape-recorder, Strummer with his mini-notebook, pen poised at the ready to catch any passing Australian colloquialisms or cultural info.

What's brought on this body consciousness then?

In 1982 The Clash have decided, and this is especially for the *NME* reader, The Clash have decided that this is *not* the year of the closet case, meaning that you put your cards on the table and say what you think and anyone who doesn't is a closet case and deserves what he gets. And secondly, 'the cult of the body' — none of this weedy, pop-star image, you know? Piss on that — just because the country is falling apart that means we have to build ourselves up.

Get strong for the Revolution?

Right, if you're going to stay in England, at least build your body up, be serious or emigrate. There's plenty of room in New Zealand, they've only got a few million people there and the whole country is empty.

Emigrate? Isn't that a bit like deserting ship?

It's OK to desert ship. Try being a rat in the hold and see if you don't think it's cool to desert ship, you know. I'm talking about something positive for the rats in the hold. I didn't know it was like that here. They told me that New Zealand was like England and I imagined — grey skies, grey streets, grey buildings, grey people, rain, boredom, misery, no money, no excitement, no action, no future . . . all these things to me are England and should be written out on the Union Jack so we can't see the colours.

But then I got to New Zealand and it's like you're in blasted California. There are people walking around with knickers on in the street and the sun beating down, and the most beautiful scenery you've ever seen. A lush tropical paradise.

But emigrating there?

(Angrily) Look, if you're 17 and you're in England — the message is, there ain't no need for you. So if there ain't no need there — fucking emigrate. I don't believe in countries any more, I've decided that.

Aren't you looking at it from behind rose-coloured glasses?

I'm looking at it through a grey, miserable Englishman's eyes and it's very important that this message gets back, because I didn't know about it. To me Australia was some baked desert with a few tin shacks and a few drunks glugging tubes of Fosters and beating up anything that doesn't look exactly like they do. I'm not ready for this sophisticated metropolis. Sydney is like Beverly Hills, I'm not ready for it.

Culture shock?

Well, 'culture' is right at the back of things; remember we're talking to a 17-year-old youth who can't even get one square meal a day and culture is very low on his list of priorities. Anyway, culture is what you make it and places are what you make of them. I'm only saying "You don't have to rot to death on a wet, black day if you don't want to". I'm saying there is room to move out here, it don't feel like a desert full of kangaroos, at all. You know, they're keeping Australia a very good secret . . .

Let's put it another way, would you tell people to emigrate to South Africa?

I don't know about that. I mean, I've never been to South Africa but I have been to Rhodesia and experienced segregation. And if that's like that here with the aboriginals, then they're doing an even better cover-up job.

It's especially bad in Queensland for aboriginals.

Well, I'm only just hearing about Bjekle Peterson, (the premier of Queensland), saying that if any aboriginals show up for the Commonwealth Games in October, he's going to jail them. If that kind of guy is elected in charge of a State, then I don't know . . .

What I was talking about is a *scenic* paradise. Same as in New Zealand. The skinheads there are bored stiff, they think London is wonderful and when I told them that I was a miserable bastard in London, it shattered their dream. And I'm glad I shattered them, because they're living through us. I feel like a twit, I've been to Tokyo, New Zealand, and Australia but I feel like a twit. Every time we come to a town, they go, "Oh we've been waiting for five years for you". I'd rather come as an extra, a bonus to the local scene, not like the staple diet was in town for 20 minutes and left. They're trying to live through us and they're not living themselves, which is horrifying.

What was Japan like?

They don't need us Westerners there. Mick said, 'I feel like a part-time Western God', because it was like being in The Beatles, the way you get mobbed by the girls there. I ran through Osaka station, like a replay from *A Hard Day's Night* and I've never done that before. We're supposed to be building it *different* style; in 'London Calling' I sing it every night: *"Phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust."* But not in Japan it hasn't.

My message to them is, 'To hell with us'. They're all soaked in Americana and they worship anything American and Western in tight trousers. To hell with that, they've got to look to themselves.

You only like it when they hate you?

I know, that's just another of life's charming paradoxes. But what's the purpose of going to Japan and being fondled? The message of punk was 'Do it yourself'. The bands were home-made, the fanzines were home-made, even sometimes the guitars and the instruments. You did it yourself and somehow it's been distorted along the line.

Now you just get carbon copies of skinheads and punks in far flung corners of the globe. They're not dealing with their own town, they're just wishing they could be somewhere else. It's a screw-up and I have to ponce through and they shout "Rock star" at me, and I'm thinking, "Too damn right — rock star". I'm not really snivelling, I'm just saying that it's a screw-up.

Why do you keep referring to punk when punk is finished?

I keep going on about punk because I always think about it. Because when the Chinese/Jap journalist from *Pravda*, asks me, "Are you a punk?" I say, "Yes", because I like all the aggro that comes with that. It's something to knock against because, this is really important, *they follow the punk party line when there was no party line.* But then, I was nothing to do with the start of punk anyway. You say punk is finished but maybe you don't have to deal with it as much as I do, I have to deal with it all the time. But I think that's a very rash thing you just said.

OK but you've changed musically since then.

Yeah, but it's not like we could run away and become Eno or Robert Fripp.

What was 'Sandinista' about then?

We were only trying to wind up the punks to be quite honest, only trying to destroy the party line. On 'Sandinista' we were deliberately playing the most unacceptable music to a punk that we could.

I thought punks liked reggae.

Yeah, but there you are. There's two opposites that came together; a peace loving, stoned Jah Rastafari, compared to a drunk, anarchic boot boy. I can't think of more polarity than that. Paradoxes exist and live and breathe. I mean, I am one.

They said "You're playing American MOR rock," never mind the reggae, that's another right?, but when we recorded 'London Calling' in a garage in Pimlico, we spent five shitty months in that place and I never thought about beefburgers once, or Mickey Mouse or the Statue of Liberty. Then, when they said, "You deliberately designed that album to go on American radio", I thought, well, as these people are so way back, let's build on it. I could see all that bullshit, right, Jimmy Pursey and all that. I knew that the bubble was going to burst, right, because there was nothing to back up those people who were all mouth and no trousers. They've proved that now but at the time they were being taken very seriously by those journalists who couldn't tell the difference between butter and margarine.

So you've still got a grudge against the *NME*?

Right. If it's one thing I've felt off the *NME* over the last five years, it's an overdose of negative energy. Maybe it's because they've been on my case, OK, but even so when I'm reading about

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENNIE SMITH

other people, with nothing to do with me, I still feel that negative energy.

They think you sold out to America?

Yeah, but our record sales in America are nowhere near the level of the heavy metal groups. If Boston and Styx are in the first division, we ain't even in the Southern Amateurs Sunday Granddad's Football League. We're not even joshing them, *(angrily)*, but *someone's* got to go out there and take those 8 million record sales away from those boys, because they're just wasting their chance to say something to people. I'd rather that they hated us in Britain as long as they hear what we have to say in America. I don't think that the English need The Clash too much because they're too smart . . .

Too smart?

Yeah, and that's another bum steer that the *NME* gave me. I believed them when they said that we weren't liked there but it took us to go back and play before I realised that this wasn't quite right. In fact, the guy on the street was digging us. But I believed them and they lied to me. And that's another reason for my recent anti-*NME* anger.

You're not exactly passive — you can see what's going on.

Yeah, but this was over a period of two years when we didn't play in the UK. That's when you lose touch and start believing things.

Maybe you should have been more in touch, two years is a long time to stay away.

True yeah. I'm over the top. All right, take it back, I know the mistake I made, I assumed because they were reporters and journalists, that they were into their job as much as I'm into mine. I *assumed* that they were into it up to the hilt and that they would accurately reflect the mood of the country. And you must admit, at *NME*, it was "Clash thumbs down". I thought that must come from somewhere, which was my big mistake.

You say you're trying to wipe out heavy metal. What have you got to replace it with?

Something that means something. There's an old song called, 'Do The Signifying Monkey' and it means something akin to 'testifying'; to 'be significant', 'be specific', 'signify something', 'be something', you know — 'stand up for something', 'make your point clear'.

One good thing that Penman said was, "No-one is trying to raise the level of any discussion here," talking about England, I presume. I jumped up in the air and went "Goal, man" when I read that, because if only we could raise the level of the discussion perhaps we'd get some truth. If we raise the level of the discussion, then perhaps we'll get to know ourselves and we'll be able to cure whatever is wrong with the world, which is the problem of the haves and the have nots.

This is an important point, I'm saying because the old people are inhabiting the world, they're too bloody greedy to leave any room for young people. This is why there is unemployment — because the old people are so greedy for their material possessions, they're squashing young people trying to breathe. I believe in democracy, I'm not into communist totalitarianism. I hate the Russian way of doing things, those blasted tanks everywhere, they just show themselves right up. But that doesn't mean to say that I have to run to be a capitalist. Because that's what capitalism is, shut the door on everybody and everything.

So it's up the working classes?

Right — I come from middle class, I come from, not a silver spoon in my mouth but at least a metal one. And that's why I'm different from someone like Johnny Rotten, because he's had a fist in his mush all his life. That's why Rotten is the real McCoy. I'm not saying that he's better than I am, mind you; it's a long way to the finishing line and when you crash through that line, that's when you've done what you're here to do. Rotten is lagging behind now, by running around New York, all fat and drunk.

All right, well, that's another thing OK. That's the difference between me and Rotten. He's had the experience of 'Fuck Off', which is what the capitalist world is saying to its young.

And they can't even see what's wrong with it. They moan about vandalism — you could feed half the bloody world on what they're spending to keep the New York graffiti artists out of the railyard, you wouldn't believe the figure — *20 million dollars in six years*. But the only reason that the vandals spray the trains is because they want to prove they exist. As Futura said, "It's a way of saying Hi to the city, because you've got to prove that you're living when you're shut out in the cold." That's why anarchy never freaked me out, because I realised that we had to go through anarchy as a purifying process to get something decent worth supporting.

Are you still in favour of rioting?

Yeah, let's smash the place up, because it's so slow, I can't see how else to do it. They're so dim, they don't understand: Margaret Thatcher is on another planet and we've elected her as our leader. We should be taken out and shot.

What do you know about rioting? You weren't there.

Yeah, but we've been using that word 'paradox' several times today, don't be afraid of the word 'paradox'. Who was the real beatnik — Jack Kerouac or Neal Cassidy? Neal Cassidy was the real McCoy, the real beatnik, the one that everyone is trying to copy, but Cassidy would never have written *On The Road* because he *was* the road. It takes some bookish twerp to come along afterwards and be so into the road to record it. Well 'They, I, Me and We', are the people who can put it down and as such we should not be taken out and hung.

So the message is — 'Get Fit and Keep Rioting'?

Emigrate or something, don't just bloody sit there and take it. It's down to each individual person. Fuck it — emigrate. Let's have some positive hope here, we've got to have something to look forward to. I'm saying, it's got to get set up better, we can't just throw all those 'Johnny Too Bads' into jail and expect them to sit there — 17 to a cell.

OVER PAGE

CLASH

CONTINUED

Is all this on the new album?
Album schmalbum — you want to talk about the music, right? Well, all we're trying to do with the new record is to find the bones of our style, or get back to that simple drums and guitar thing. But we had to drop it: when they started worshipping everything that shouted, I was never going to shout again.

I'm talking about journalists, specifically Morley and Penman. Those guys are just working out their frustrations. At least I'm getting my rocks off and I'm doing what I want to do — I don't think they are. There's nothing wrong with being a writer, look at Charles Bukowski, what a tradition to follow, but why do these people want to be rock stars? What do they think, it's good fun or something?

I thought when you stopped screeching, you were just trying another tactic, like Bob Marley's strong words with sweet melodies?
Sure, it's more mature. It's something that you don't know when you're all young and idealistic — that there is another way — float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.

But *they* thought we were just trying to get on American radio. Because it was 'Spanish Bombs' instead of 'White Riot'. But it had to get smoother and more subtle. As for American radio — I tell you, not even the massed balalaikas of Mantovani can get on American radio, it's an airwaves funeral.

Right — the music reflects the time and the times change.
I worry about that too: with all this travelling, I wonder what the music is going to reflect. That first Clash album is really great and you couldn't have a better soundtrack for the time, right? And the modern day version of it is always waiting to be made. Perhaps I don't check other groups' records enough. But I haven't got room for them.

And yet you know a dozen or so obscure reggae discs.
True, but I mean I watched the Christmas *Top Of The Pops* and I couldn't believe band after band of identical bands. It's just horrible, but I've made this mistake before, using valuable newsprint time to slag people.

Sometimes it looks like sour grapes.
Yeah, it does. In Japan, if you slag someone off in public, they don't think the bloke you're slagging is an idiot, they think you are. That's why I decided last year never to mention another group in an interview. I've blown it so

many times since then but I have to attack those heavy metal bands. And then there's the British frilly brigade, who are in the charts in New Zealand — 10,000 miles from 'PX' or 'World's End'.

Mixing an album?
You won't get much out of me on that score. Don't forget you're talking to a man deliberately trying to forget all about it — to give me some perspective, right? In the last two weeks I haven't thought about the tracks once or listened to them. I haven't even looked at a sheet of 17 titles. I'm going to be hearing them in the next few days in that studio in Sydney and I'm semi-scared.

What do the songs deal with?
Well, the things that we've been discussing in this interview are the things that are driving my mind along and the lyrics that fall out are like shoots off this train of thought.

Can you be more specific?
There is one number called 'Death Is the Star' which is about the way we all queue up at the cinema to see someone get killed. These days, the public execution is the celluloid execution. I was examining why I want to go and see these movies, because deep in my heart I wanted to see a man pull out a machine gun and go "blam, blam, blam," into someone's body.

There's another track called 'Sean Flynn' after the war photographer who was 'lost' in Cambodia in '70.

Is there any reggae on 'Rat Patrol'?
Well not like 'Sandinista' where there was one track reggae, one track jazz, one something else. Now we're seeing if we can play music with guitar and drums that means jackshit any more. I remember when we were playing rock during the time that everyone said it was 'filthy' and I relished telling someone that we were a rock band with guitars and drums and shouting. On this album it's R.O.C.K. and there's no getting away from it. Put it another way, I'm just trying to be honest and admit that we're not avant-garde, like PiL are.

You're R.O.C.K.?
Yes. We're just trying to boil it down to one music. Not trying to ignore anything that we've heard before but we want to make it our own and all at once in every track.

Did you feel after 'Sandinista' that you might not go on?
Yes. That's the dangerous part — when you're so fucked in the mind that you can't make the right decision. I'm not worried about having a nervous breakdown; to me, still, a nervous breakdown is something that they have in books, or in the films. But I worry about making decisions when I'm feeling my best. That's the danger.

Perhaps you'll turn towards politics?
No. I know that I'm no politician. They say, "know your limitations", perhaps I know mine and I'm acting them out. People think you can deal with politics like a loaf of bread, either you eat it or you don't, but you can't be that pure with it because every damn thing that's happening to you, millions of layered reasons, are all political.

Are you religious?
Yes, but only in the last year or two. I only believe one thing and that is that the spirit must continue after the body is dead. Everything else is conjecture. Anyway, with religion — it's not where you end up but the travelling you took to get there.

Religion and Rock don't seem to work that well — look at Bob Dylan.
Bob Dylan blew it. If he really wanted to turn people onto Jesus, he should have realised how much that name stinks to young people. You say the word 'Jesus' and you no longer mean 'that Holy man' that 'Seer from Galilee' — you mean the Jesus industry.

Dylan is the King of words and he should have realised that words are doors. He put all his weight behind the word 'Jesus' but it didn't sound the way he wanted it to. It just meant the Jesus industry and that's why everybody gave it the thumbs down.

Why does it take the Clash so long to put out anything?
Because of our disorganisation. But in 1982 — The Clash disorganisation is *organisation*. That's why we're mixing the album here, instead of waiting until we get back to Blighty. We want to speed up any possible delay-because you have someone like Blondie coming out with 'Rapture', a lot of people thought that 'Magnificent Seven' was copying 'Rapture', when in fact, we were copying the Sugar Hill Gang, you know. I'd rather they knew who we were ripping off, rather than just ripping off the rip-off artists. Let's rip off from Culture Central.

It's like, someone once asked Mikey Dread if he was going back to the hotel after a sound-check and Mickey said, "No — *man always go forward — never back* to anywhere." That's why I'm not going to worry about it — "Clash go forward — never back."

grey skies — "I don't feel so home-sick when it looks like this," he confides.

Would you advise people in England to emigrate here?
No. The only thing is the sun and the extra space. The boat may be sinking fast but it's got to get better before I'll think of leaving.

Don't you like it here?
It's not that I don't like it — it's just that I can feel myself turning off, I can recognise that Sydney is not my style.

You haven't been out much.
True, it's been too hot and we've been working all the time but from what I've seen I'm not impressed. Take that opera house that everyone raves over — it looks like tortoises mating to me. Whoever designed it must have had a good laugh to plant it there, as he downed his ninth Carlsberg. (They all drink too much here). That's not architecture, it's gimmickry. What this town needs is a few more old buildings ...

How was Japan?
I *loved* Japan, didn't want to leave, it's the way they treat each other there.

So the Clash say goodbye to Reggae
No, there's reggae in there but it sounds like us now, not like us playing reggae. All the ingredients of the music are in there — the beat, the danceability ...

There's one track called 'Red Angel Dragnet', where Paul does his version of a Jamaican Marlene Dietrich. He wrote it too, it's about the killing by the police of one of the Guardian Angels, the subway guards in New York. There's another track called, 'Death Is The Star', which is a bit Raymond Chandlerish. It's actually about the movie where women are attacked on screen as an accepted part of the story. I do a classic rock and roll number, 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go', which shows we're not set in our ways. I always get the wimpy songs to do but I don't mind. Joe Ely and Joe sing the chorus on this one in Spanish.

Who else guests on the album?
Ellen (Foley) sings on one track, 'Car Jamming', Futura, does something-somewhere in the middle. Allen Ginsberg chants in Swahili on a number called 'Ghetto Defendent' — altogether, it's a great record.

What was Ginsberg like?
Very interesting. He and his friend would come to the studio every other day. Then he would sit down with Joe and work on the words while I looked on with 'keen admiration'.

So Ginsberg is the latest Clash adoption case.
Well it's true, we do adopt causes or people — because no one else wants them. Why not use your group to do something worthwhile? It's important to hear what they have to say. We get our information from people, more than we do from newspapers and magazines.

Topper Headon talks about Heroin

TOPPER Headon is not an easy man to catch on tour; every night after the show, there's a long queue of people waiting outside his dressing room door, most of them musicians come to check a master — Topper has really been shining during the Sydney shows.

He's doing well for a man who came off heroin last Christmas. Not that Headon had much option — he was busted for possession on arrival at Heathrow airport on Boxing Day, caught red handed. Since then he's been learning to live without the drug.

He approached me, in Melbourne, on the last night of the Australian tour, saying he wanted *NME* readers to know the full story of his problems and to dissuade anyone who might feel inclined to try what he did.

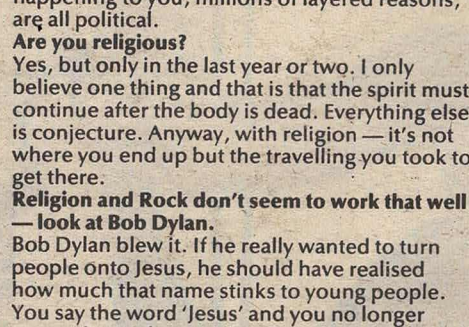
"How I got onto smack, I don't know — I was bored, I guess. All my life I've gone over the top in one way or the other. I guess it's just a part of always searching for something.

"Two years ago I was clutching at straws and that's when I first started to mix heroin with cocaine to make 'snowballs'. A lot of people think if you only snort heroin but don't inject yourself that you're not addicted. But that's not true — sniffing has the same effect.

"At first no-one could tell. And I felt great — I had this giant buzz of energy — but it didn't last. After a while, all the effects reverse themselves. You find you're taking more and more, just to maintain some sort of equilibrium. In the end, I was spending £100 per day just to feel normal.

"One of the most important ways it affected me was that my drumming deteriorated. Since I quit it is now ten times better than it was two years ago, in fact, I can't believe how well I'm drumming.

"The other thing about smack is that you always feel that you're stronger than it. But no-one is stronger than heroin. Once you start taking it and you get addicted — it's like being an alcoholic. You're a drug addict for life. It's not something that you can go back to on the weekend. The best advice is not to start — a lot of people told me that before but I never listened. Now I know."



Mick Jones goes on Rat Patrol

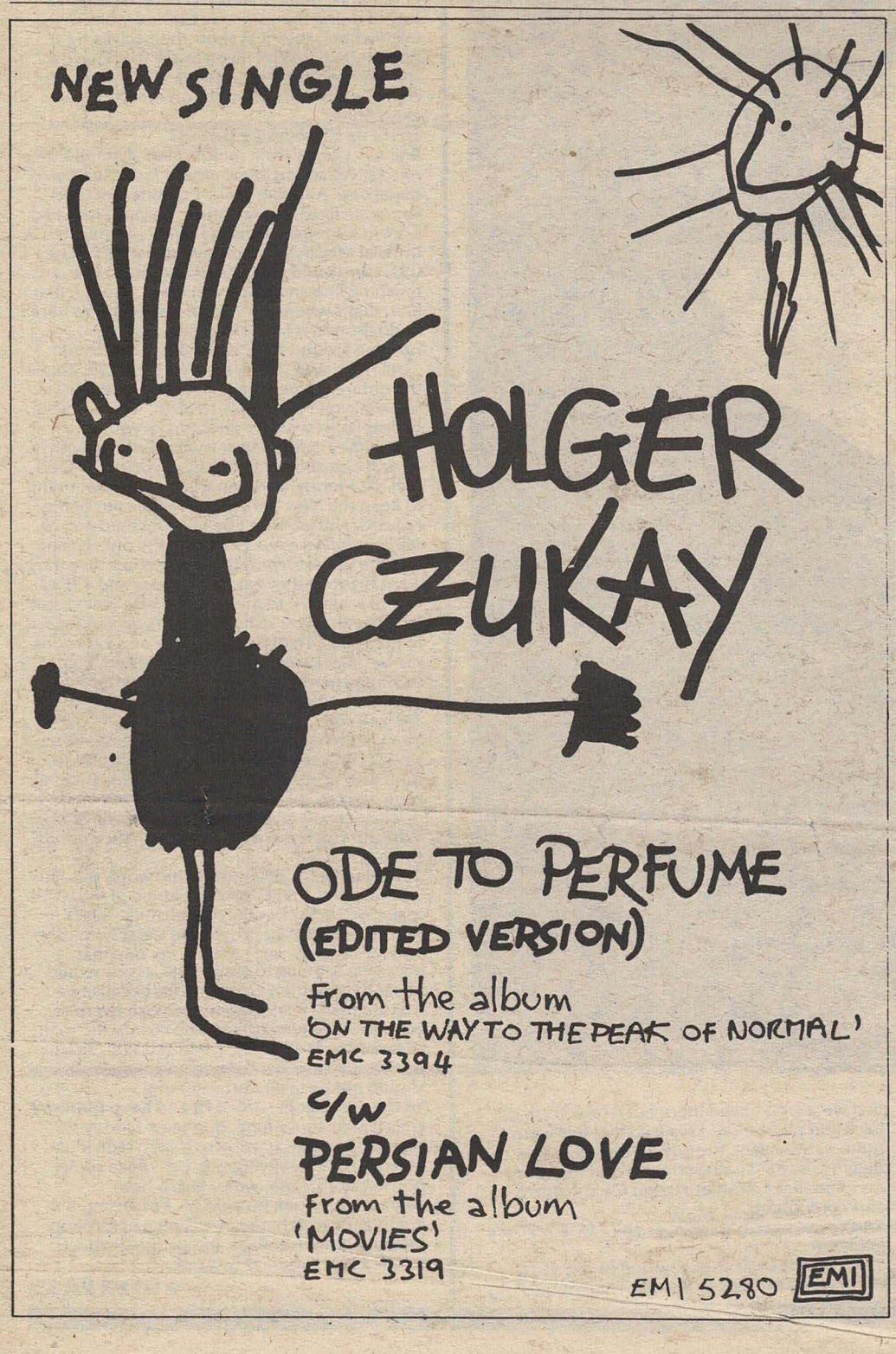
JOE Strummer looks to his flesh for proof of his 'livity' but Mick Jones looks to his suitcases: "I really relate to my luggage," he admits, "it's the only proof of my existence on the road."

We're standing in the entrance of Jones's hotel room, staring at half-packed bags spewing forth their contents on the floor. He's sure bought some interesting things on this tour — Japanese haute-couture, kimonos, happy coats, kitsch, boomerang ash trays ...

Since arriving in Sydney, just over a week ago. Mick Jones has changed hotels three times. Now he's back where he began — at the Sebel Town House — after the Clash's "assault by Panasonic' in the hotel corridoors precipitated their departure there.

Jones tells me that relations in the group aren't that great at the moment. In fact, he hasn't spoken to Strummer since they abandoned a mixing session in the studio at 4 am the previous night. "But it's OK," he assures me, "I know I'll see him again."

We go round the corner for a bite in a local cafe. This is the first overcast day since The Clash arrived and Jones is cheered to see those



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TV21

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ADRIAN THRILLS PAYS A VISIT TO THE MILKY WAY WITH THE POPPY—POLITICAL TV21 VIDZ: DAVID CORIO

SOMETHING DRASTIC happened in British pop last year, a crucial shift that left a lot of people out in the cold, none more so than the then ascendant stars of the post-punk rock wave.

Take TV21.

The young Edinburgh band began last year with their hopes high, three stirring independent singles under their belt and the ink still drying on a major label deal with Decca. By the end of it they had the look of losers, beached by the summer's sudden splash of soul and colour.

While the likes of The League, Haircuts, Images, Cell, Mode and ABC were putting the pace and precision back into pop and making the charts a better place to be in the process, TV21 were reeling from two successive single flops and fretting over the future of their record contract.

Where everyone else was grinning, they had only a grimace and their guitars. And if their surging, blustery rock blast was thankfully short on hollow gimmickry, it was even shorter on any glamour. Standing in the shadows of the bright lights of the new pop, TV21 suddenly looked awfully staid and sadly prosaic.

And yet... TV21 still have some things going for them. They have their talent and they have time on their side. They have a sense of purpose and considerable promise, not to mention the resilient spirit to weather the changeable musical climate.

Their potential and talent were apparent enough on their Decca album 'A Thin Red Line'. Although released at the end of last year and consequently overlooked in the Christmas rush, it stands as a mature and confident debut, former Original Mirror Ian Broudie's concise production acting as a crisp foil to the band's tendency to ramble.

Their spirit is something that I sample first hand in a graffiti-strewn Dutch dressing room after a disappointingly messy and mechanical show at the Amsterdam Milkweg — The Milky Way Club — one of the dingiest of the city's countless dope 'n' roll dives.

The group are the first to admit that 1981 was singularly disappointing year for them and vocalist Norman Rodger wastes little time in pinpointing one of the reasons why.

"We were just too late off the mark with what we were doing. Even six months earlier, I think people would have taken us a lot more seriously. It took us too long to get a deal and get our first major single out. Our first single with Decca, 'Snakes And Ladders', came out at the wrong time. It was very much a 'rock' single at a time when people seemed to be losing interest in rock. With everyone going back to disco, a single like that just got lost."

The claims reek of a gross over-simplification, but they do contain more than a germ of truth — TV21 seemed to be in the right place at the wrong time.

"Last year we were really satisfied with what we were doing. We really thought that it was better than anything else around. It was just that no one else did!

"Things were fine until around the middle of last year. But since then they've really dipped. I suppose we got a bit lost by going too heavily into the 'rock' thing. Because we did so many live gigs last year, we became limited in what we were doing onstage and it all became very rocky.

"Now we're making a conscious effort not to do so many gigs, so that I can get back to writing *songs*. The trouble with playing live is that you have to attack an audience musically to provoke a reaction. When we don't get a reaction, we tend to wallop into the really uptempo rock stuff to keep the audience interested."

RODGER AND bespectacled guitarist Alistair Palmer are the two earnest — and occasionally *too* earnest — spokesman in TV21. As the three of us get serious about pop and politics in one corner of the dressing room, the three remaining band members — bassman Neil Baldwin, drummer Angle Patterson, once of The Rezillos and Shake, and pianist David Hampton — content themselves with an investigation of the local Grolsch brew.

If Palmer is disarmingly amiable and relaxed, Rodger is the opposite, wearing the perpetually startled look of a man with hellhounds on his tail. Unsurprisingly, the pair claim that there was little to excite them in the dominant dance pop of last year.

"I think this is the most depressing period, musically, that we've been through in years," says Norman. "I think that things have gone back to the state that they were in pre-punk. Someone's just got to come along and blow it all to hell again, do what the Pistols did. That's got to happen, otherwise music is just going to die.

"All this disco and funk stuff is just totally redundant. What's the point in harking back to 1975 all the time? It's just as bland as most rock music. I really hate this return to dance music. There's nothing new or exciting about it. It's just too safe."

A personal opinion but an absurdly extreme one: to write off wholesale the shift from rock back to dancefloor sensibilities and to deny the value of dancing one of the most vital means of human expression — is just plain daft. Sure, some of last year's pop had to hollow a ring to it, but singles like 'Chant', 'Love Action', 'Tears' and 'Tainted Love' were classics whether you were dancing to them or not. Rodger's sour gripes could just be the pain of having missed out.

"The new dance music has got value if you just want to dance to it," he contines undeterred. "But even on that level it's still not as good as the stuff that was out ten years ago. It's just got nothing new to offer. I don't think Funkapolitan, say, are any more valid than The Exploited. They're both just reviving old stuff, just working their way through old styles. It's all too derivative."

An accusation that could surely also be levelled at TV21 — for all its undoubted drive and dynamism, the 'Thin Red Line' album doesn't exactly break that much new ground.

"That's possibly true, but I'm not claiming to be totally original. Maybe the LP *is* a little bit too derivative in places, but it is a good LP all the same. The things that are derivative came about totally subconsciously from what we were listening to at the time, Echo And The Bunnymen and stuff like that.

"I don't think we've found our real identity as a group yet. We've still got a lot to find out, a lot to offer. What we're trying to do now is concentrate of writing *songs*. Just songs for the sake of songs, not for the sake of live gigs or for the sake of what people expect of TV21."

TV21 HAVE come a long way from the bashful pop roots of their first two singles 'Playing With Fire' and the awesome 'Ambition', released on their own Powbeat label, and 'On The Run', an intermediate 45 on the London independent

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TV21 STILL ON

Demon. They have abandoned pop in favour of its more intense older brother rock, sacrificing some of their early spontaneity for the sake of greater 'substance'.

So what became of the TV21 of two years ago, the fresh-faced band whose two Powbeat singles had them poised to inherit the pop mantle of The Undertones.

"I think we did make a conscious effort to become more intense," says Alistair. "I suppose the Undertone comparison was a pretty fair one for that time, but if we had carried on doing stuff like 'Playing With Fire', we wouldn't have been true to ourselves.

"It wasn't as if we deliberately decided that we were going to be like Teardrop or the Bunnymen or whatever, more that we were embarrassed about being bracketed as just a pop group.

"I'd hate to be onstage and be like, Hey Folks Lets Have Fun! Right now we are going for a more intense atmosphere, because that is what is right for the songs on the album, although the stuff that we do next will probably be more of return to pop."

A TV21 song articulates our paranoias — personal, political and nuclear — with wired words and a gruff resolution in keeping with the seriousness of the subject matter. Such an overwrought delivery sometimes acts as a barrier, although their songs are at least relatively free of the romantic imagery beloved of The Clash.

"I don't think you should try to romanticise or sensationalise something as important as the nuclear thing," says Norman. "If you do that, it might be taken too light-heartedly. There again, I wouldn't want people to just accept my views on a subject like that. It's important that people investigate it and find out for themselves. I don't want to preach. I think that's what The Clash are sometimes guilty of and it's a very narrow-minded attitude."

WHEN THEIR album was released in the autumn, TV21 went on tour, not the usual round of British promotional dates, but a visit to Poland. At the invitation of Rock Blok, a Polish government agency, they played seven dates in the country at the beginning of November. Supported by two local groups, Brygada Krysyz and Steel Luggage, they travelled from the coal cities of the Silesian south west to the shipyards of Gdansk in the north, finishing up in the capital Warsaw.

Taking in sports halls holding up to 3,000 people at a time, the tour took place only six weeks before the clampdown in December.

"Even then there was a real tension in the place," says Norman. "It wasn't very hard to detect that. People were unwilling to talk about Solidarity. A lot of them felt that the union were the cause of all the problems. The strikes were stopping supplies of food getting through. A lot of people were frightened of Russian aggression but they also felt they couldn't trust the west. The only thing they had faith in was the church and the Pope.

"The audiences we were getting were very mixed, particularly in the south where they hadn't seen a rock band in years. Sometimes they wouldn't know how to react. They wanted fast songs all the time, but they were very grateful that we'd gone across. Before us the only bands that had played there were The Shaking Pyramids and Smokey. We were the first vaguely new wave band."

Did they have an inclination of the coming clampdown?

"Things were getting so bad that something had to give. Everywhere we went, people were on strike or flying the Polish flag which meant they were in sympathy with the strikers. But people weren't downcast. They all knew that they were going through a bad time, but they were also quite optimistic.

"We never felt that we were being watched or anything. We were allowed to wander around alone. The first night we were there we went to an underground jazz club in Warsaw. We were allowed to wander around pretty late at night without any attention from the police or anything. It wasn't this greatly oppressed place that we are all led to believe, not then anyhow."

THE AMSTERDAM date was one of the first the band had played since Poland, plans to organise some large Solidarity benefits in Scotland having fallen through. It had been a shambolic show, lacking the incisive clarity that the band attain on record. TV21 know that they still have a long way to go in order to realise some of that potential, although there is a feeling that their strength lies more in the studio than on the stage.

"From now on we're going to try and do a few gigs as we can, so that they become more fun, finishes Norman. "Last year we did everything by the rock 'n' roll book — the independent singles, the support tours, our own dates, the major deal and the album. What do you do after that? You do the same again, so we want to try and stop that... get off the treadmill."

But still on the button? TV21 may still show us that their number's not up just yet.

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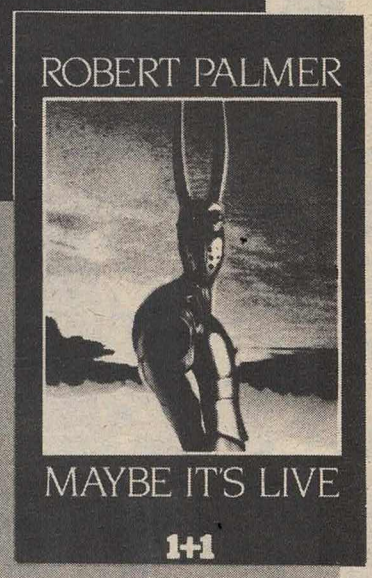

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Bette towers over her peers

LONDON cineastes have an opportune treat screening their way from today (Thursday 26), by virtue of Liz Taylor's triumphant return to our stately English stage. From that date, for approximately three whole weeks, the Gate (Notting Hill) is home for a brand new print of William Wyler's immaculate — and, at times, haltingly stylish, — movie adaptation of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*. Bette Davis is etched in a role designed to overwhelm classy-Soap camp followers everywhere — conniving her mercantile way through a plot that is equal parts family melodrama and Capitalism critiqued. Southern steam, the director's eye for telling shadows, and a no man's land of barbed bitchy dialogue . . . who could ask for more? (Well, we won't go into the sequel).

Ian Penman

EMERGENCY WARD ZEN

Whose Life Is It Anyway?

Directed by John Badham
Starring Richard Dreyfuss and John Cassavetes (UIP)

WHEN A young sculptor is crushed in a freak car crash, he is faced with the sudden shock of physical impotence. Paralysed from the neck down and in a state of complete, enforced dependence, Ken Harrison decides to seek an end to his life rather than continue as a mound of helpless human flesh, now tortured rather than motivated by a fine artistic intelligence.

Whose Life Is It Anyway? charts his search for a humane termination of his terrifying condition. Watched continuously on the closed-circuit television screens of an intensive care unit, Harrison's mental fight becomes one of the individual's right to exercise his own choice in the face of a benign, technocratic dictatorship of doctors with absolute power over his physical state.

Administering shots of valium expressly against the patient's wishes in the unshakeable belief that it will aid his adjustment to his predicament, the professionals who have poured enormous amounts of money and expertise into remoulding his body have as their highest aim the preservation of life, whatever its quality or cost.

Just as a reaction to handicap can reveal more about the able-bodied than the infirm, so Harrison finds himself surrounded by a cast of characters who, at worst, consider his death-wish an affront and, at best, are faced with the horror of permanent, impending loss.

Fears, tears, desires and resources unfold around him, from the occupational therapist who is roused to fury at his refusal to co-operate, to the female doctor whose concern in his case is rather more than strictly professional.

At the centre of this minor human maelstrom of instinct, emotion and engrained attitudes is the character of Harrison himself; a man previously blessed with the ability to live with an acute intensity denied to others. Richard Dreyfuss as the limp bulk under the blankets and the animated talking head on the pillows uncannily conveys a sensual, perceptive, enlightened man, hiding his violent hurt beneath a stream of earthy, often painfully funny, wisecracks as he is forced to submit to a medical regime which systematically strips him of any vestige of privacy.

The great merit of *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* is that it treats each of the many issues that it raises with a respectful, considered curiosity. Is the consultant (dashingly played by John Cassavetes) an autocratic monster with a vested interest in preserving a human monument to his own skill, or does he really fear that trauma has robbed Harrison of the ability to rationally evaluate his restricted options? Is Harrison's recourse to law a deliberate search for death or is he enjoying the opportunity to transcend his passive state by

Richard Dreyfuss wonders — if Bette Davis can do it, and Piers Haggard can do it, why can't he?

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once again exerting an influence on his environment?

Typically death here is not viewed as a rosy, blessed release but as a bleak, terrifying entry into the unknown; a last resort for a man whose alternatives have inexorably narrowed.

In overcoming the static nature of both the story's central subject and successfully subverting the dramatic dynamics of what was originally a broadway play, director John Badham (whose previous credits include, improbably, *Saturday Night Fever* and *Dracula)* has made a film that's as tense and tautly paced as a thriller.

Each incident in this enclosed existence is tellingly amplified by a camera that swings sickeningly sideways when an inert Harrison tips helplessly out of his hospital bed or swoops with a wheelchair along the gleaming corridors in a desperate race for emergency oxygen.

Paradoxically it's the film's very glossiness that is also its fault; all these beautiful, concerned individuals with the time, energy and interest to spare in considering his predicament, when the brief glimpse of the wordless manhandlings of the hurried nightnurse would probably be nearer to the experience of many of the bed-bound.

But then, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* is not intended as a specifically realistic investigation of handicap and it surely stretches its implications into an examination of a human condition that is more philosophical than physical.

As such, it is a courageous, unsentimental and intensely moving film; a heartfelt, intelligent and extraordinary testament to the inalienable right to human dignity.

Lynn Hanna

AFTER WITNESSING the audience reaction at *Venom*'s press screening, Piers Haggard was heard to remark: "I didn't realise I'd made a comedy". Now that the reviews have come out over here, he is probably getting used to the idea.

***Venom,* which was hailed by American critics as a classy Hitchcockian thriller and marketed as the ultimate in shock horror, is in fact an extremely old fashioned kidnap/house seige movie spiced up by the inclusion of an escaped Black Mamba, "the DEADLIEST SNAKE", gasps leading toxicologist Sarah Miles with the wide-eyed wonder of a six-year-old, "in the WHOLE WORLD!"**

But what ultimately makes *Venom* such a hoot is the screenful of absurd performances, from an out-of-his box Sterling Hayden and Susan 'Shall I drop 'em now, Piers?' George to those twin megalomaniacs Klaus Kinski and Ollie Reed. Not forgetting a truly eccentric cameo from Rita Webb, who emerges from the back of her gothic dungeon of a pet shop cradling what looks like a Komodo Dragon against her ample charms.

***Venom* is Haggard's fourth film. His last was *The Fiendish Plot Of Fu Manchu* (which *nobody* realised was a comedy), and to date his achievement in movies seems to be as insignificant as his television career is distinguished. The great-grand nephew of Rider Haggard, he was brought up in Scotland where he progressed from Edinburgh University via the theatre circuit, including a spell at the Royal Court, into the world of television.**

Piers peers over his generously proporioned legs. *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky*

PIERS AT THE END OF HIS TETHER

Neil Norman talks to Piers Haggard, yet to duplicate his small screen success on the big

Aiming to eventually make his own movies — "I'd suddenly conceived in a public library in Edinburgh the desire to direct films" — he worked with Antonioni on *Blow-Up* as an all-purpose assistant.

"I was very involved in *The Blow Up* (sic) which remained somehow the epitome of the '60s. Having been a rather studious, reclusive, serious and rather over-responsible youth and young father, I suddenly seemed to have my finger for the first time on 'the Scene', whatever that is.

"I carried on with TV and in '69 did an extremely modest film which has been totally forgotten (*Wedding Night* with Dennis Waterman). Then in 1970 I did a film which I'm still proud of in a way. It was a horror film called *The Blood On Satan's Claw*. So I'd made my first film by the time I was 30, and I was very pleased with myself. Then unfortunately the British Film Industry sort of folded up and my third film never quite seemed to happen."

IT WAS BACK into the Box for a while making BBC dramas for the prestige and

■ *continues*

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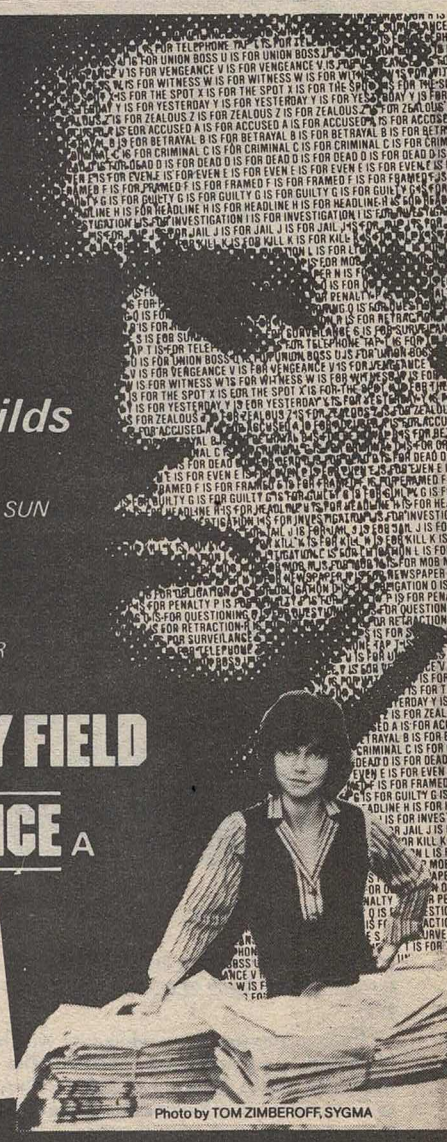

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commercials for the money. At a time when other directors were drifting over to America, it simply didn't occur to him to leave his own country.

"No. Very involved in my own society and, you know, wanting to do serious things about us and our culture and so on."

Dennis Potter happened to see his version of the Chester Mystery Plays and asked him to direct *Pennies From Heaven*.

"First of all it was very frightening. 'How to do it?' seemed to be quite a challenge. In a way, I suppose, one just sort of worked it out and just felt such an enormous happiness that the material was so rich and yielded so much.

"The structure was so totally original as the point of the series is somehow binary. There is the real life narrative which is a very sordid little story redeemed by the aspirations of the hero and on the other side are the songs which are so beautiful and express such joy and longing — Dennis was using these as an image of what life might be like.

"So you have these two ingredients of life that operate in opposition but it's not a depressing thing and it's not a superficial, glossy, sacchariney thing, is it? It is operated by means of the dialectical electrical tension between the two ingredients.

"Now for a director to hold in balance those ingredients is the most wonderful challenge and I don't suppose I'll get such a difficult and at the same time interesting thing to direct, perhaps ever again in my life."

"Don't listen to all those squabbling stories, son — we all got on terrific, honest." Susan George and Sterling Hayden rush to the premiere of Venom.

Nobody ever approached him about the film although he did mention the idea to producer Kenith Trodd and Potter during the making of the TV series only to be turned down. In fact, before Herbert Ross got hold of the rights (Potter was writing a sequel to Ross' *The Turning Point* at the time) they had been through the hands of Greg Smith, the British producer of the *Confessions* series. If Haggard was disappointed, he doesn't appear to bear any grudges, maintaining a steadfastly philosophical attitude and touchingly patriotic stiff upper lip.

But even his good nature was sorely tried by his next project when he was called in to do something, anything, with the debris surrounding *The Fiendish Plot Of Fu Manchu*. He was the third director to be saddled with Sellers' last film and lasted for about three months of shooting, involving "changes of mind, general superstar arbitrariness, industry, misery, and so on . . . very difficult times."

"It was about as disastrous and mistaken an experience as one can have. All I can say is that I'm still here and I did learn a great deal and I was a bit silly. I had the wrong priorities. It was a mistaken idealism, a ridiculous sense of duty . . ."

SOMEWHAT UPSET by his experience, he formed a company to make commercials with his partner Keith Phillips and was intent on "getting his head together" when he was again summoned to save another film, *Venom*, from which Tobe Hooper had left after ten days' shooting. He chucked out Hooper's rushes, rewrote the script and was shooting his version within nine days.

"We started again from scratch so it was never possible for *Venom* to be as personal as a film should be, but it always seemed to me that it had a chance of being a very entertaining thriller. Also I do think that (producer Martin) Bregman and Hooper between them had cast it well. Everybody brings a presence and something quite powerful to the screen."

And off screen by all accounts, as, quite apart from the very real danger involved in using a real Black Mamba on set, Haggard had to cope with several reptiles in human form. If Kinski was the worst offender, then Reed and Miles used to delight in winding him up to a state where he'd simply stop filming and hurl abuse at all and sundry.

Kinski plays rough, too, and both Miles and George — who had to be manhandled by the four-foot Pole — bore the bruises and marks of his 'acting' ability for days afterwards.

Having spent one day on the set last year — "One of our less traumatic days" — it seems incredible to me that Haggard has actually managed to get the movie on to the screen at all. Come on, Piers, how did you do it?

"There were quite a few tensions between very strong personalities. I think what was nice was that, in spite of being fraught and all the danger of shooting with the snake, when we looked at the assembly it looked like it was going to be all right.

"I won't say it was the easiest time I ever had. I mean, we had some lively moments but they're all big personalities. If you stop that machine I could tell you a story or two . . ."

OK Piers, it's off.

"You sure that thing's off? Your little light's still flashing."

Damn.

Click . . .

Calculation No. 24 from Texas Instruments.

A task for the TI-30 LCD:

At what angle must the elephant swim to reach the other bank at a point directly opposite?

Peter wants to cross a wide river with his big friend, to a point directly opposite. The river is 73 metres wide, flows at 0.4 metres a second and the elephant swims at the rate of 0.7 metres a second.

The TI-30 LCD copes easily with this classic trigonometric problem, and is as simple to use as it is precise. It calculates the exact angle, which is easily read from the LCD display. As the follow-up to the world-famous TI-30 school calculator, the TI-30 LCD offers even more – conversion from radians to degrees, selection of the number of decimal places, factorial n! and a built-in constant memory that retains data even when the TI-30 LCD is switched off.

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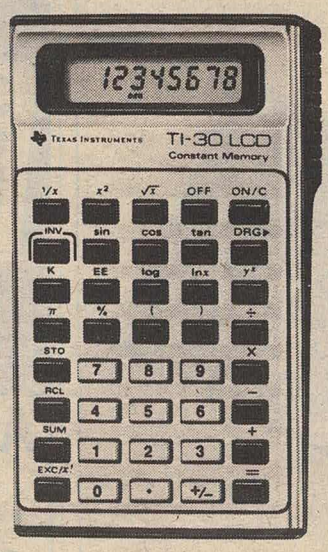
There is also the comprehensive user's guide developed with leading educators.

The TI-30 LCD for 'O' and 'A' levels is just one example of how Texas Instruments help you calculate more efficiently. We'll help you do better.

Solution, using the TI-30 LCD: The elephant has to swim against the current at an angle of 34.8 degrees.



TEXAS INSTRUMENTS
LIMITED

Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed

Directed by Hasan Shah and Dom Shaw
Starring Stiff Little Fingers, Selecter, various others (ICA)

THIS DOCUMENTARY is two years too late. Its implicit purpose seems to be the discussion of issues that have been examined more cogently, and continuously, in the rock press since at least 1978.

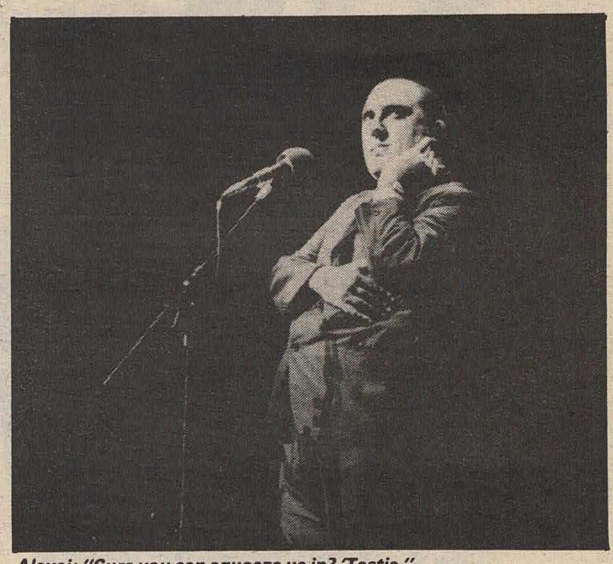
Hands up those who have read nothing about the 'Sieg Heil' element, strongarm bouncers, The Clash 'selling out'? Film-makers Hasan Shah and Dom Shaw don't appear to have realised that *Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed* will say nothing new to the sort of person most likely wishing to see it. Nor does it dramatise these matters any more vividly than the printed page — The Cockney Rejects describing their crowd control techniques are scarcely any less edifying on murky Super-8 than in copies of *Sounds* long since consigned to the dustbin.

But there's more. What we have here is an attempt at a definitive documentary on the punk movement, 1979-81. That apparently means the ska revival (Selecter), Mod (Purple Hearts), Ulster (Stiff Little Fingers), Manchester (Tony Wilson and A Certain Ratio being dead dull from as recently as last summer), the institution (John Peel), the has-been (Jimmy Pursey), and assorted twerps airing their dumb opinions one Saturday afternoon down the King's Road. Let's not forget Garry Bushell speaking for the young 'uns; and Charles Shaar Murray — who has seen it all before. That's about it.

Obviously, as a summary of the state of the art, it's hopelessly inadequate. As an examination of the internecine strife based around the musical/tribal 'loyalties' of a small section of British youth it is inarticulate and superficial.

Best to avoid this film until at least 1995, when it can properly appreciated as a naive piece of dewey-eyed nostalgia. Until then, it is shapeless, pointless gesture which by its ineptitude condescends to the 'kids' it purports to represent.

Mat Snow



Alexei: "Sure you can squeeze us in? 'Tastic."

The Secret Policeman's Other Ball

Directed by Julien Temple
Featuring a galaxy of stars (UIP)

THE FILM of The Event — and anyone who read Danny Baker's full-blooded expose of the last Amnesty knockabout will already be familiar with the programme of *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*.

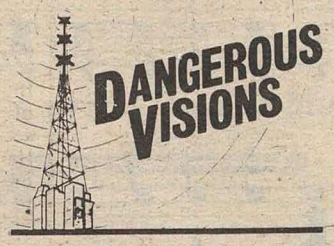
So, aside from noting a slight but tangible improvement in technique (this looks more like a *film* than its predecessor, though the shaky reliance on zoom and a thin stock of angles remains), there's little to add other than confirm the presence of Billy Connolly's pints of creme de menthe, Alexei Sayle's eighteen quid lentilburgers and incomparable Alan Bennett's groundswell of waiters.

I liked Victoria Wood's song, a deal more barbed than the glib fripperies of her TV work; and I didn't like much of the music, although Sting's lonely, lonely 'Message In A Bottle' is a superbly staged act of contrition. The reunion of Beck and Clapton is a sight less exciting than the *King Cone* music.

99 minutes and at least fifteen laughs — more than many a movie comedy there sorry days.

Richard Cook

KISS KISS, BLAND BLAND



PAUL MORLEY reviews the parts that make others only retch

PARKY AND MEN: it's getting serious. Jimmy Savile and Michael Palin on Saturday, treating Donald Sinden better than the tired piece of teak deserved. Sinden returning on Wednesday to finish off the tedious blow-job for our Parky: his wrinkles the dried up beds of smiles! Also on Wednesday Peter Cook and Anthony Burgess doing their intellectual best to ignore Sinden, control larky Parky and confirm, irresistibly, that the great greed of the Brit must never be underestimated. And another Saturday, and more men: send in the chubbies, check out their suits. George Melly, Peter Ustinov, Derek Nimmo and our chauvy Parky . . . nothing to talk about but Australia, but at least the charming Melly bloomed, showing up all those other parked men and their dreary blue-grey suits with his gay stripes, wide lapels, flash tie and glitter socks.

The last woman Parky had on his rugged proggy was Dame Edna, and for a number of reasons she doesn't count. It seems Parky only allows women onto his craggy prog if they have the equivalent of Barnsley balls: Everett guested on the draggy prog the other week, all dragged up. Perhaps Selina Scott, topless but with glitter socks, will be the girl to bust into this men only club.

Whoops Apocalypse (ITV) — invented to drown the new comics Sayle and Mayall — proved on Sunday that soon the only way for a woman to appear on television will be to read the news or bare her breasts, or do both. Indeed, the only way women can slide into this week's Dee Vee is through Andrea Newman's cheeringly improbable **Alexa** (*Love Story*, BBC 1) — not one bare breast, and I would accept bosoms in this ludicrous context m'lud, but for some repulsive tight-lipped kisses. Fancy going to all the fancy trouble of affairing with your beloved wife's best friend and then discovering that she kisses you as if you were Alan Whicker and she were Michael Parky. Lips are ace surfaces: who'd have guessed that Cartland writes better kisses than Newman! I'll miss Alexa when she's gone, even though I could never kiss her.

I bet **Dr Who** (BBC 1) kisses like an intellectual: intellectuals are notoriously sensual, and I should know. Dr Who's sexual drive is obviously considerable — just lately he's been surrounded by three assistants; two girls and one boy, Time Lords aren't prudes. On Tuesday the boy died: the Doctor shed tears and wondered whether to replace him with a girl, a boy, or even a robot monkey. Actually, I'd join the Doctor any year of the century.

Also on Tuesday the Doctor had an argument with the boss Cyberman, an ex-mod, about the fundamental fabric, the basic POINT, of living. Amidst all the cardboard, plastic and silver foil — and for a lot of people life is nothing more than a piece of silver foil — Dr Who stared at the tight-lipped Cyberman and made a stand for the "delightful little things" that can make life much more than just a mere mistake — for the Doctor a sunrise, or a delicious dinner, if not the ABC video or an intellectual revelation in the back seat of a mini-cab.

In my day-dreams I often have this fantasy: I, as a divinely eccentric Time Lord who kisses like a demon, am arguing with Paul Weller, an inflexible and cold Cyberman who can't kiss a snooker ball, about the reasons for living. Weller drones on about some vague and awkward big things that he views through badly cracked Marxist spectacles. I celebrate the "delightful little things" that can truly edge us towards a sense of freedom . . . such as Schopenhauer's *Essays And Aphorisms*, George Melly's ties, the speed of the 20th century, a kiss in the dark and *Top Of The Pops*.

On **Riverside** (BBC 2) Paul Weller was talking to Ian Birch about *Top Of The Pops*. For some dreadful reason Weller reckoned that *TOTP* would be "better" if groups like Crass went on: he implied that this would be important but, of course, didn't explain why. If the likes of Crass were allowed in just for the sake of it then it wouldn't be the wonderful thing that it has become — a form of time travel, no less — but some equivalent banality to *Riverside* or *Something Else*, with its feet planted dead square on the earth.

Paul Weller has become such a tight-lipped bore. All he does is state the bleeding obvious or the dying ridiculous and it's sad to realise that he doesn't understand about the little things. Martin Fry of ABC does — he talked about *TOTP* and cryptically suggested that he worked through the myth of the show so as to pronounce that there can be a certain richness about life even though the damned thing was offered to us just so we should suffer.

One day soon Weller may notice that the language he's using to describe his disorientation and frustration is a useless one: and one day Fry will kiss as delightfully as Dr Who.

Peter Cook, who knows a thing or two about the little things and who used to be part of a double act with a little thing, mentioned during his slightly sarc-y Parky spot how unappealing British situation comedy is becoming, using *Barney Miller* and *Taxi* as pertinent American examples of how far, wide and deep the format can go. Brit-com is now generally based around established names doing little more than a stand-up routine in fantasised circumstances — Ronnie Barker, Lionel Jeffries, Bill Maynard, Andrew Sachs — or is a wild-ish but cosy figment of Croft and Perry's imagination. From *The Likely Lads, Til Death* and *Rising Damp* we've flopped to the potty bellies of *Glamour Girls, Dead Earnest, Father Charlie.* With the '80s American situation comedies — *Soap, Mary Hartman, Taxi, Barney Miller, All In The Family* — you could construct an intricate, insightful picture of modern American life; with the Brit-com as it's being left to rot you'd get a crude postcard featuring a bunch of bad-tempered twits whose light relief is a broken whooppee cushion.

The Brit-coms are becoming porkily content to represent the comely, homely Brits with fake innocence, stubborn cheerfulness and feeble farce. The Brit-com is just not bitter, it fails to bite into absurdity, and it does not observe that good comedy is about feeling alive. Brit-com, despite the tradition of both situation comedy and unstructured comedy, is becoming enclosed by uncontrolled banality — even the Brit-coms that receive prizes and awards are simply 'tasteful'.

These are reasons why Mike Leigh's technically and comically audacious **Home Sweet Home** (BBC 1) was so disquieting and compelling: Leigh works through banality, perceives a great poignancy and even dignity in eccentricity, and meets head-on the claustrophobic futility and deepening blandness of great British conservatism. Leigh's characters were trapped: their struggles were hilarious, upsetting, hideous. *Home Sweet Home* didn't gloat over people's weaknesses and worries like late Brit-com does, but embraced and caressed them almost as if they were the last remnants of individuality — eccentricity as a form of independence from the given routine. Some people have suggested that Leigh was cruelly parodying people's post-'60s numbness: this suggestion comes from those who were just scratching the surfaces of *Home Sweet Home*.

Leigh's work is the closest British TV comes to the affectionate, provocative characterisations and distortions of new American situation comedy — more subtle and painful than *Born And Bred* or *I Didn't Know You Cared*, nastier than Rowan Atkinson's *Canned Laughter*, necessarily less playful than *Minder*. Through Mike Leigh's work, and definitely the odd places where it parallels the advanced American comedy, one can see the spaces and corners an original British situation comedy can develop: none of this comely, homely crap, but something that *uses* comedy for all its worth.

Mike Leigh's work, as with *Taxi* or *Barney Miller* — and the comparisons aren't that random — inverses the apparent passivity television encourages through what could be called an intellectual treatment of that very passivity. The saving grace of laughter: perhaps one of the few "delightful *big* things".

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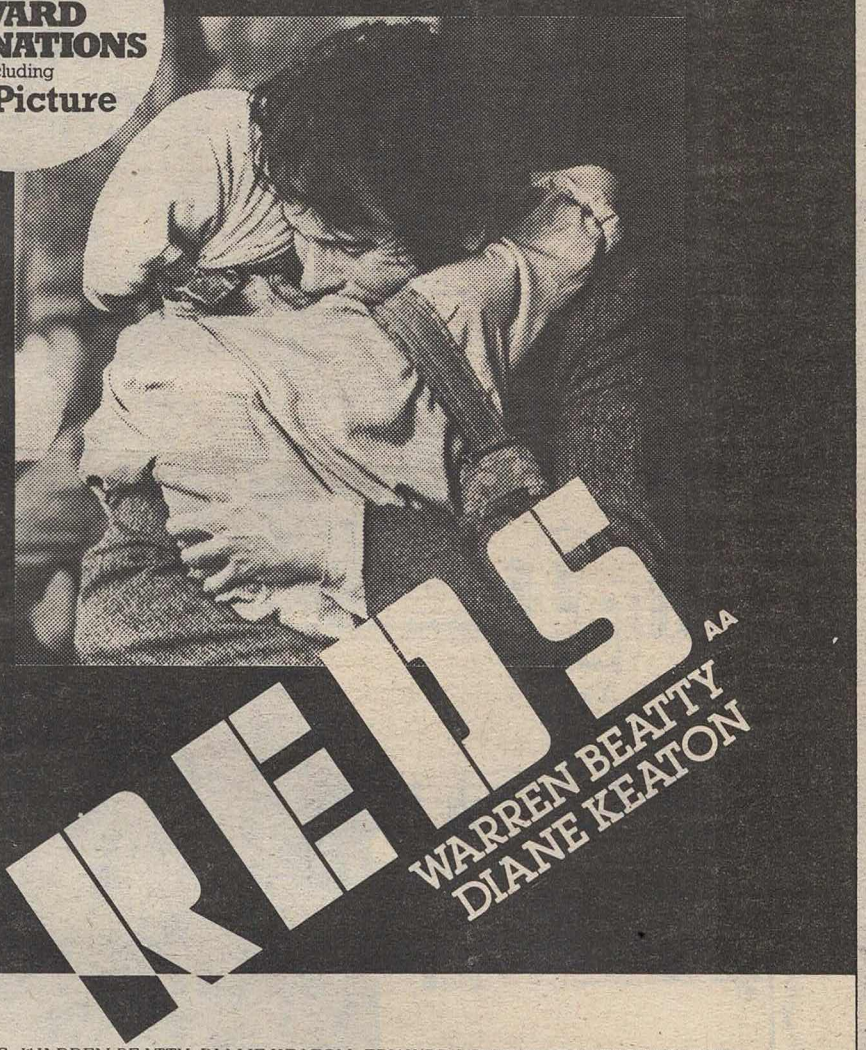

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5

take me in his arms and love me too, You could-n't real-ly have a heart and

Db Eb Db Eb Db

Ab Cm

hurt me What am I to do?

Db Eb

Ev- ood-bye, dear.

Am

C Bb

Lov-ing y you I'd die, dear.

Am

Bb

Know-ing I love you so. A-ny-one Who Had a Heart would

Bb F Eb

Ab Cm

ARTWORK BY ANTON CORBIJN

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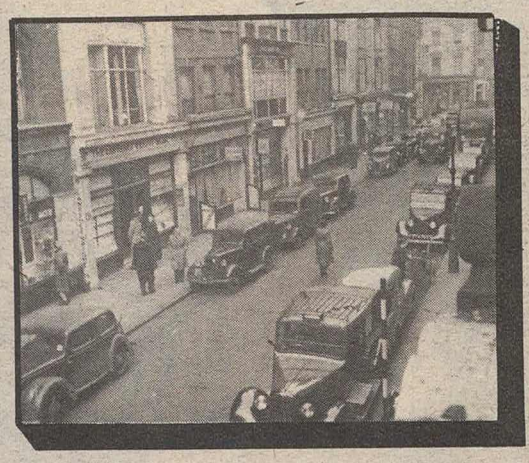

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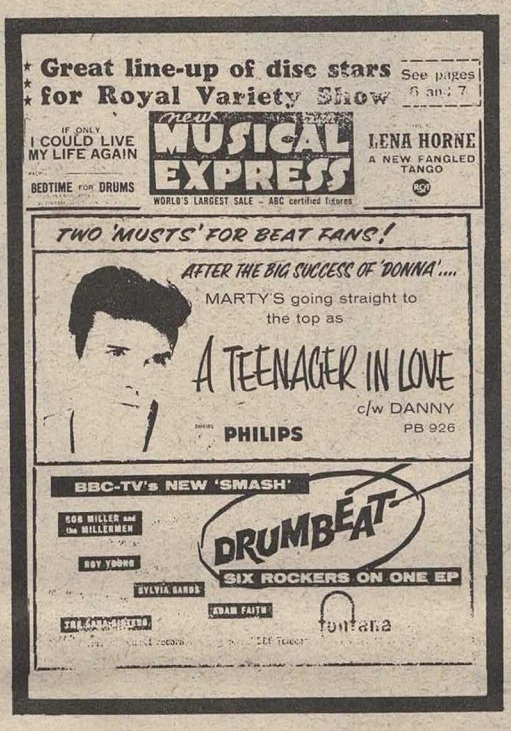

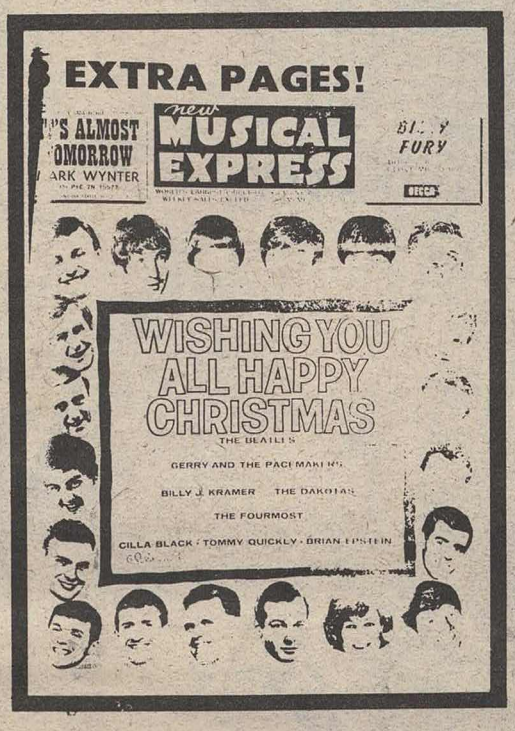

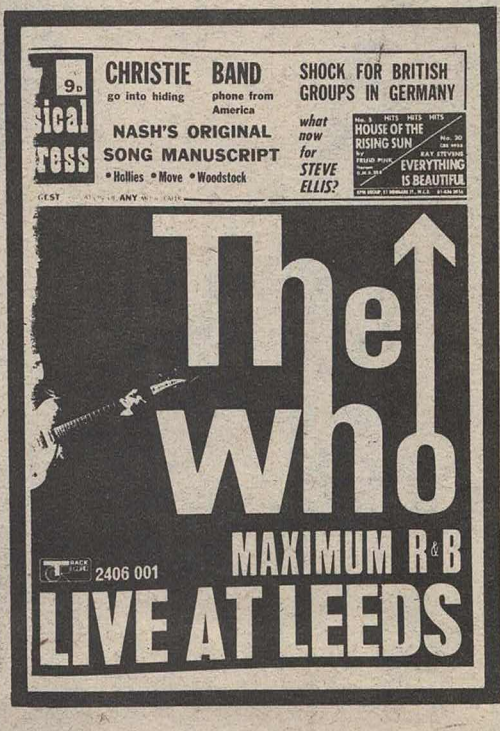

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AND BELOW, THE PICTURE THAT SAYS IT ALL
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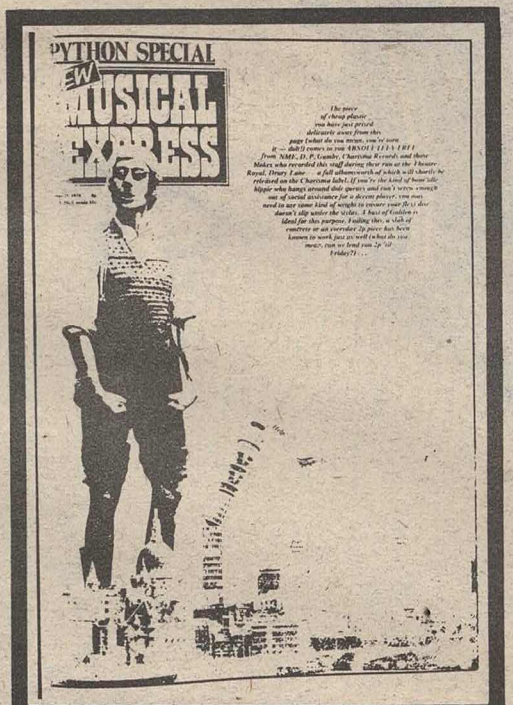

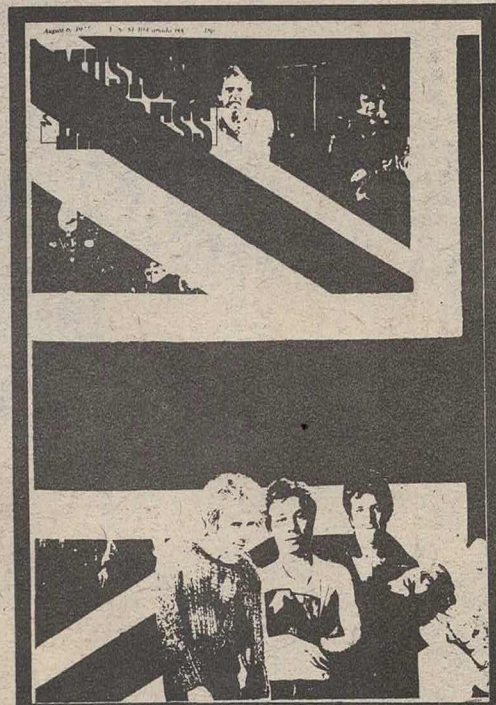

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SOUTHALL, London, July 1981. The Hambrough Tavern stands burnt out after a concert by The 4-Skins had ended with a night of rioting by local Asians.
Inside, NME examines the background and the aftermath of the gig that ended in flames.

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7 FORGET ME NOT — Vera Lynn
7 HIGH NOON — Frankie Laine
8 SUGAR BUSH — Doris Day/Frankie Laine
8 BLUE TANGO — Ray Martin
9 HOMING WALTZ — Vera Lynn
10 AUF WIEDERSEHN — Vera Lynn
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TAIL-PIECES by THE ALLEY CAT

REMEMBER the name Elvis Presley; this young American country and western singer is destined to emulate Johnnie Ray as the teenagers' delight. Decca chief E. R. Lewis and Show Band leader Cyril Stapleton were among the guests at a luncheon on Tuesday at the Houses of Parliament ... Pity Dorothy Dandrid... live ...

10

THE NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

During his recent coast-to-coast visit to America **MAURICE KINN**, NME Managing Director, enjoyed personal interviews with . .

Elvis Presley

who tells why he won't come to Britain

"ARE you proposing to work in any other countries?" This was the $64,000 question posed to Elvis Presley by reporters prior to the fantastic concert in Hollywood, which I reported recently for the NME.

Came the reply: "I don't intend leaving America—unless I've got to."

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For when the British singing idol decides the time is ripe to take a wife—which he thinks will be between the ages of 24-26—she'll ha... rds ...

KEITH GOODWIN had a heart-to-heart chat with "Living Doll" singer Cliff and discovered the kind of girl he'd like to marry —is it YOU?

1956 FILM PREVIEW

MICHAEL WINNER picks out some of the top musical screen attractions that are coming your way during the year

MEET Shirley Jones. Shirley is a lovely fair-haired newcomer to the music business and movie-wise she's one of the biggest things to hit American screens. Not that the petite little girl is much of a size in real life. But Shirley heralds the soon-to-be-seen-here brigade of bigger musicals. And when I say bigger, I mean literally, bigger.

Shirley was the girl chosen to play opposite Gordon MacRae in the fabulous version of "Oklahoma" in the new biggest-ever screen process that has rocked New York for weeks. The process, called Todd-AO, makes Cinema-Scope look like 9½ inch television.

...forward to seeing the ...Metro's "Till ...Tomorrow" ...that is based on the late ...Roth Lillian ...a great ...because ...

...Vic Damone takes the part of ... the Prince in the film ...

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THE BEATLES PIC: DEZO HOFFMANN

Friday, May 10, 1963
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
10

From ME to YOU

inspired according to THE BEATLES who told Alan Smith

THOSE fabulous Beatles have paid a chart-sized tribute to the NME with their latest hit, "From Me To You"—because the title is based on our popular readers' letters column, "From You To Us"!

Says John Lennon: "As I explained recently, Paul McCartney and I wrote the number on a coach journey between York and Shrewsbury. We were on the Helen Shapiro tour at the time.

"What puzzled us was why we'd thought of a name like 'From Me To You.'

"In fact, it had me thinking until only recently, when I picked up the NME to see how we were doing. Then I realised—we'd got the inspiration from reading a copy talking about one of the letters in the 'From You To Us'

L. to r.: GEORGE HARRISON, PAUL McCARTNEY (top), RINGO STARR and JOHN LENNON.

Exclusive NME picture by Harry Hammond.

BEATLES

"Please Please Me" recorded on Parlophone by the Beatles has been publicised as "the record of the year."

I have just the slightest nagging doubt that, with fifty weeks of releases yet to come this year, it may prove to be a teensy weensy exaggeration!

However, this vocal and instrumental quartet has turned out a really enjoyable platter, full of beat, vigour and vitality—and what's more, it's different.

I can't think of any other group currently recording in this style.

"Ask Me Why" is really good flipside value. I shan't be in the least surprised to see the charts invaded by Beatles.

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Personally Written

MESSAGE

THE SIXTIES

To the Readers of NME

I wish to thank you sincerely for your support and for voting me no. one in your poll. I was very surprised and pleased!

Thanks

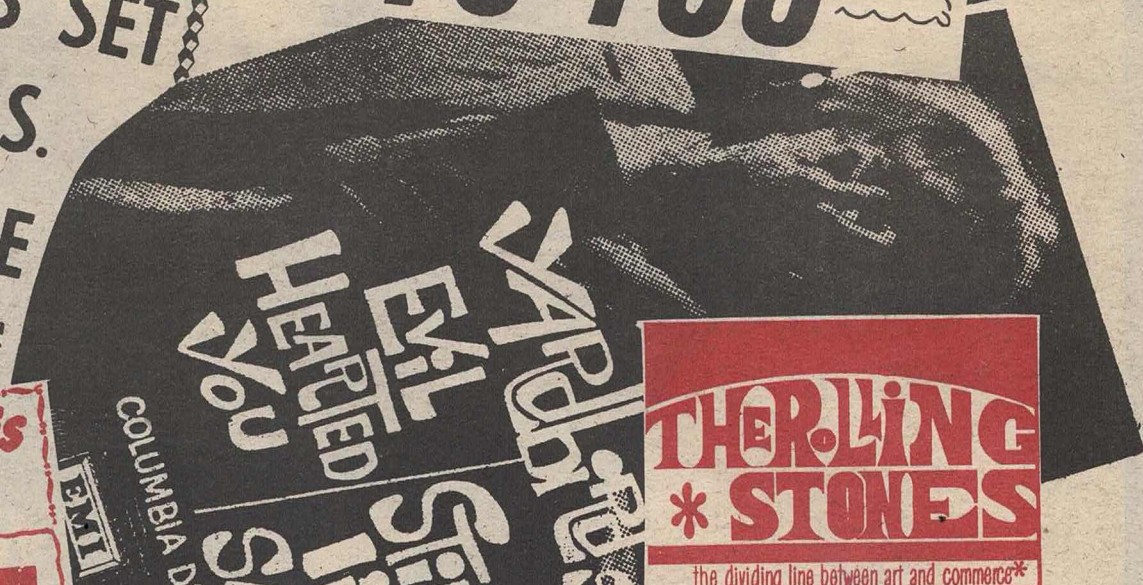
Elvis Presley

TO YOU

Friday, January 12, 1962

THE TOKENS SET TO REPEAT U.S. SUCCESS HERE

A RECORD with an unusual title is often part of the way to success because of the curiosity value that surrounds it from the moment it is released. Such a di... "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," whi... the NME Chart this week recently hit the top ... selling lists—and ... But in ad... chief...



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THAT SIX MINUTE SINGLE!
201811
MUSICAL EXPRESS *

Postcard from the Paris HQ of the Beatles

HOTEL GEORGE V
PARIS

Dear Chrisp, Al, and folks!
Having fun,
We've ordered N.M.E.
(just to read
Alley Cat, of course)
See you Coom.
Ta-ta. John, Paul,
Ringo George.

CHRISP AUTCHY AND ALAN SMITH
C/O THE NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
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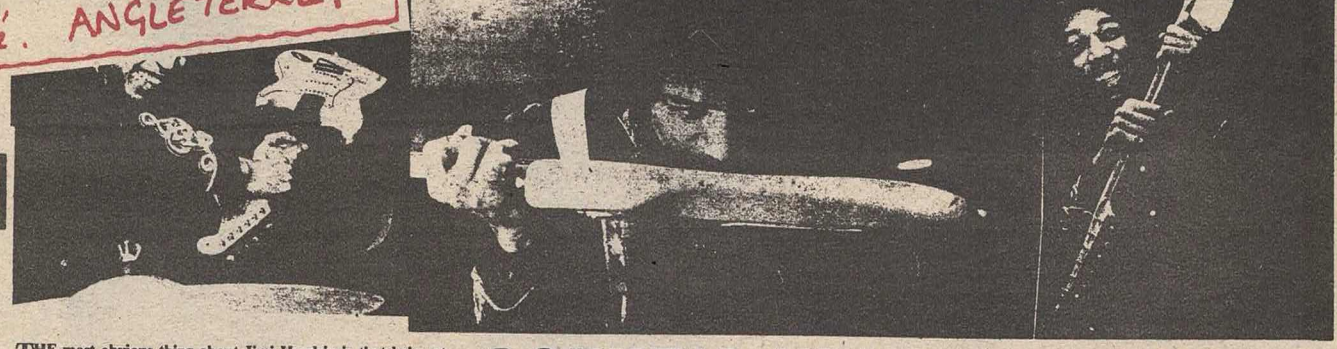


'ix Experience

Off stage he's nervous, shy, gentle. But performing he's the wildest thing happening on the London club scene.

On sale Friday, week ending January 28, 1967

SCENE'S WILDEST RAVER!

By JOHN KING

THE most obvious thing about Jimi Hendrix is that he's not pretty—neither is his raw, exciting brand of beat music. This has not stopped him setting the pop scene on its ear. The perceptive Mr. Jagger has dropped into a late night club to hear his brilliant guitar-antics and the shrewd Mr. McCartney has invited him back to a little evening soirée with John Mayall and Marianne Faithfull.

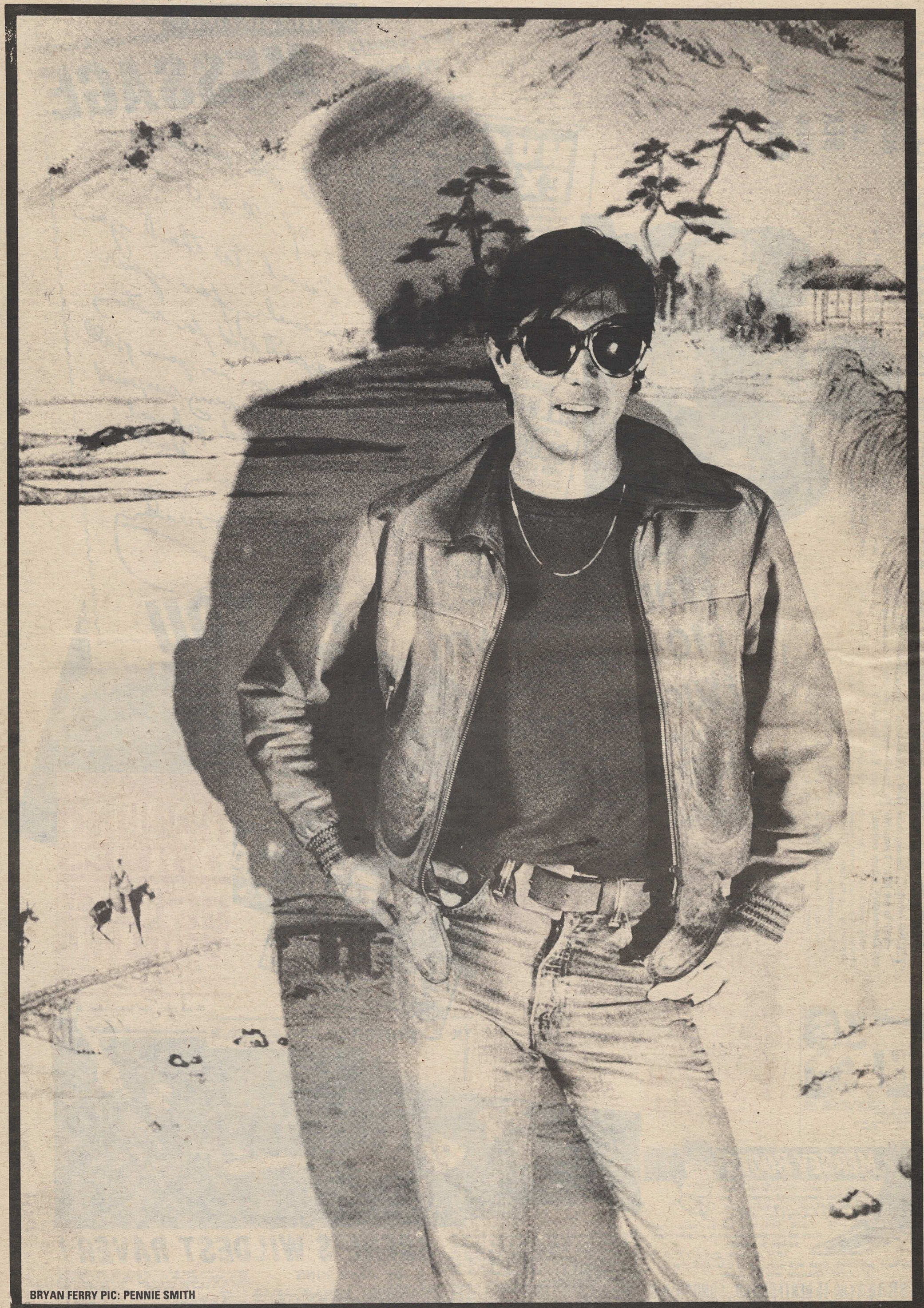
In short, the Jimi Hendrix Experience is happening on the London club scene and "Hey Joe" (No. 8 this week) is reflecting the enthusiasm.

"The record is really a cowboy song," ... when I met him in his manage... London office ... ach is re... mber ... ened to feel it. ... the words ...

Hendrix is surprised by his immediate success in England in spite of the overwhelming confidence which ex-Animal Chas Chandler—now his manager—had in him. He's even more surprised to find that he is able to play and perform what he really likes and get paid ... His musical influences are rooted in the "blues" and he claim... dy Waters had most influ... ber of contempor... his stage p...

guardsman's busby that's been left out in the rain and wears assorted military uniforms which make him look like the last of the comancheros. Essentially he is a nervous person—at least at interviews—a gentle kind of person who is a good deal more sensitive ... those who point the finger of derision.

"I wear my hair long because ... it. It was long in New York and it's longer ... are more or their attitud...



BRYAN FERRY PIC: PENNIE SMITH

THE SEVENTIES

GOODBYE, JIMI

A tribute by Richard Green, who once worked with him

JIMI HENDRIX was known as the wild man of pop and he certainly earned that reputation on stage. But in private life, among his close friends, he had a polite, almost shy, manner. The opposite to the impression he gave on stage.

The immense loss that his sad, untimely death will ... to music is beyond doubt and his ... of devoted ... about the world have ...

... and spent ... without sleep composing. That, plus the st... working life that had be... tension. ... rarely ..."

A ...

Executive Director: MAURICE KINN
Editor: ANDY GRAY
Assistant Editor: JOHN WELLS
News Editor: DEREK JOHNSON
Advertisement Manager: PERCY C. DICKINS
New Musical Express
112 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Phone (for all Depts.) 01-240 2266 (10 lines)
Cable address Newmusex, London
Ritchie Yorke, 'Globe & Mail', 140 King St. W., Toronto, CANADA
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ROXY MUSIC (Island). In my opinion, Roxy Music — the newest band in the EG stable and by far the best — are a potentially enormous musical influence. They've still to develop but their ideas are already well-formed and come together very nicely, thank you, on this excellent first album.

What are they? Groping for comparisons, I used to say "a cross between Hawkwind and the Wild Angels, but that's not really true. On about the eighth listening there's some of the Velvets in there as well as other stuff that's all theirs.

The album, beautifully recorded, was produced by Peter Sinfield — which explains why a touch of the Crimsoids can also be felt.

But it's really Roxy, and they're new, very electronic, very camp and very, very good. Best track by far is the superb "Re-make, Re-model" which uncannily reminds you of all the rock songs you ever heard until you listen for Eno's synthesizer. Their elec-

By gad sir, this Kink feller's a true Brit

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE KINKS: "Mirror Of Love" (RCA). *"You're a mean and obsene lover/But I would have no other."* Yet another Kinks single that positively reeks of white trousers and loafers. Raymond Douglas Davies is the only songwriter I can think of who can write such personal material (and he is always very personal), and never get embarrassing. One of the true ... of our time. "Mirr... listen... the v... And ... it to... the ... fro... bu... lif... I ...

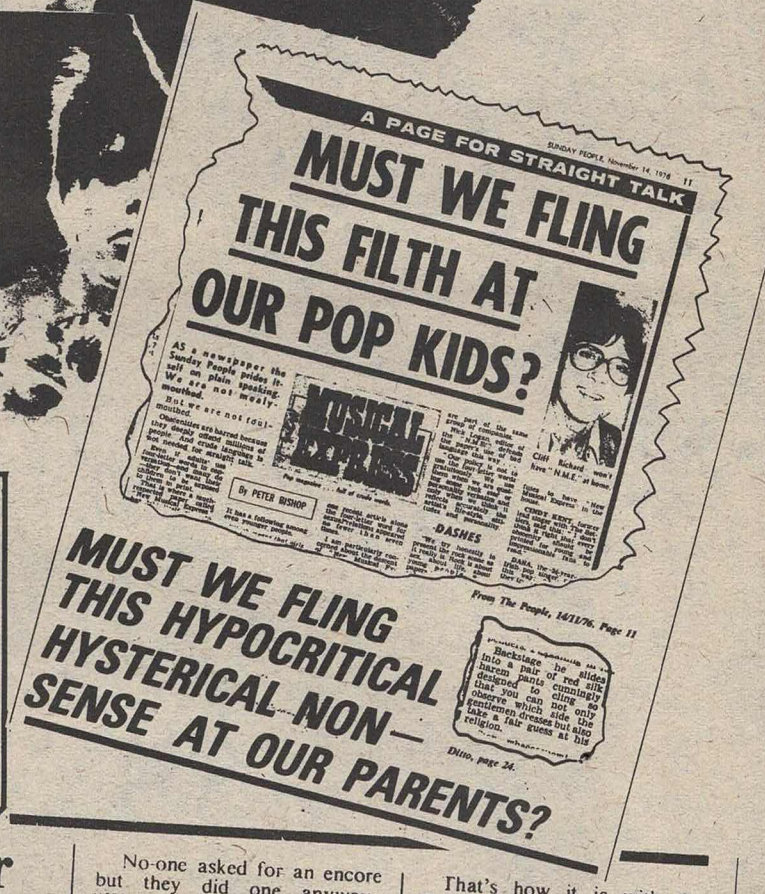
BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: "Baby, Baby We've Got A Date" (Blue Mountain). *After ten years as headliners in their native Jamaica, the group is ready to spring itself on the unsuspecting world. Marley's an original with an accomplished knack for songwriting. His lead vocal is relaxed and smooth, with a natural gift for phrasing. This one is mellow, with some strong bass playing and a nifty line of chorus girls brought in at the hook. They're rockin' it to you. Do yourself a favour and pick up on it.*

DAVID BOWIE

"I'm not ashamed of wearing dresses... but unfortunately it's detracted from the fact I'm also a songwriter"

LENNON

I was trying to put it round that I was gay ... dancing at all the gay clubs in Los Angeles, flirting with the boys. But it never got off the ground



A PAGE FOR STRAIGHT TALK

SUNDAY PEOPLE, November 14, 1976 11

MUST WE FLING THIS FILTH AT OUR POP KIDS?

AS a newspaper the Sunday People prides itself on plain speaking. We are not mealy-mouthed.

But we are not fatalistic either.

Obscenities are barred because they corrupt. And corrupt attitudes are not needed in straight talk.

MUSICAL EXPRESS

By PETER BISHOP

... DASHES

Cliff Richard here's N.M.E. of heroes in 1958

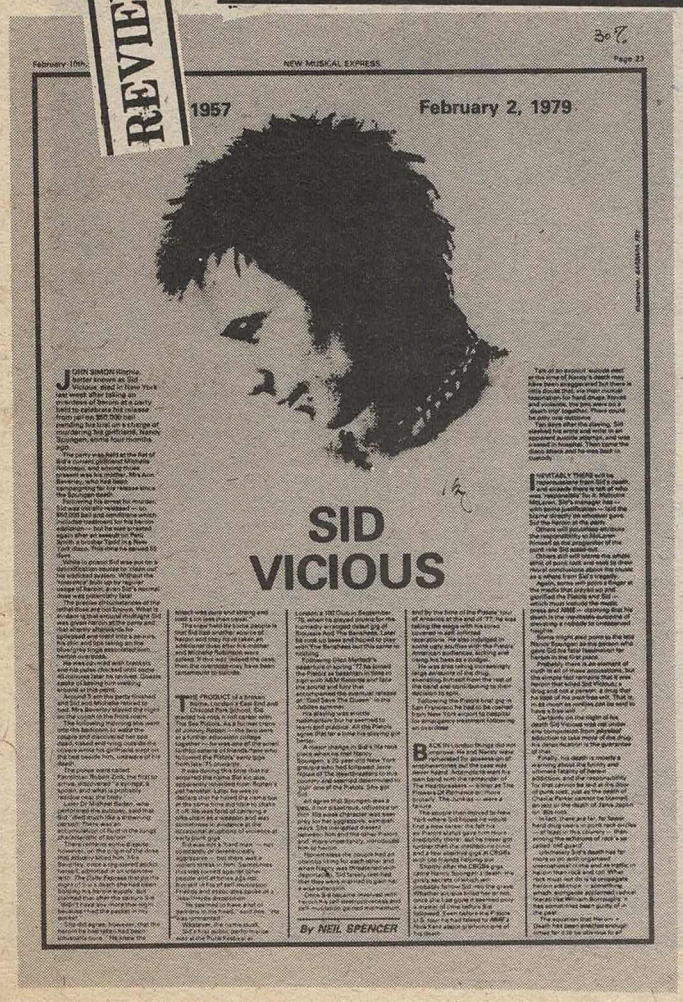
From The People, 14/11/76, Page 11

MUST WE FLING THIS HYPOCRITICAL HYSTERICAL NON-SENSE AT OUR PARENTS?

Backstage he slides into a pair of red silk harem pants designed to cunningly observe which side the gentlemen dresses but also take a fair guess at his religion.

Ditto, page 24.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY CHRISSIE HYND



NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS Page 23

1957 February 2, 1979

SID VICIOUS

JOHN SIMON Ritchie better known as Sid Vicious, died in New York last week after taking an overdose of heroin at a party held to celebrate the release from prison, $50,000 bail pending his trial on a charge of murdering his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, some four months ago.

The party was held at the flat of Sid's convict girlfriend Michelle Robinson, and among those present was his mother, Mrs Anne Beverley, who had been campaigning for his release since the Spungen death.

Following his arrest for murder, Sid was also released on £50,000 bail and committed to a medical institution for his heroin addiction — but he was to vanish again after an assault on Perc Smith a brother Teddy Boy at a Tooting Bec station. This time he served 10 days.

Within a month Sid was on to a new charge of assault, this time for the kicking of a photographer outside the Hammersmith Palais. Sid's counsel argued that Sid's normal state was predominantly blind.

The previous circumstances of the other three are not known. What is known is that Sid and Nancy met at the Speakeasy in London's Great Marlborough Street, and that shortly afterwards he moved in with her.

He was up-and-well thanks to amphetamines and then he was hooked on heroin.

Sid and Nancy moved to the Chelsea Hotel in New York, and it was there that Nancy died.

The PRODUCT of a broken home, London's East End and Lilliput Park School, Sid married his mum, if not earlier with...

Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen

Sid Vicious in the days when he was a Pistol

Sid and Nancy in happier days

By NEIL SPENCER

Don't look over your shoulder, but the Sex Pistols are coming

Sex Pistols

MARQUEE

"HURRY UP, they're having an orgy on stage," said the bloke on the door as he tore the tickets up.

I waded to the front and straightway sighted a chair arcing gracefully through the air, skidding across the stage and thudding contentedly into the PA system, to the obvious nonchalance of the bass drums and guitar.

Well I didn't think they sounded *that* bad on first earful ... then I saw it was the singer who'd done the throwing.

He was stalking round the front rows, apparently scuffing over the litter on the floor between baring his teeth at the audience and stopping to chat to members of the group's retinue. He's called Johnny Rotten and the moniker fits.

Sex Pistols? Seems I'd missed the cavortings with the two scantily clad (plastic thigh boots and bodices) pieces dancing up front. In fact, I only caught the last few numbers; enough, as it happens, to get the idea. Which is . . . a quarter of spiky teenage misfits from the wrong end of various London roads, playing 60's styled white punk rock as unself-consciously as it's possible to play it these days i.e. self consciously.

Punks? Springsteen Bruce and the rest of 'em would get shredded if they went up against these boys. They've played less than a dozen gigs as yet, have a small but fanatic following, and don't get asked back. Next month they play the Institute of Contemporary Arts if that's a clue.

I'm told the Pistols repertoire includes lesser known Dave Berry and Small Faces numbers (check out early Kinks' B sides leads), besides an Iggy and the Stooges item and several self-penned numbers like the moronic "I'm Pretty Vacant", a meandering power-chord job that produced the chair throwing incident.

No-one asked for an encore but they did one anyway: "We're going to play 'Substitute'."

"You can't play," heckled an irate French punter.

"So what?" countered the bassman, jutting his chin in the direction of the bewildered Frog.

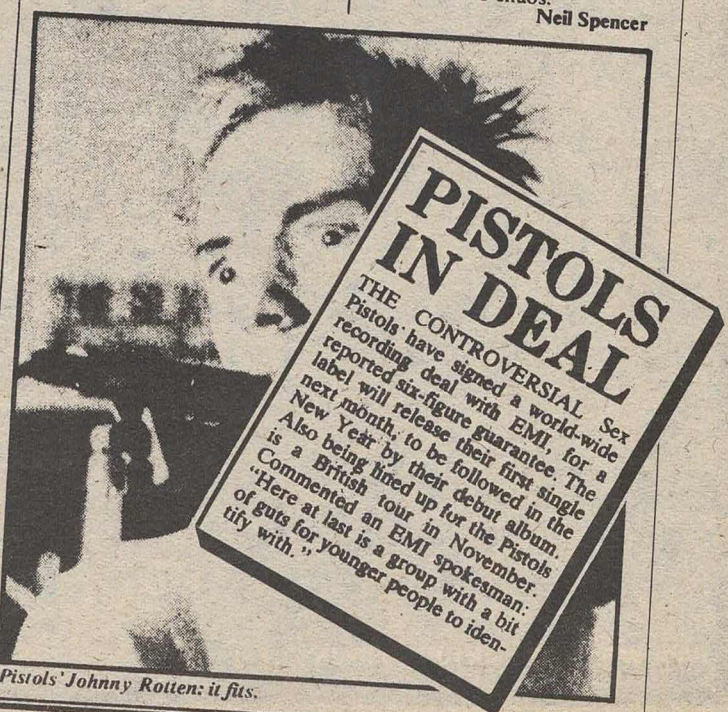
That's how it is with the Pistols — a musical experience with the emphasis on Experience.

"Actually, we're not into music," one of the Pistols confided afterwards.

Wot then?

"We're into chaos."

Neil Spencer



PISTOLS IN DEAL

THE CONTROVERSIAL Sex Pistols have signed a world-wide recording deal with EMI, for a reported six-figure guarantee. The label will release their first single next month, to be followed in the New Year by their debut album. Also being lined up for the Pistols is a British tour in November. Commented an EMI spokesman: "Here at last is a group with a bit of guts for younger people to identify with."

Pistols' Johnny Rotten: it fits.

PAUL WELLER PIC: ANTON CORBIJN

BY LYNN HANNA

B.E.F. — the two-man electric bright orchestra who have given life to the careers of Sandie Shaw, Gary Glitter and Tina Turner, and turned the pop of the past into a new future.

"Young folks walking with their heads in the sky/Cities aflame in the summertime/And oh, the beat goes on."

HAVE YOU been wondering why everything changes and yet seems to stay the same? Why with all the endless opportunities for a new, stimulating entertainment, the majority of rock music stays stuck in the same old structure?

Relying on the convenience of conservatism and succumbing to the retrenchment temptations of a recession, rock generally prefers to make its money through the tested traditional channels; through the same myths of redemption, the same stale transactions, the same bogus advertisements of pure, messiah motives.

Amongst the treacherous rocky morass there are those who are subverting pop processes for more appropriate purposes, using pop's tinselled fabric and gracing it with a more humane countenance, imaginative care and honest understanding.

Groups like DAF, The Associates, ABC, Leisure Process, Depeche Mode in their ingenuous way, PiL before they were overcome with indolence, Spandau Ballet minus the overtones of loveless elitism, are all grasping at possibilities and appreciating the opportunities inherent in a popular music mated with the changing form and technology of entertainment and communication.

Aligned to those responding to fresh needs with more flexibility and perception, there's no-one quite like B.E.F., Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware's structural strategy that spawned the pop project Heaven 17.

And B.E.F. have just produced their most ambitious undertaking so far — an LP of cover versions sung by Tina Turner, Sandie Shaw, Billy Mackenzie, Glenn Gregory, Bernie Nolan, Paul Jones, Gary Glitter and Paula Yates, with a cast of collaborators who include Hank Marvin, John McGeoch, John Wilson and the horn section of Beggar and Co.

In many ways in looks like the logical conclusion of post-modernist pop; a timely alternative to the theory that pop's purest essence is concentrated in the moment, a reflection of the renewed interest in the nature of the song, a different search for quality in thought and execution. A feeling that the care you invest in the product you offer to an audience is an indication of your integrity and intentions.

"You're still such a part of me/So deep in the heart of me."

MARTYN: "When we were with The Human League, right from the inception we did cover versions and they tended to be the more popular things we did, although cover versions weren't fasionable at all at that time. Fortunately one of the few talents I have is being able to listen to a tune and pick it up very quickly, the arrangements and everything. Following on from that, it seemed logical that we should make use of that, have fun in the process and very usefully gain a lot of experience in the production field."

Ian: "On top of that, although we might have liked to have done that earlier, within the confines of The Human League or any group, if you'd done your first album and suddenly come up with an LP of covers, people would think, oh, they've run out of ideas. Some people have done it, like Bowie and Ferry, but it's not generally accepted. One of the things with B.E.F. is that we could have things like Heaven 17 running at the same time and also do different versions of songs we like."

"It keeps on haunting me/It just keeps on reminding me."

UNTANGLING THE allusions, the tributes and the coincidences in the deft and deliberate jumbling up of past and present on 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' could continue for a very long time. Besides the surprises inherent in creating such a collage of musical myths, there's a glinting wealth of incidentals and parallels: Sandie Shaw singing Cilla Black, Billy Mackenzie's interpretation of Bowie and Roy Orbison, pop gossip columnist and girl-around-town Paula Yates following in Nancy Sinatra's footsteps with a frothy, blonde version of 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', a blazing Tina Turner cover of The Temptations' soul standard 'Ball Of Confusion', a wonderful version of that quasi-C&W sob-story 'Wichatau Lineman' done with delicate, eerie electronics which echo the song's own imagery and — a personal favourite — Heaven 17's Glenn Gregory singing Lou Reed's 'Perfect Day' in a version which sounds both smitten and reflective; a lanquid lovers' spectrum captured at a pitch of cool fever.

'Music Of Quality And Distinction' has an overall tone that's poised on parody and oozing affection, with each song's emotional atmosphere scrupulously inspected.

Martyn: "The one thing that these people have got in common is that they've got character, real character, as opposed to just a few hits under their belts. I think Sandie Shaw is still a respected figure, even although it's so long ago that she had her hits. She deliberately left the music scene for nine or ten years. We were lucky because she was just looking to relaunch her career. She's a fairly strange character, not what you'd expect. We were searching for ages for the right song for her to do.

"There's a bit of rivalry between her and Cilla Black, because their careers were more or less parallel with a similar number of chart entries. When we first suggested 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' she said, No, I can't do that, Cilla had a Number One with it. But she came in the following day and said she'd listened to a version that Dusty Springfield did and that she had to admit that it was a great song.

"We did track down Dusty Springfield as well, but by that time we just didn't have any more time to work on the LP.

"In Tina Turner's case I think it was fortuitous from our point of view because she's in the middle of negotiating a new record deal. She claimed afterwards that she really didn't want to do it but she probably accepted outside advice that it might just be good for her career in terms of updating her image. I know that she's really pleased with the result and her management want us to do some more stuff with her.

"Gary Glitter's a personal hero. The old stuff he did is intrinsically more futurist than 95% of the futurist groups that are around at the moment. It's the first time that Gary Glitter and The Glitter Band have recorded together. All the instruments on Gary Glitter's singles were played by Mike Leander and The Glitter Band only existed to play on *TOTP* and live and on their own singles. He's got more vitality than so many younger people, and the band have as well for that matter, and I think it shows on that track. Gary was doing his full stage show in the studio as he was recording it.

"Paula Yates suggested Nancy Sinatra. I can see the resemblance. Actually I think Paula's better looking but her dad's not as rich. We'd never heard her sing and I know exactly what the music press are going to say, that we only got her on the LP because of her various publicity connections. That did come into it, obviously. Also the point is she looks so good, you can just see her on *TOTP*. She'd do it so well. It came as a pleasant surprise to us to find out she could actually sing in tune. More or less.

"I just think Billy Mackenzie's brilliant. In many ways he's got a better voice than people like Bowie. It's unique. Things like The Associates on *TOTP* come along only once every six months. I'm just really glad that no-one can say we're jumping on the bandwaggon. We approached him and recorded the tracks before any of this had happened, and before it looked likely to happen, for that matter.

"Bernie's the one of The Nolans who's got character, again. Bernie's the one with a bit more vivaciousness. And she's got a good voice, it's undeniable. On that track she sounds like a young Michael Jackson.

"Paul Jones did some pretty good films. He's an actor, not just pop singer. Pop singers I think we both regard as fairly boring characters. I can't think of anything more boring than listening to or reading interview with so-called pop-stars."

"Anyone who ever dreamed / Could look at me / And know I dream of you."

SITTING IN the cold, hired boardroom of a Kensington hotel, the two members of B.E.F. have a direct, articulate and unpretentious approach to an interview. Both have lived in London since last July and retain traces of Sheffield accents, an occasional evidence of a Northern sensibility.

Ian Craig Marsh has a ponytail, a pin-striped suit, delicate features, a serious expression and has just been told by his doctor that unless he eats regularly he'll be well on his way to his first stomach ulcer. Martyn Ware, a close friend of Phil Oakey for seven years, is still, it seems from the frequency with which he returns to the subject, smarting from the acrimony of The Human League split. He also has a nice line in deadpan humour, a habit of saying something funny with a disconcertingly straight face.

There is almost a fantastic element in a project which realises so many personal ambitions and preferences.

Martyn: "It's like a fantasy situation — a *fantasy* situation. This is starting to sound like pseuds corner!

"Beyond a certain stage we didn't have any qualms about asking anyone to be on this LP. We've always been into juxtaposing incongruous ideas, that was partly what The Human League was about, although I think that was perhaps a bit too incongruous in the early days.

"We asked Bowie, but I don't think we got the chance to get through to him. We asked Scott Walker and he declined, but there again he hasn't done anything for about two years. We actually got as far as sending tracks to Paul McCartney. We're no great admirers of his, but obviously it would have been good from the commercial side, and it would have been intersting.

"James Brown was going to do "Ball Of Confusion.' We'd got it all arranged, he'd heard the track and liked it, he wanted to do it, but we just couldn't agree terms. We'd actually got the flight booked out to Atlanta to go and record it. We were really excited about it, then two days before it all fell through."

Ian: "In the end I think it all turned out for the best. Tina Turner's name was thrown in out of the blue by Martyn, a kind of ludicrous suggestion. In the end following it up paid off."

Martyn: "You just can't imagine the concept of watching an artist perform who is a legend, a legend! 'River Deep, Mountain High' must be in a vast number of people's all-time Top Ten tracks. She still looks good as well, even though she's knocking on fifty.

"And it's amazing how many of these people respond to fresh ideas, because we're not traditional producers, 35-year-old guys with Ferrari's who just blatantly butter up anyone who comes in the studio. If anything was wrong when someone was doing a track, we'd tell them and because we were honest, they appreciated it and consequently we got more out of them.

MARTYN AND IAN

"It was very much an equal relationship. It was creative in the sense that we'd encourage them to come up with ideas, whereas most producers get an artist into the studio, tell them what to do and if there's one take that's nearly right they'll probably accept it.

"There's no individual track on any of the multi-tracks that isn't individually approved. That's why it took so long — a streak of perfectionism. It's only *our* view of perfection, but as a production value I think that's worth aiming for, and I think so many producers just see production as a means of earning a lot of money.

"You've got to preserve the musician's character. There would be no point in us employing all these people and spending a lot of money if we were going to submerge it under an array of electronic effects. Again, it's getting away from the bigotry of electronic music. Ironically, even though we're called the British Electric Foundation, we're moving towards acoustically based instruments.

"We weren't dictatorial and the musicians were genuinely interested in what we were doing because it is such a bizarre project. A lot of the session musicians went well beyond what they needed to do, which is why I think a lot of the tracks have got that extra spark of vitality. Even though it's not in the traditional sense, the old rockist idea that you've got to have them all in the studio at the same time so they can bounce off each other, you can still have interplay but the basis is different.

"I don't think we fully realised how big a project it was when we undertook it. The fact that we've established contact with so many different musicians that we admire and enjoy working with ties in with the other projects. The next Heaven 17 LP will inevitably use people that we've had a chance to use on this LP.

"We're slowly accumulating a pool of musicians that will take the onus off us to have to do the donkey-work. In fact what makes this LP even more amazing from our point of view is that we've got no conventional musical knowledge whatsoever. It must be an example that's encouraging to people who never learnt music. If you can work with musicians who do work on that basis and still get the results out of them, I think there's nothing more to prove in that respect."

"People movin' out / people movin' in / Why / because of the colour of their skin."

"WE'RE ALSO getting involved with a lot of black musicians, which is another factor, the juxtaposition of black musicians with white vocalists. It's quite amusing that they called 'Penthouse And Pavement' white funk because John Wilson is black and people don't realise it because there's never been any photographs of him. I

CONTINUES OVER

IAN AND MARTYN

B.E.F.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

find it quite amusing when they say, all these white boys trying to play black music. In fact, it's black people playing very good black music. If they'd have known he was black they'd have said, yeah, well, it's obvious. It's inverted and snobbish racialism."

"And I need you more than want you / And I want you for all time."

MARTYN: "WHETHER a song was written a year, 10 years or 50 years ago, a good song is a good song. I think the current so-called boom in pop music is because the new groups are beginning to realise that really it's the basic quality of the song that matters, as much as the image and promotion and the whole aura surrounding a group."

'Music Of Quality And Distiction' will also be released as a set of five double A-sided singles and as a video of the album which B.E.F. hope to sell as a TV special or as a short to the cinema circuit.

"The integrated aspect is what we were aiming at. The video will have a continual theme and story line, not just a conventional tacky record biz theme. It's just moving into new areas.

"Choosing the songs for the LP worked in two ways. Sometimes we thought, that's a great song, and tried to think who could do a good vocal for it; and sometimes we wanted to work with the people and it was a question of finding a song.

"In the last couple of years there's been a fetish for Motown. We did a version of 'River Deep, Mountain High' with the League, but it never got released, for obvious reasons. We did have this perverse thought that we'd suddenly spring this old backing track on Tina Turner and say, well, you wouldn't mind just knocking off a quick vocal on this, would you Tina?

"'Perfect Day' the League did live. Glenn really does it justice, I must admit. He sounds like Lou Reed after he'd dried out a bit. He's getting into the Bing Crosby image at the moment. He fancies himself as a crooner.

"Wichatau Lineman' is the perfect song for this LP. The lyrics are excellent. The concept of this poor guy knocking about in a desert, hanging from one of those hammock things thinking about his lost love, together with the electronic imagery, it's almost kitsch. Alright it *is* kitsch, but it *is* a genuinely sad song. I personally hate C&W, I can't bear it, which just goes to show if you put it in a different context anything's feasible. That's what the LP's about really — taking the risk."

"We can't go on together / With suspicious minds."

MARTYN: "I'M convinced that there are going to be quite a few people who don't like the album. I think it's more likely to be in the music business, because they'll regard it as a smart-alec project and maybe at the back of their minds will be, why didn't we do it? Also there's the problem of treading on people's memories associated with the songs.

"Another basic idea behind the LP was to only cover versions we genuinely thought we could improve on. There were loads of songs that we couldn't even consider, because we knew we couldn't improve on them. People like the Jacksons who we admire greatly, they do what they do to perfection as far as I'm concerned."

Ian: "Also that particular Bowie track is one of the few he didn't quite do justice to. It was hidden away on the second side of 'Heroes' among all the esoterica.

"I don't think it's a collection of old things at all. It's balanced exactly half and half. And it's certainly outstripped anything we've ever done in terms of continuous effort."

Martyn: "All I can say is that if this is a whimsical project, it's the most totally outrageous folly that we've ever encountered. Because it took such a long time and such a lot of effort to do, that if we were doing it for superficial reasons we must be totally insane. Towards the end it *was* beginning to drive me crackers.

"We're quite happy to stand by it as a modern artefact. It would have been nostalgic if we'd have said to all the artists, we want you to do your own tracks from the past. But this is more like a mad scientist experiment."

"Why don't you be a man about it / And set me free / You don't care a thing about me / Just using me."

B.E.F. is about changing the attitude towards working in the industry." (Martyn Ware)

B.E.F. SEEMS to me the ideal way to go forward, I say. Your flexible set up and the way you realise your ideas is much more civilised than anything that's been done in the past. Yet you've paid a tribute to the pop tradition. I suppose it's how you use that tradition. You can't escape it, it's how you build on it.

Martyn: The basic idea of groups hasn't changed for twenty years. We've no intention of becoming a pop group again, because pop groups are the easiest thing for a record company to manipulate. Virgin would be quite happy if we went in tomorrow and said we want to turn B.E.F. into a pop group, we're not going to be this silly production company that causes so much trouble anymore.

"We're enjoying ourselves much more now than when we were part of a group. Not because of personality differences, but because we're allowed much more creative freedom. And I think people are beginning to realise. There's quite a few groups who are beginning to think in a similar direction.

"The main problem is the record company, always. There's no real incentive for changing it from the record company's point of view. It takes however long, three years of whatever we've spent in the record business to understand that you *don't* have to accept everything that the record company says. So many bands say, we've got total control, but usually that devolves to the manager anyway, so the band never see the total control apart from making a few arbitrary policy decisions. We've got a really good working relationship with Virgin records at the moment. They understand that we've got the ideas and we just don't need their interference."

"Caught in a trap / I can't walk out."

FOLLOWING THE example of a disco tradition, Heaven 17's last live performances, like ABC's more recently were personal appearances in selected clubs round the country, either miming or singing to backing tapes (in the same way, incidentally that the B.E.F. method echos the practices of producers like Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards, August Darnell and George Clinton).

Despite the fact that they charged no fee for a promotional exercise, over half the managers of the clubs unscrupulously advertised that they were playing live and charged extra on the door. In an attempt to overcome this perversion of their original intentions, B.E.F. are currently considering setting up and advertising a similar Heaven 17 show with five vocalists, still singing to pre-recorded tapes.

"That way you've got the human element and more money can be spent on the presentation rather than hotel bills for a lot of people you don't really need."

The crux of the rock and roll stasis has always been live performances that more often than not degenerate into a token gesture of communication; a restrictive practice that's expensive, squalid and distancing for the audience; the rigid, dehumanising ritual of a system that only serves to perpetuate the status quo.

Martyn: "I think it's immoral. Kids today should be more discerning. They should just not turn up for concerts. What is there unique in a rock performance nowadays? There's nothing startlingly original that can be done anymore. I think the only avenue really open is probably the theatrical side of things and even that becomes rockist.

"We'd much rather demystify the whole thing and do a public appearance where you can actually stand and talk to people, dance with them, drink with them."

"All the rainbows in the sky / Start to weep and say goodbye / You won't be seeing rainbows anymore."

IAN: "WE don't think it's healthy for people to hold up fairly ordinary people as some kind of demi-god. Obviously if you present yourself in a slightly mutated form of a live act, then people will stand there and expect to see a live act. The ideal from our point of view is if people can groove to it and perhaps occasionally glance up at the live act to see what's happening.

"At one time we were racking our brains to see if we could use radio mikes and scatter ourselves round the club at various locations and never actually get up on stage, just be amongst the audience."

"You're going to reap just what you sow."

"WE HAVEN'T established a fan club even though we keep getting letters, and we wouldn't unless we've got something worthwhile to offer. When we've got the time and the finance we're planning to have a much more innovative way of letting people know what's happening, as opposed to some patronising newsletter every three months for your five quid a year.

"What we're thinking of is some scheme whereby the initial membership would be relatively high to become some associate member of B.E.F. and that would be a lifetime membership. From then onwards you'd get guaranteed half-price entry to any live performances which are under the B.E.F. banner, reduced price records. It would work like a discount scheme. It would be mutually beneficial.

"In the same sense that they'd have inside information on what was happening, hopefully we'd be able to disseminate more useful information. Perhaps video magazines on all subjects, not neccessarily just music. What is there to discuss about music?"

"You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'."

"That's one of the biggest myths ever, that pop music changes the world. It doesn't change it at all. It's just a confection." (Martyn Ware)

IAN: "I THINK if people like The Clash really believed in breaking down the system, they ought to pack in what they're doing now. There's loads of kids coming along to their concerts who sing along to their fab lyrics and throw away all their energy on a concert. They're just keeping things under control for the system, just helping it by providing an outlet for kids to go bananas too. They think they've achieved something just by singing along with a few songs, when really they're just as depressed when they come out as when they walked into the hall. They've wasted their energy."

Martyn: "B.E.F. is affecting the system in a subtle way. Sometimes I think it's too subtle really, but there again, as soon as you start screaming it from the rooftops people immediately back off.

"We prefer to work on the basis that if people appreciate what we do, then they have some understanding of what we're doing and you don't need to preach to the converted. We do need to enlarge our audience and one way of doing that would be to write a really successful commercial pop single, which wouldn't be a bad thing. Whether we achieve what we're aiming for is reflected in sales, that's the only acid test as far as we're concerned.

"It's not as though we're cynical businessmen just counting the money, but we're not interested in esoteric projects that provide some mythical fulfillment for our own egos. We're in it to please as many people as possible. And to earn a decent living. Apart form anything else, if we do make a lot of money, I wouldn't mind pumping some into CND personally. They are an example of an organisation who are actually doing something useful in this world, as opposed to us."

SOME STRAY thoughts on the personal worth of the pop-song:

"Secret life, evergreen."

"You made me forget myself /I thought I was someone else / Someone good."

"But there is another dimension in which she can find motive and cause for action, although she might not find a blue-print for Utopia. She could begin not by changing the world, but by re-assessing herself." (Germaine Greer)

"Are you ready boots? Start walkin' ..."

(Quotes from: 'Ball Of Confusion', 'The Secret Life Of Arabia', 'There's A Ghost In My House', 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', 'Suspicious Minds', 'You Keep Me Hanging On', 'Wichatau Lineman', 'Anyone Who Had A Heart', 'Perfect Day', 'It's Over.')

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Bryan Ferry

I could feel at the time
there was no way of knowing
fallen leaves in the night
who can say where they're blowing
As free as the wind
and hopefully learning
why the sea on the tide
has no way of turning.

INDIA

Bryan Ferry

Produced by Rhett Davies & Roxy Music,
Mixed by Bob Clearmountain.

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LPs

THE SKULL BENEATH THE SKIN

Steve Strange — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

VISAGE

The Anvil (Polydor)

IDEALLY THE dandy's role is a combative one, which is why he was once compared with the soldier and the priest. The dandy's gesture, his stylistic preoccupations, should alienate his audience and distance him from the values of domesticity and straight society. Let's forget Steve Strange once and for all, then, as a dandy: he's too conventional for the role, too keen on the economic status quo and eager to become part of the chic establishment of international jet-setters.

Strange is the man who would be king in this milieu, and if at one point his lust for the hip life at the top had the potential for certain selfish ironies (the lad from South Wales whose career started as a punk cast-off in The Moors Murderers but who now gets invited to the right cosmopolitan parties with all the other rich high protein social termites), it's too late for that now, because Strange has succeeded too well — not with a vengeance but with Visage, a studio conglomerate whose first album in late '80 became the sound for the right (often mythical) club and discos in '81. It was a fragile, even tepid, sound (fading to grey), but it wasn't easily dismissed because there was a vigorousness to it, largely thanks to the tight but exploratory rhythms and syn-drum antics of Rusty Egan, another quite hateful person.

The new album — and it galls me to say it, more than it does you to hear it — is better than the first. It's more professional, more danceable, much more of an exhortation to take to the floor than (a current random example) the funkier stretches of Haircut's 'Pelican West'. As for comparing Strange to his peers, those New Romantics who made promises about "white European dance music", well he's streets ahead of them and especially the ludicrous proposition which is Spandau's latest work.

A lot of the credit, of course, must go to Visage — the team. Here, you'll have to surmount yet more prejudices and forget the pomposities of Billy Currie and Midge Ure on Ultravox's 'Rage In Eden', because with Visage their keyboard and guitar dramatisations work in a nicely cinematic, vulgar way. Thanks should also go again to that Egan man — and Barry Adamson on bass, joined by another ex-member of Magazine, Dave Formula on keyboards.

On 'Night Train', with the help of Gary Barnacle on sax, the team actually get funky, working you up and working around each other. If the band are normally more glacial than this, cuts like 'The Horseman' and 'Anvil (Night Club School)' still have drive and strength. But the vigour is always qualified: 'Move Up' (no 'Move On Up') may be mobile music, but there's no aspiration, more a kind of... dancing on the spot.

'The Anvil' may be an album which invokes the disco, but even more it wants to play in a hall of mirrors. At the same time as Visage invite dance and motion, they also obsessively concern themselves with their own reflection, with emotions whose superficiality borders on neurosis. Here the Strange voice is very much part of the musical parcel, for what else is it but a mellifluous whine, capable of only a couple of emotions and even more of the luxury of feeling next to nothing? The achievement of 'Look What They've Done', 'Again We Love' and, to a lesser extent, 'The Damned Don't Cry' (the current single and perhaps the weakest track on the album), it to turn this heartlessness into a form of sentimentality. 'Whispers' would be in this mould if it didn't veer towards muzak and bad OMD.

'Wild Life' is the number which tries to reconcile Visage's danceable tendencies with the neurosis and toy melancholy of their leader. It can never be: the synths snarl with indifference and Strange's nightlife manifesto is that of a paper tiger cut into dinky little doilies. Maybe nobody will care too much about the failed attempt at cruelty, at Emotion, because the packaging is just so — and that means the assembling of another sort of team: Hair by Ollie, Clothes by Anthony Price, Presentation by Peter Saville, and Photography by Helmut Newton.

I'd thought 'Contort Yourself' the right kind of music for Newton's sado-eroticism, but 'The Anvil' is a greater approximation. You wanted the moderne dance, well (forget your DAFs and Japans and Simple Minds on Virgin's 'Methods Of Dance' compilation) here it is: the night-time moves of marionettes, dummies, puppets, clowns, and imaginary celluloid beings. It's all a little deathly, the sound of commodities fucking, but a noise which can be a good deal more exhilarating ("the sex appeal of the inorganic" — Walter Benjamin) than healthy fun-loving creatures going at it.

All in all, Visage are a rather seductive disease, the skull beneath the made-up skin. On this album they've produced the most consummate backing tracks. Backing for what exactly? It's up to you to find out: all I'll say is that if Roxy were still fired by their original aesthetics, this is the kind of area they'd be covering — with a lot more flesh and humanity, naturally.

Paul Tickell

COMING SOON TO A TABLE NEAR YOU!

THE WAITRESSES

Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful? (Polydor)

THE WAITRESSES we already know, thanks to a neat little Ze single last year, 'I Know What Boys Like'. That, if you remember it, was new wave New York (Akron, actually) pop-craft at its cleverest, where the girl delivered some killer lyrics in a knowing drawl, over the engagingly clumsy shuffle which marks the group's sound. And then there was their gift to the Ze Xmas album, another winning cut entitled 'Christmas Wrapping'. The evidence of this debut LP suggests that neither song was a fluke.

'Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?' (which happily includes 'What Boys Like') is, in short, consistently impressive, and some of the best fun I've had at 33rpm so far this year. Patty Donahue plays the female lead, the girl with a deadpan, brattish sophistication — an ideal medium for the group's guitarist/songwriter Chris Butler. Butler, it has to be stressed, writes sharper, funnier, sadder, *better* lyrics than almost anybody else around, and I'd buy him a drink anytime.

The Waitresses

Without ignoring or devaluing The Waitresses' music — which is hook-full, hard, slinky and persuasive — the temptation is to quote those lyrics ad infinitum. The angle of boy-writing-via-girl is intriguing, carried off with a wealth of insight and stuffed with two-line gems: whole relationships get encapsulated with wit and skill. Girl-loses-boy: *"Why do I always pick the ones who are bad for me .... I smelled money/It was by the television when I woke up"* ('Go On'). Girl-dumps-boy: *"I got the cab calls out of my hi-fi/I learned a lot since you've been gone"* ('No Guilt').

"Bigger" themes, too, are handled well, with an eye for tiny detail and a novelist's scope. Try impressing *your* friends with throwaways like *"My goals are to find a cure for irony and to make a fool out of God"* ('Jimmy Tomorrow'). And so on, and so on.

Obliged to find fault, I might mention that the four male Waitresses (including Billy Ficca, ex Television drummer) have that trouser, tie and haircut problem common to US new wave acts, but this is admittedly not serious. Being honest, I would simply hope that we see The Waitresses over in this country, and soon-ish. Oh, and please hear this LP.

Paul Du Noyer

BLEAK COUNTRY BLUES

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON

Shoot Out The Lights (Hannibal)

THE THOMPSONS' creation of a post-folk music bred a stern and unhappy sort of devotion. Suicidal tendencies were well served by 'I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight' and 'Hokey Pokey', astonishingly grim music that wore its lineage of barleycorn melody in defiance of empty pessimism. If, as it seemed, Richard Thompson saw life as no more than a plague pit at least he thought to sing at its edge.

'Shoot Out The Lights', their first record since the dull and perfunctory 'Sunnyvista' three years ago, re-awakens Thompson's vigour. There is nothing new in his observations — just as there is nothing new in the plain old world — but in its best moments the LP reconciles a despairing tenderness with an insistence on something better.

'Just The Motion', a slowly measured lament, spells it out: trouble, trouble every day — that's just the way of the world and the devil won't always be at your door. The bittersweet melody is an exact reflection of the two sides of the story. Here, and in 'Walking On A Wire' and 'Did She Jump Or Was She Pushed', it is Thompson's guitar that speaks the most eloquently — lines weathered by the knowledge of the seasons. I prefer this mood to the jarring severity of 'Shoot Out The Lights' itself or the forced lightness of 'Man In Need'; then again, I was always a fool for a poisoned ballad.

The Thompsons use a group of their friends — Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg, Pete Zorn, Dave Mattacks — and stay in their familiar patch. The silverware is polished, the guitars and harmonies and black country impressionism are brought out again. They have already made the best music they have in them, yet 'Shoot Out The Lights' shows that their old haunts are still worth a revisit. The final 'Wall Of Death' is Thompson's recurrent valediction to his art: *"Let me ride on the wall of death one more time."* And one more time.

Richard Cook

V DULL, V DISMAL

Bob Geldof *Pic: Peter Anderson*

BOOMTOWN RATS

V Deep (Mercury)

I HAVEN'T bothered with this group since the awful 'I Don't Like Mondays', which made me douse most of the fonder memories for minor excellences like 'Me And Howard Hughes' with a probably irrational distaste for what seemed a cheap retreat into bombastic pomp.

'V Deep' is not a record I have enjoyed — come to that, I'm not sure if it is meant to *be* enjoyed, so destructively and introspectively bitter does it unreel — but I have been surprised at some of its contents. It made me listen. And it leaves some interesting loose ends.

Like, who's organising Boomtown Rats music these days? Johnny Fingers' keyboards have overridden everyone else in the group to the point where, aside from the percussion (most of the songs lumber on two or three drum tracks in the obligatory salute to contemporary trends), he often seems to be the only one playing.

And how much further is Bob Geldof going to push his committed followers, never mind the merely interested? If I were a paid-up Rats fan I'd be exhausted and bewildered at the end of 'V Deep' — baffled at the flailing disgust in 'Charmed Lives' and 'The Bitter End', miserable at the extravagantly overcooked 'Never In A Million Years' or 'A Storm Breaks'.

'Storm' is actually one of the more interesting pieces, a downright weird juxtaposition of martial maundering and a frenzied bout of horns vs. drums that twists the tail off the opening motif of 'Favourite Shirts'. But it's so long and tiresome to try to get to grips with, it simply loses out to boredom by the end. It's no coincidence that the best tracks on the record are the shortest, the tidy 'Talking In Code' and shuffling 'The Little Death'.

Otherwise it's down to Bob Geldof's twisted insecurity calling the shots, abetted by a production by Tony Visconti that makes the group loom in ugly, bulbous dimensions. I can find a mild admiration for Geldof's refusal to slip into a comatose groove of glib, rocking little songs, an option which 'Tonic For The Troops' certainly made available to the Rats; and I like the way he won't mask his aggressive uncertainties and frustrations over his position.

What disappoints me is the way he confronts them, in music of such turgid, impenetrable plainness. At least, for now: I'd like to hear what they try next. 'V Deep' is a slow, personal and painful record; and as a sign-off sneer Geldof has subtitled the second side 'VI Shallow'. If he goes on like this he won't even be looking after number one any more.

Richard Cook

THE AMERICAN WAY

LOVERBOY

Get Lucky (CBS)

QUARTERFLASH

Quarterflash (Geffen)

YOU MAY not know it, and probably couldn't care less, but Loverboy and Quarterflash are the two most successful new bands in America. Last year Loverboy sold three million copies of their debut LP; this new one's already passed the two million mark — and 'Quarterflash' could well do even better. *Rolling Stone*'s readers voted them the third and fourth best new artists of '81. Obviously, they must be something special.

In fact, this is some way from the truth. Like so much best-selling American rock, Quarterflash and Loverboy are blatantly derivative. You think Fleetwood Mac and Foreigner are bland? Well, here come the clones.

Quarterflash are the first unknown band ever signed to Geffen Records, the company which epitomises US rockbiz opulence — and their massive, immediate success signals the most depressing turn to date in the American rock audience's drift towards complete conservatism.

Led by singer Rindy Ross and her brother, guitarist / songwriter Marv, Quarterflash have timed their emergence just *so*. One morning Fleetwood Mac got up and decided they'd had enough of sitting about in that big fat throne of California soft-rock, and fancied a change. But by the time they'd driven to work for a few weeks with just Stevie Nicks and Tom Petty for company, the American radio public decided *they* didn't want any change whatsoever — and by an overwhelming majority they elected Quarterflash to carry the message on. And the message read: 'Harden My Heart'.

That single, which has been in the US Top Ten most of this year, opens the 'Quarterflash' album. Imagine a Fleetwood Mac song assembled by numbers: pleasant rise-and-fall chord changes, the controlled throb of the Fleetwood-McVie rhythm section, Lindsay Buckingham's tasteful guitar interventions, Stevie Nicks quavering in that attractively self-admiring way ... well, that's 'Harden My Heart'. And 'Find Another Fool'. And 'Try To Make It True' ...

Quarterflash

Complacency drips from every groove — and where they depart from the Mac hackery, the effect is nauseating. 'Critical Times' is a dreary self-pitying ballad which translates social pressures into mawkish self-aggrandisement — but even worse is 'Valerie', a schlocky saga written by Marv Ross about Rindy discovering her best friend is a lesbian (*"... but when you kissed my cheek my world collapsed, my knees went weak ..."*), cliched, asinine rubbish.

Compared to the soporific soft-focus of Quarterflash, Loverboy's traditional high-gloss hard rock flash comes as a positive relief. In fact, if you did but realise, American hard rock is actually quite a valid tradition (unlike the degrading rubbish parlayed by Britain's grim, resentful heavy metal meatheads) — I could put together a compilation album of the best of Aerosmith, Starz, Boston, Foreigner, Blue Oyster Cult, Billy Squier and the like, whose sheer exhilarating energy would convert all you rock-is-dead wet blankets at one hearing. (Or failing that, deafen you.)

Exhilaration is the key to this music: all these bands are locked into a search for that transcendental combination of volume, technique, riff, melody and sex — that combination that steels the sinews, lifts the soul and moves the feet. It's the white rock equivalent of dance music: cliched and calculated,

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OF DEAF

yet intoxicating and instinctual.

Iron Maiden wouldn't know hard rock if they stumbled over it — but then, oddly enough, nor would any current British band; in their communal revulsion against American hi-tech airplay music, British musicians have turned their back on the logical rock mainstream. Despite the brilliance of the likes of The Jam, their sternly applied humanity and Brit-pop sensibility preclude the element of technical power which gives American hard rock its sweep. Which is a shame, because although those US hard rock bands listed above do very occasionally put the music to stunning use, you just know that unfettered young British minds could take it so much further (as Thin Lizzy *did*, circa '76). Rock is not dead — it's just been bought up by the American music business ...

So we've given rock and roll to Loverboy; what are they doing with it? Two things: streamlining to a set number of moves and options, and energising it. The energy doesn't quite make up for the predictability, but I'll take them over Quarterflash any day.

Loverboy are a Canadian five-piece — singer, guitar, keyboards, bass and drums — who ally the muscular compositional assurance of Foreigner to the swagger of Aerosmith or Rex. Mike Reno comes on like Lou Gramm's younger brother, and that's got to be a winner — in my book as well as in the dorms and diners of teenage America.

But would any of 'Get Lucky' get on my compilation album? Well, possibly the swarming keyboards of the hit single 'Working For The Weekend', or just the viperish guitar lick from 'When It's Over', or more likely the whipcrack machismo of 'Jump' ... maybe no single track leaps out as a classic, but Loverboy maintain a consistent standard on 'Get Lucky' that puts Foreigner's '4' to the sword — and in hard rock terms, that's no mean feat.

Loverboy

In the space of a year, this band has developed a true killer instinct. What a pity you aren't going to let them gun you down.

Phil McNeill

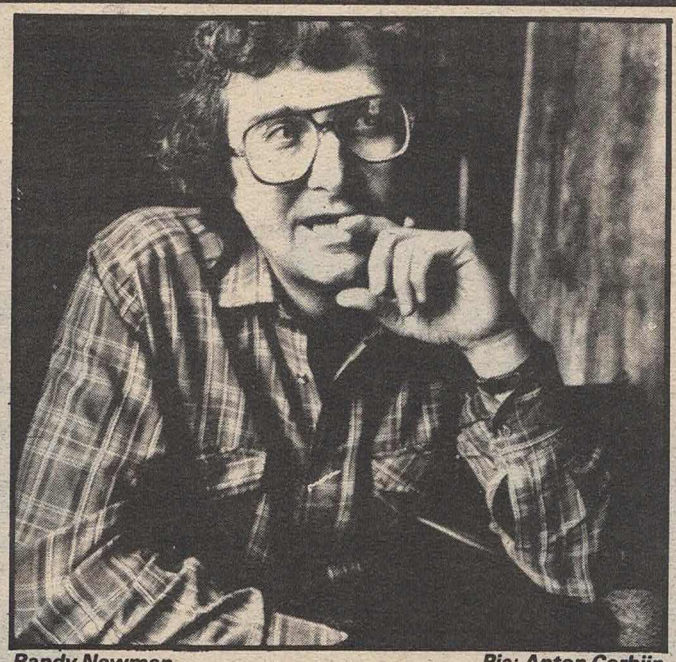
RANDY NEWMAN

Ragtime — Soundtrack (Elektra)

THE GREAT depression: could it happen again? Watching LWT's Sunday lunch/breakfast-time series — world economics for beginners — I was reminded of this LP. Not Randy Newman's first film involvement, but, to my knowledge, his first complete soundtrack — certainly his biggest commercial work of this type so far.

It's an awkward, defeated mix of Randy Newman characteristics and those of the industry which produced the best-selling novel and the star-packed costume drama. For the most part, with the exception of the two Newman lyrics, the extracts are all short, under two minutes each, and the overall effect is a bit messy.

The difference in delivery of the two Newman lyrics sums up the polarities between which this complex artefact operates. Jennifer Warnes sings 'One More Hour', and translates the almost neutral — or at least ambiguous — longing of the simple lyric into a sick-making dollop of meaningless sentimentality. Newman's own performance of 'Change Your Way' is more like it, a *Ragtime*-related example of the sophisticated cynicism and glowing wit for which Randy Newman is justly famous(?). It's his astute view of what he sees, and the way he tells it.



Randy Newman *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

RAGS 'N' TATTERS

Shamefully, the LP leans heavily towards, and gets crushed by, the Jennifer Warnes interpretation. The book/film/record comes from the cunning commerciality which exploited America's taste for half-baked self-recrimination in the wake of Watergate and mutilated Vietnam Veterans. Although guilt and shame will always be more than flavour of the week for puritanically derived societies, desperate self-assertion is now producing artefacts which distort history by a sentimentality which leads to small-minded self-glorification instead of embarrassment. Let them culture producers have cake and eat it.

As a record, it does have bits which sound good, Randy Newman knowing his job and doing it with flair and immaculate competence. He lost his voice during the discourse which defined the end product, though.

As a soundtrack, it couldn't be much further from *New York, New York*. Not larger (and brighter in the illuminating shadows) than life, but smaller.

Mark Cordery

GREASY KIDSTUFF

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Best Of Chess/Checker/Cadet ... Doo Wop (Chess)

MORE NOVELTY jump than doo wop pure; nonetheless entertaining for that.

The Sensations first earned themselves dimes putting nickels in the nickelodeon for 'Music Music Music', then hit the dollar jackpot with their follow-up detailing the experience of one refused admittance to a party for 'Let Me In'. The latter item, included here, resounds across the space of 20 years as petulant as ever and is the outstanding track.

Another highlight explains *"there's a food going around that's a sticky, sticky goo, ah well it tastes real good but it's so hard to chew,"* namely 'Peanut Butter' as by The Marathons, who were really The Olympics reworking their own 'Hully Gully' song.

Extremely gimmicky are such as The Ideals' 'Knee Socks', The Students' 'I'm So Young' — and they sound it! — and The Pastels' mumbling 'Been So Long'.

Closer to the true vocal group style are The Moonglows with their classic 'Sincerely', plus contributions from The Tune Weavers, Flamingos and Hearts led by Lee Andrews. Not to mention the much beloved 'White Cliffs Of Dover', which very few of these artists ever got to see, performed in this instance by The Blue Jays, as in *"there'll be blue jays over ..."*

Penny Reel

MATT JOHNSON

Burning Blue Soul (4AD)

THE STILLBORN "new psychedelic" fad never really stood a chance, partly because it never had a central figure of any worth, and partly because it concentrated on the musically-primitive sartorial fetishism of the mid-'60s rather than the grand headfuck excesses that followed.

Matt Johnson, formerly of The The, could serve to redress this imbalance (a bit too late, I fear) with one of the few *truly* psychedelic records made in recent years, an acid stew of remarkable proportions which doesn't merely imitate earlier artefacts but makes good use of recent developments in studio gadgetry and techniques, a kind of first cousin to dub. First released late last year, but "reissued" already by an ever-hopeful 4AD following Ralph Steadman's admission in these pages that it's his current hot-trotter. Well worth a listen, at that.

Andy Gill

CENTRAL LINE

their first album

BREAKING POINT

LP – MERA 001 Tape – MERC 0001

includes (You know) you can do it – Walking into sunshine – Don't tell me – Breaking point

mercury

marketed by phonogram

JCC discusses the deletion of direct response with a decidedly unresponsive Penman. *Pic: Stefan Wallgren*

THE RHYMES PEOPLE PLY

VARIOUS POETS

Poetry Olympics Volume One (All Round Records)

LET'S START with the subject: *I* repudiate all academic or cliqueish enclosure of poetr . . . , and therefore of what is referred to as *the poetic, the poet,* and eventually the recording of last year's Poetry Olympics — Michael Horowitz's live realisation of/advertisement for his *New Departures* magazine.

Horowitz is one of those people in the margins of cultural life, forever referred to as "a tireless campaigner" — which is usually a nice way of meaning someone's too nice in person to call *boring* in print. Here he has assembled a selection of a dozen poets, including himself, delivering 31 poems, recorded in front of an audience at the Young Vic: two skinheads (Attila The Stockbroker, Seething Wells), one John Cooper Clarke, one UK black (James Berry), one USA black (David Henderson), one UK USA woman (Fran Landesman) and her son (Miles Davis Landesman), one Canadian woman (Elizabeth Smart), one Scottish woman (Liz Lochhead), two unreconstituted '60s bohos (Roger McGough and Horowitz himself) and another one who sounds as if he's adjusted to the intervening decade a *bit* better (Heathcote Williams).

Horowitz's sleeve notes are predictably jumbled, but 69-year-old Elizabeth Smart offers her succinct definition of poetr . . . : *"the flash that's poetry . . . it's the passion one word has for another."* Here's the rub: it *is* a question of your definition of poetr . . . , it *is* a question of whether you want to sit at home and listen over and over again to these unaccompanied voices.

I say: poetr . . . is about finding poetry where you least expect it. It is a question of how much risk poetic language contains (the risk of *not* meaning what you say), how much *non* identity, *non*authenticity, impossibility and corrosiveness it holds. I conceive of poetr . . . not as a 'personal' voice, but rather as language *scoured* of the "I", of predicative communication.

I say: poetr . . . should be wandering inside, not wondering out loud. I say it is metaphysics turned into rhythm, abstraction bounced into broken bits of syntax, the deletion of direct response, a surplus of meaning, an overflow . . .

My poetr . . . comes in sleepy neologisms, in comic timing — the pause, gap, snip, snipe, drawing back, above all the *silence* — the blank verse written in Stan Laurel's face — the unacclaimed, unintentional (therefore unforced) Dadaist genius of our century — in Tim Buckley's or Billie Holliday's voices (they had about a hundred each), in pop lyrics, in a rap line that says *"too hot to stop too cold to hold"* and sounds like liquid semaphore. Poetr . . . is found in cheap places, or expensive places, it is not a radical plaything, it has no *departures,* no boundaries . . .

It undoes the seam, displaces the scene of language, teases the sexuality out of language, abandons language only to resuscitate it, mouth to mouth.

So, seeing as it is very much a question of subjectivity, I will now say that for me, John Cooper Clarke is the only voice on the 'P.O.' LP who gets anywhere near me — although I still prefer him bobbling about in the multi-layered surreal muzak track of Hannett's Invisible Girls. In fact, I heard a new JCC/Hannett co-production aired on the Peel show the other night, called 'Night Shift', which — let's be frank — pisses from a great height all over anything on this LP: it seemed to be saying something, but halfway along the next line it wasn't, it was oblique but not hollow, it was compassionate but not righteous, it was eerie, it wasn't 'profound', it was perfectly . . .

The majority of the work on 'Poetry Olympics' names its subject. It is mostly hung up on a sort of '60s style; neat little series of witty remarks, the kind usually referred to as "wry social observation". This most people usually find precious, unfunny, smug, hardly urgent and terribly dated. Roger McGough and Horowitz are the worst culprits. In fact — no malice aforethought — Horowitz's two kazoo-accompanied contributions are the most cringe-making of the lot; just who he expects this embarrassing indulgence to appeal to, or what notions it will rearrange, is a mystery *surpassing* poetic language.

In the midst of such smugness, I can almost fall for SWells and The Stockbroker. But . . . two prole skinheads screaming red anguish — how can they possibly evade trendy approval? Poetry as a social(ist) boxing glove is dubious but just about OK as an idea; in practice it merely turns language into a dogmatising ideological struggle, and is only a formal step away from the more restrained 'protest' of someone like Heathcote Williams.

None of their language contains anything irregular, uncommitted or forbidden; unless, that is, the occasional blasphemy or *"fuck"* is still considered big bad news. Everyone is on the right (Left) side — yes, we're *all* anti-religious oppression, Thatcher, war, etc., but who needs to hear it put so explicitly, so predictably? The end result is a communal catharsis besmirched by the din of slapped backs.

This is a smug little circle: hardly the kind of thing you'll get a gaggle of good friends round to giggle over. No, that's for rapping. This is (t)rapped out on boundaries of its own making. This is seated, fidgeting, laughing in all the right places, applauding and going home satisfied, *reassured,* linguistically sound. Not my idea of tryPoe at all.

Ian Penman

Poetry Olympics Volume One is available from All Round Records, 60 Redcliffe Road, London SW 10, £4.00 inc. postage.

AND IN THE RED CORNER . . .

SEETHING WELLS/ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

Rough, Raw & Rant . . .
. . . Ing' (rADical wallpaper)

BEEN LISTENING to the news lately? I have. Like at two o'clock in the morning when everything's quiet, all hush, no hustle, just the newsreader spewing from the speaker.

That's when they tell you everyone hates the bus workers, nobody wants Fares Fair, somebody in Norbiton wants to strangle Ken Livingstone or Pat Wall or any one of the Soviet-sponsored Trots posed to kill or, worse, foist this week's *Militant* 'pon innocent victims. That's when you slap 'Rough . . .' on the deck to get some news, some views from the other side.

When told by alternative newsreader Seething Wells some weeks back of the impending arrival of vinylised poetry, I umm'd and arr'd and envisaged playing it once, then throwing it in the corner with the Cooper Clarke records, gags devoured and punchlines worn. Poets write poems write books not hit-singles. Old poems, once learnt, hang around in dusty record sleeves or . . .

COME OUT AFTER THE NEWS. 'Zwept, it's good to hear some gab coming from the team in the red corner. No, dammit, it's *vital* to hear the other side, to get your news from other sources. This source swears and curses, rants, reports, attacks with verses, stirs the muck, slams the schmuck, holds the buck and dissects it before passing it to you, dear listener.

Slam on the vinyl, quick! Turn up the volume (even at two o'clock), take a deep breath and let the poets scream for you. This is some release! From the rADical wallpaper people the news comes in seven inch form, twelve poems from Attila and SWells recorded on a rainy night in a South London pub, captured on a two-track Revox tape machine at the back of the room, said performance being recorded over an old reggae cassette . . .

SWells tells me that he sounds like he was in need of sleep that evening (but then he makes a career out of it). Whatever, it's still a powerful stint at the mike and he reads the headlines well, leaving assorted pauses for the crowd to chuckle into, tho' unfortunately the crew sat out front on this occasion is unusually restrained (apart from the laughing scream-machine). Ain't no one told this gang that poets are there to be ranted back at? This newsreader should be argued with.

Mind, they laugh at the item on the boys in blue (one boy in blue, one sniffer dog, one poet, in fact). 'Police Dog' crackles and the Drug Squad plod is lucky to get away with SWells' vitamin pills and a leading part in one of his poems. Pigs get killed for less in Manchester, a NEWSreader told me. I'm still grinning — a cracker of a news item! (What better ad for SWells? I'll leave him there and flip to Attila . . . what better ad for Harlow?)

You've read the newtown tract, now hear the poet grunt and let loose, dispense with the ads, dive in and let rip. The audience have woken up after the break and now cackle with glee at Attila, barking loud to get attention, flies undone to get the laughs. 'They Must Be Russians': sensational sanity makes a change from LBC trash-confessions, *Daily Express* Trot-obsessions (sensational senselessness).

Attila and SWells rattle off the items, a green one's worth of verbals, the news, the views I didn't get on late-night lie-radio. Who writes the NEWS? (Who makes the Nazis?) Who formulates the vicious formula?

Who? Blue-terror Tories and the kind of drunkard, mental briefcased headcase who hates the bosses but votes for them anyway, who marks his 'X' and never asks 'why' — that's who writes the NEWS and spews the headline. Go give 'em hell, SWellsy!

X. Moore

Spizz something-or-other *Pic: Ari Neufeld*

YOU TAKING THE SPIZZ, JOHN?

SPIZZ

Spizz History (Rough Trade)

I DON'T really know what Spizz *was,* whether he will *be* again, or what. Evidently Rough Trade aren't reckoning to get much more out of him, or they wouldn't be putting out this "greatest hits" collection.

To judge from its record of history, which stays the course from Spizzoil's '6000 Crazy' to Spizzenergi 2's 'Megacity', what Spizz *might* have been (historically) is a smart parasite, an Art Punk.

Not but that he didn't make some half great records. Even the early songs recorded with just Pete Petrol on schoolboy fuzzbox guitar would, if they didn't sound like they were recorded in an airing cupboard, be great.

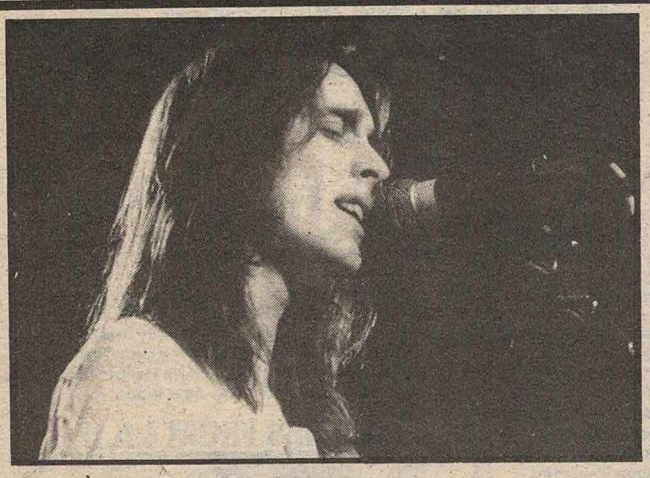
'Spizz History' has generous selections from each of the Spizz incarnations (bar Spizzles): seven from Spizzoil, including the four from 'Cold City', four more obvious ones from Spizzenergi — the dead disco 'Soldier Soldier', 'Captain Kirk', the curiously faithful version of 'Virginia Plain', and 'Amnesia'. Athletico Spizz '80 have 'No Room' and the great 'Spock's Missing', and the second Spizzenergi conclude worthily with 'Work' and 'Megacity'.

When the crunch came, the different Spizzes nodded out because they were too cultivated a taste. They were free and they were fun, but they were only ever mucking about on the surface of music so no-one really missed them. Spizz achieved a certain position of classlessness and could frolic without committing himself to anything more than a very general alternative scene.

Perhaps Spizz wasn't disciplined enough to attain a conceptual hold on pop entertainment, for that's what would have kept him afloat. Nonetheless, here is the proof that he achieved *a body of work,* even if each segment of it is only a minor itch in the corner of pop's eye. For a while at least, Spizzenergi actually looked as though they might build on their part-time audience and really *infiltrate,* but Spizz just wanted to play the fool to art students like himself.

A puzzling and somewhat directionless figure, he never knew the sins of fame and glamour, but his quirky commentaries and sidelines make up a consistently strong compilation of music.

Barney Hoskyns



Rundgren one-man show tours in May

TODD RUNDGREN brings his one-man show, which has recently proved so successful in New York, to Britian in May. He'll be touring around the country, though his only confirmed shows so far are at London Victoria The Venue on May 24 and 25 — two performances nightly, and all tickets £4.50. Promoter John Giddings of TBA will be announcing the rest of the dates next week.

The solo set involves the use of synthesisers, a grand piano, computers and tapes — plus a video show, with giant screens installed on either side of the stage. Although Rundgren's latest album 'Swing To The Right' (released by Bearsville through Avatar this weekend) features his regular band Utopia, he'll be incorporating material from the LP into his act.

24 HOURS FROM TULSE HILL

GENE PITNEY pays his 20th successive annual visit to Britain this spring, and dates so far confirmed for him are at Eastbourne Congress (May 3), Portsmouth Guildhall (4), Chippenham Goldiggers (6), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (7 and 8), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (9), Batley New Frontier (11), Nottingham Commodore Suite (12), Chesterfield Aquarius (13), Bedford Corn Exchange (14), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (16) and Birmingham Night Out (17-22).

GIGS GALORE FOR DIGANCE

RICHARD DIGANCE is undertaking a national tour, with dates at **Northampton** Nene College (tomorrow Friday), **Needham Market** College (Saturday). **Peterborough** Key Theatre (Sunday), **Chelmsford** Camberley Civic Hall (April 1), **Cambridge** ADC Theatre (2 and 3), **Coventry** Burnt Posts Club (4), **Apsley Guise** Holt Hotel (5), **Swindon** Wyvern (6), **Trowbridge** Crown Hotel (7), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (14), **Hayes** Alfred Beck Centre (15), **Manchester** Derby Hall (16), **Bristol** Yesterdays (19), **Tolworth** Recreation Centre (23), **London** University College (28), **Sheffield** University (30) and **Carlisle** Stanwix Arts Centre (May 1). To coincide, his stage favourite 'Drinking With Rosie' is released as a single by Coast Records.

FRED WEDLOCK, the Oldest Swinger In Town, is also going on the road. He plays **Trowbridge** Crown Hotel (April 1), **Milford Haven** Torch Theatre (2), **Pewsey** Folk Club (4), **Guildford** Civic Hall (15), **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (16), **London** Cambridge Theatre (18), **Brentwood** Hermit Club (20), **Frome** Merlin Theatre (21), **Guernsey** Beausejour Theatre (23), **Jersey** Royal Opera House (24), **Chelmsford** Studio Theatre (30 and May 1), **Chislehurst** Bulls Head (2), **London Hampstead** Three Horseshoes (4), **Stafford** Gatehouse Theatre (5), **Banwell** The Bell (8), **Cwmbran** Congress Theatre (22), **Wrexham** Arts Centre (26), **Harlech** Theatre Ardudwy (27), **Newtown** Theatre Hafren (28) and **Bulith Wells** Wyeside Arts Centre (29).

□ **MIKE BERRY,** who scored a big hit last year with 'Sunshine Of Your Smile', is going on the road to promote his new Polydor single 'Like A Fool' and album 'Memories'. Dates set so far are Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre (April 8), Canterbury Marlowe Theatre (10), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (11), Reading Hexagon (13), Swindon Wyvern (15), London Barbican Centre (18), London Woolwich Tramshed (19), Norwich Tudor Hall (22), Oakengates Town Hall (25) and Worthing Pavilion (28).

□ **MILES DAVIS** has added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon, due to the heavy ticket demand for his shows there on April 21 and 22. The extra concert is on Tuesday, April 20, and tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. Davis is backed by a five-piece band.

□ **NO NUKES MUSIC** are to present regular gigs at London Islington Pied Bull, the first being this Saturday (27) with The Beatroots and The Nice Men — admission £1, or 75p for the unwaged. The second is on April 17 with Dolly Mixture and The Deadbeats (1.50, or £1 unwaged). Thereafter, the gigs will be fortnightly.

□ **NEWTOWN NEUROTICS,** King Kurt, Vergil & The Biros and Roger & The Bannisters play a benefit for the Fares Fair campaign at London Brixton Front Line Theatre this Saturday (27) at 9pm. Admission £1.50, or £1 with UB40 or NUS card.

□ **TYTAN,** the band formed by ex-Angelwitch members Dave Du-Fort and Kevin Riddles, have another show at London Marquee next Monday (29) as the prelude to an upcoming UK tour. Meanwhile, Angelwitch have now re-formed, though only Kevin Haybourne remains from the original line-up.

TOUR NEWS

LONDON RECORD SET BY COODER

RY COODER has added two more concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 5 and 6, as his six May shows at that venue have now completely sold out. This represents a unique achievement for Cooder, who establishes a new record for the Odeon, no other artist having previously played there for eight nights on the same tour. Tickets for these extra dates are on sale now, priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

Also added to Cooder's schedule is another concert at Brighton Dome on June 4 — tickets here are £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50, available from April 2 at the venue box-office or by postal application. As a prelude to his visit, Cooder will have a new studio album issued towards the end of next month, details to follow in a week or two.

■ STATUS QUO, whose upcoming seven nights at Hammersmith Odeon (May 3-9) constituted the theatre's previous record, have practically sold out those concerts — and, at press-time, the only remaining tickets were some at £5.50 for the first three shows. It's possible that they, too, may add more London dates.

TOYAH ADDS MORE DATES

TOYAH has also sold out her two shows at Hammersmith Odeon on June 25 and 26 — which form part of her early summer tour, announced four weeks ago. So another two Hammersmith concerts have now been slotted in at the tail end of her itinerary — they are on July 17 and 18, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4. She's also fitted a new date into the early part of her schedule, at Sheffield City Hall on June 18.

Jr. Walker back in May; Harold Melvin also due

JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS return to the UK in mid-spring for a three-week visit. Dates confirmed so far are Nottingham Rock City followed by an all-nighter at Hinckley Leisure Centre (May 7), Liverpool Adams Club (8), Camberley Lakeside Club (11-13), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom plus an all-nighter at Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (14), Ilford Palais (16), London Camden Dingwalls (18 and 19), Chippenham Goldiggers (21), London Victoria The Venue (22) and Watford Bailey's (24-29). HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES arrive the following month, and their schedule takes them to Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (June 17), Swindon Brunel Rooms (18), London Victoria The Venue (19), London Lewisham Concert Hall (20), Watford Bailey's (21-26) and Manchester Golden Garter (28-July 3). Promoter of both tours is Henry Sellers.

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR are gigging next month in support of their self-named debut album, issued by Albion Records (through Spartan) next week. In London, they play Hammersmith Clarendon (April 12), Islington Hope & Anchor (15 and 29), Covent Garden Rock Garden (22) and North London Polytechnic with The Fall (25) — and out of town, they're at High Wycombe Nags Head (1) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (13), with more dates being set. The LP features a cover picture and a free poster, both depicting African snake-eater Lizwi Caleni swallowing a handful of live poisonous snakes. (Tasty if not tasteful!).

Albert Lee for Jansch UK gigs

BERT JANSCH opens a UK tour next month, following the April 2 release of his new Logo Records album 'Heartbreak'. Celebrated guitarist Albert Lee, who is featured on the LP, joins Jansch on the road — along with bassist Nigel Portman-Smith and original Pentangle drummer Terry Cox. First confirmed dates are Dublin Stadium (April 24), Glasgow Night Moves (25), Edinburgh Queens Hall (26), Kirklevington Country Club (27) and London Victoria The Venue (28) — tickets are £5, £4 and £3 (Dublin); £3.50 (London); and £3 (elsewhere).

Drifters groups compete around UK

THE DRIFTERS begin a six-week UK tour in early May and, following the departure of Johnny Moore, they've now drafted in two of their previous lead singers — Ben E. King (who left the group in 1959) and Bill Fredericks (who quit in 1974). As exclusively revealed four weeks ago, King's return to The Drifters aborted plans for his own solo tour here. Dates are London Enfield Starlite Rooms (May 7-8), London Lewisham Concert Hall (9), Stockton Fiesta (11), Batley New Frontier (12-15), Warrington Parr Hall (16), Glasgow Morley's Nite Spot (17-18), Lochgelly Centre Theatre (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Birmingham Night Out (24-29), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (30), Watford Bailey's (31-June 5), Newmarket Cabaret Club (6), Manchester Golden Garter (7-12), Ashington Leisure Centre (13), Derby Assembly Rooms (14), Chippenham Goldiggers (15), Worthing Pavilion (16) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (17-19). Promoter is Derek Block.

BEN E. KING

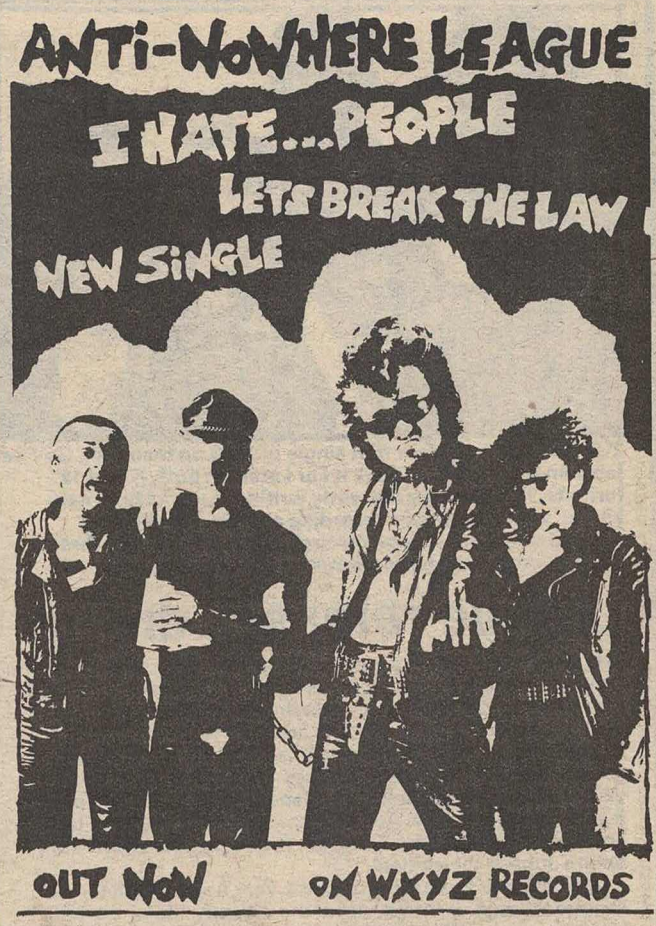
JOHNNY MOORE

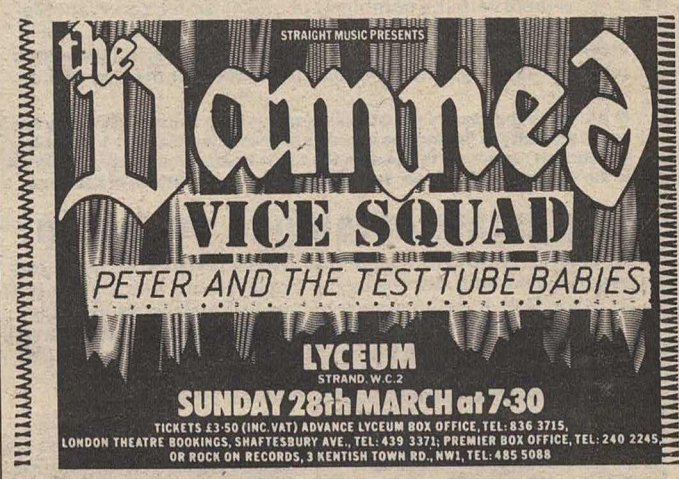
JOHNNY MOORE, who recently quit his long-standing role as lead singer with The Drifters, begins his British tour this weekend with his newly-formed group Slightly Adrift. Interspersed with dates in Europe, they will play Burton Allied Club (March 27), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (28), Batley New Frontier (31-April 3), Chippenham Goldiggers (7), Nottingham Commodore (25), Cleethorpes Peppers (27), Batley again (28-May 1), Birmingham Millionaires Club (3), Chesterfield Aquarius (5-6), Stanmore again (9), Rhyl C.J.'s (13), Farnworth Blighty's (14-15), Norwich Talk Of The East (27) and Camberley Lakeside Club (30-June 5). More dates are being finalised by promoter Henry Sellers.

□ **FRANKIE LAINE** has added another two dates to his UK concert schedule, reported last week — at Hatfield Forum (May 10) and Corby Festival Hall (11).

□ **EDDIE BOND,** the veteran American rocker, headlines the Weekend Hop at Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre for three days from April 2.

□ **MIRACLES** have cancelled their UK tour, which should have opened this week, as the wife of group member Ronnie Bright is seriously ill.

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VICE SQUAD
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
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STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 28th MARCH at 7-30
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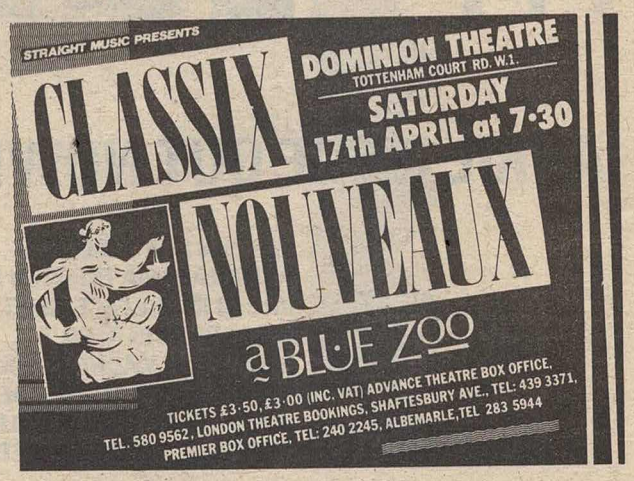
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CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
DOMINION THEATRE
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SATURDAY
17th APRIL at 7-30
a BLUE ZOO
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STRAIGHT MUSIC AND PATRICK MALYNN PRESENT
THE LONDON BLUES FESTIVAL '82
B.B. KING
AND HIS BAND
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RECORD NEWS

THE BEAT release their first single of 1982 on their own Go-Feet label on April 2, titled 'Save It For Later', in both 7" and 12" formats. The band are currently writing material for a new album, which they start recording shortly. There are no immediate plans for gigs, through a spokesman said that British dates "may be confirmed" for later in the year.

League releases dry up

THE HUMAN LEAGUE won't be releasing a new single until the summer, and their next album is unlikely to be available until the tail end of the year — despite the fact that they are the best-selling act in Britain for the first quarter of 1982, in both singles and albums. This is due mainly to their overseas commitments — a current European tour, to be followed by visits to America, Australia and Japan — keeping them out of the country until June. And as they consider it unfair to take another single from the 'Dare' LP, they won't start recording before June at the earliest.

With the first three months of the year now complete, the League emerge as the top act of the January-March period, based upon the *NME* Chart Point tables — they are leading the singles table with the combined points of 'Don't You Want Me' and 'Being Boiled', and they have the top LP with 'Dare'. But in view of their absence from the recording studios, it now seems unlikely that they will retain this supremacy for the rest of the year.

● **Although the League's best-selling status is no surprise, you may have some difficulty in finding the answers to these two teasers: 1. What is the current runner-up to 'Dare' in the Chart Points album table?; 2. What is the top single of the year so far? Answers at the bottom of the page.**

Immediate catalogue out again

IMMEDIATE RECORDS catalogue is to be reissued in its entirety over the next nine months by the Nems Group, with distribution by Stage One. It includes such names as **Small Faces, Humble Pie, The Nice, Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, John Mayall, Rod Stewart** and **Amen Corner**. All albums will be re-packaged in their original sleeves, while singles will appear in their original European picture bags.

First album out on April 9 is 'Ogdens Nutgone Flake' by the **Small Faces** which, due to its elaborate packaging, will sell at full price — though all subsequent LPs will cost £2.99. The first three singles, out the same day, are 'Natural Born Bugie' by **Humble Pie**, 'Angel Of The Morning' by **P.P. Arnold** and 'Little Miss Understood' by **Rod Stewart**.

Haircut 100's follow-up

HAIRCUT 100 follow their current smash hit 'Love Plus One' with a new single issued by Arista on April 2 — titled 'Fantastic Day', it's taken from their chart-topping 'Pelican West' album. The seven-inch version has a brand new track called 'Ski Club' on the B-side, with an extended version of that song as the coupling of the 12-incher. Both formats come in the band's distinctive striped bag, with her own Haircut label.

TANGERINE DREAM have their album 'White Eagle' issued by Virgin on April 2. It was written and produced by the group's three current members — Edgar Froese, Chris Franke and Johannes Schmelling. It contains just four tracks, though one of them 'Mojave Plan' occupies an entire side and runs 20 minutes — the other three total 19 minutes between them.

ALVIN STARDUST chooses another oldie for his latest single, issued by Stiff this weekend. It's his version of the Eddie Cochran classic 'Weekend', and it was again produced by Peter Collins, who was responsible for his recent hit 'Pretend'.

JAMES BROWN has signed to Island Records, and this weekend begins work in Nassau on his first album for the label — using the rhythm team of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, plus the renowned Compass Point Allstars band. Brown is producing the sessions himself, with release planned for June. And there's a strong probability that he'll be coming over at the time to play some concerts here.

PAUL McCARTNEY has his new single 'Ebony and Ivory', featuring Stevie Wonder on keyboards and harmony vocals, issued by EMI this weekend. His album 'Tug Of War', produced by George Martin and again with Wonder guesting, follows on April 19 — it includes a song called 'Here Today', dedicated to John Lennon.

ALICE COOPER has writen and produced a new single titled 'For Britain Only', which he recorded in London shortly before returning home after his recent UK tour, and it's scheduled for release in the near future. The B-side is a live version of 'Under My Wheels', recorded at Glasgow Apollo.

THE BEATLES' latest compilation album, issued by EMI next Monday (29), is 'Songs From The Movies'. It contains 14 tracks from their films *A Hard Day's Night, Help, Magical Mystery Tour, Yellow Submarine* and *Let It Be*, and it comes with a 12-page booklet containing pictures and text about the films.

THE TALKING HEADS release a live double album through WEA on April 2, aptly titled 'The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads'. It was recorded during their 1980-81 world tour in New York and Tokyo, and contains 17 tracks. The set features the original Heads line-up of David Byrne (guitar and vocals), Tina Weymouth (bass), Chris Frantz (drums) and Jerry Harrison (guitar and keyboards) — augmented by Adrian Belew (guitar), Busta Jones (bass), Bernie Worrell (clavinet) and Steve Scales (percussion) — the same personnel who appeared in London in November 1980.

● **Pigbag's** 1981 chart hit 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pig Bag' is being re-released by Y Records (through Rough Trade), in both 7" and 12" formats. They say it's due to sustained demand, coupled with the current success of the band's album 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive'.

● For the Japanese market, 4.A.D. Records put together a compilation of 12 singles issued over the past two years — by **The Birthday Party, Bauhaus, Modern English, Rema Rema, Mass, In Camera** and six other bands. Now 500 copies have been imported, and these are being sold by mail order from 4.A.D. Ltd., 8 Hogarth Road, London SW5 — price £5 (including p&p), Postal Orders only.

● Seven-piece San Francisco conglomerate **Foetus Over Frisco** have a 12-inch single issued by Self Immolation. Titles are 'Custom Built For Capitalism', 'T.O.45' and 'Birthday'.

● The Dr Hook standard 'Everybody's Making It Big But Me' has been revived on a new single, released by Music For Pleasure (through EMI) on April 5. And the surprise revivalists are none other than comedy duo **Cannon & Ball**.

● America's Philly World label is to be distributed in the UK by PRT Records, and the first release this week is the single 'Like The Way You (Funk With Me)' by funk band **Search**. Also through PRT come the single 'Suspicious Minds' (in both 7" and 12") by **Candi Staton**, who was previously with Warner Brothers but now crops up on Sugarhill — and the new **Al Green** album 'Higher Plane', issued in the States on the Hi-Cream label.

● **Aswad** release the album 'A New Chapter Of Dub' on their own Simba label next month. It's the dub version of their 'New Chapter' LP, released last autumn by CBS, from whom the band have acquired the rights to the dub. It will be distributed by Island.

● Would you believe Chinese punk? Well, here comes an album by the first Chinese punk group called **The Dragons**, released by Blitzkrieg Records — it's called 'Parfums De La Revolution', was recorded in Canton last November, and includes a version of 'Anarchy In The UK' featuring Chinese violin!!

● **Chaz Jankel** has a new single titled 'Glad To Know You' issued by A&M tomorrow (Friday), taken from his 'Chasanova' album and available in both 7" and 12". Out on the same day and label is the single 'Unhappy' by Australian group **The Models**.

● **Linda Taylor**, who was guest singer with both Gonzalez and Alan Price, has her first solo album 'Taylor Made' issued by Groove Records on April 15. It's preceded on April 1 by the single 'You And Me Just Started', lifted from the LP and available in 7" and 12".

D.A.F. FINAL SESSION

D.A.F., the German duo of Robert Gorl and Gabi Delgado-Lopez, have decided that their next album — to be recorded at Conny Plank's studio in April and May, for late summer release by Virgin — will be the last under the name of D.A.F. But it won't mark the end of their partnership — they simply feel that the D.A.F. concept of vocals sung over a drum and synthesiser backing has reached its logical conclusion, and they will go on to develop new ideas.

SPECIALITIES FROM 4.A.D.

DANIEL ASH

4.A.D. RECORDS have three intriguing releases this weekend. Bauhaus guitarist Daniel Ash (on guitar, vocals, keyboards and sax) and cohort Glen Campling (bass, percussion and vocals) have a four-track 12-inch EP titled 'Tones On Tail'. The Happy Family, featuring ex-Josef K bassist Dave Weddell and vocalist Nick Currie, have a three-track single featuring 'Puritans', 'Innermost Thoughts' and 'The Mistake'. And In Camera, who split up last year, release a commemorative 12-inch called 'Fin' — incorporating the 11-minute epic 'The Fatal Day'.

CHARLY MAKE IT 38

CHARLY RECORDS, who've already issued 33 albums this year, maintain their 1982 assault by releasing another five this weekend. This latest batch are all 16-trackers, licensed through Capitol, and they include a number of rare and previously unissued items. They are 'Plain Ole Blues' (1946–48) by T-Bone Walker, 'Joe Joe Jump' (1947) by Joe Lutcher, 'Tonight's The Night' (1944-52) by Julia Lee, 'It's A Groove' (1951–56) by The Five Keys and 'Rock 'N' Roll Revue' (1957–59) by The Johnny Otis Show.

MINDS PROMISE A MIRACLE

SIMPLE MINDS have their new single issued by Virgin on April 2, 'Promised You A Miracle' / 'Theme From Great Cities' — with an extra track on the 12-inch version, which is a remixed instrumental treatment of 'Seeing Out The Angel' from the 'Sons And Fascination' album. The band return home to Scotland to record their new album during April and May, with release planned for September. They'll be playing a few sporadic dates around the time the LP is issued, but their next full UK tour won't be until the end of the year.

● 'Sounds Like Bromley' by the Voice Of God Collective is a new fusion album protesting against commercial censorship, and it's described as "undiluted vitriol". It features **Trimmer & Jenkins, Neill MacColl** (Kirsty's brother), **Slow Twitch Fibres, London Vintage Jazz Orchestra** and **Blood Donor**, among others. Available at £4.40 (including p&p) from Plymouth Sounds, 30 Plymouth Road, Bromley, Kent BR1 3JD.

● Noys Records, the label run by the band **Watts Noys**, have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle. First release under the agreement is their 'Heart In Flames'/'Grey Snow', issued next week. They're also lining up a tour to promote it, details to follow.

● The new **Thomas Dolby** single, issued on his own Venice In Peril label (through EMI) next week, is 'Radio Silence'. It features Mute Records supremo Daniel Miller (synthesiser) and Yellow Magic vocalist Akiko Yano, with Dolby on vocals, wave computer and drum programs. It's taken from his album 'The Golden Age Of Wireless', due in May.

● A compilation album on Flicknife Records (through Pinnacle) features Hawkwind and Hawkwind related bands. The first side is live (1977-78) and includes **Hawkwind, Sonic Assassins** and **Hawklords**. The more recent studio B-side has tracks by Nik Turner's **Inner City Unit** and M Moorcock's **Deep Fix**.

● Following the release of the 'Live In Sheffield' set by The Pressure Company, the next album to be issued on Paradox Records to raise funds for medical supplies to Poland is 'Pissed 'n Proud' by **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**. Due out next weekend.

COSTELLO WITH RPO: LIVE TRACK

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions release six previously unavailable tracks on April 2 in the form of 7" and 12" singles on F-Beat Records. The A-side of both formats is a version of 'I'm Your Toy', recorded at London's Royal Albert Hall with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The other tracks were all recorded in Nashville during the 'Almost Blue' sessions — the two on the seven-inch are 'Cry Cry Cry' and 'Wondering'; and the three on the 12-inch are 'My Shoes Keep Walking Back To You', 'Blues Keep Calling' and 'Honk Tonk Girl'.

● New South London label Replay Records have their first single out this week. It's by **Rye & The Quarterboys**, and it couples 'Fantasy' and 'Private Number'.

● **The Room** have just finished recording their debut album. Titled 'Indoor Fireworks', it's scheduled for April release by Armageddon Records.

● **Woodhead Monroe** are a flexible group, built around the nucleus of Ed Sirrs and Paul Wickens, and they were discovered by Charlie Gillett. And this week they crop up on the Ovalstiff label with their debut single 'Identify'.

● Bristol punk label Riot City Records has two new EPs out this week — the three-track 'Gotta Get Out' by **Court Martial** and the four-track 'Burning Britain' by **Chaos UK**.

● Two of the best groups from the East of Scotland are coupled on one single, issued by Newtown Products of Fife, and available through national indie distributors. Tracks are 'Pleasure/Pain' by **Beat Necessity** and 'Ghost Child' by **Veldt**.

● Oval Records (through Pinnacle and Rough Trade) have reissued the single which launched the label in 1974, 'Promised Land' by **Johnnie Allan**, coupled this time with 'Sweet Dreams' by **Tommy McLain**. Both are included on the 16-track album 'Another Saturday Night', a collection of Cajun and Louisiana jukebox hits, which is re-released on April 2.

● Simon Woods, former manager of UB40 and their DEP International label, has now launched a new independent label with Den Turner. It's called Exit International Records (distributed by Spartan), and the first release on April 2 is a single by New York all-girl band **The Bloods** titled 'Button Up'.

● **Wasted Youth** have their single 'Wildlife' released by Bridge House Records on April 9, and they'll be featuring it when they play London's ZigZag Club on April 16.

Cure changes

THE CURE have added two more dates to their spring tour, reported two weeks ago — at Plymouth Skating Bowl (April 18) and Sheffield Polytechnic (23). Their gig at Leicester University moves from April 23 to 30, while their two Scottish dates have interchanged and now become Glasgow Pavilion (April 25) and Edinburgh Playhouse (26). Finally, their show on April 29 is switched from Guildford Civic Hall to Norwich East Anglia University.

□ **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON,** Dennis Bovell Band, Rico backed by the Special A.K.A., Mangrove Steel Orchestra and poets Michael Smith and Valerie Bloom are among acts appearing in 'A Cultural Experience' at London Camden Town Hall on Sunday, April 4. Admission is £4.

TOUR NEWS

□ **MIKE HARDING** has slotted another date into his current tour at Barnsley Civic Hall on April 4, and this is a benefit for folk artist Nic Jones, who was recently seriously injured in a road accident. Another show for the same cause is at Peterborough Cressett on April 10, featuring Jasper Carrott and Ralph McTell.

□ **WOLF,** the five-piece hard-rock band from Carlisle, have been booked as support act on the UK tour by The Scorpions opening in Manchester Apollo on April 4. They've also been signed by Chrysalis, and have their debut single 'Head Contact (Rock 'n' Roll)' released this weekend.

□ **SARACEN,** the Derby band whose debut album 'Heroes, Saints And Fools' is issued this weekend on the Nucleus label (through Deram), are lining up an extensive tour to promote it. First two confirmed dates are Bakewell Town Hall (this Saturday) and London Marquee (April 2). Their single 'Crusader' comes out on April 16.

□ **PRIVATE LIVES** — recently signed by Chrysalis, who've just released their debut single 'Because You're Young' — support Tom Browne at London Hammersmith Odeon (April 2 and 3) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (5). And they have gigs in their own right at London Embassy Club (this Saturday), Glasgow Maestro's (April 10), Edinburgh Valentino's (11) and Bath Nero's (21), with more being added.

CHART QUIZ ANSWERS

1. 'Pearls' by Elkie Brooks; 2. 'Golden Brown' by The Stranglers.

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28 The Damned

APRIL
2, 3 Tom Browne
4 Anti-Pasti
4 Mighty Diamonds
5 Loverboy
7 Elkie Brooks
9 Tina Turner
9-12 Country Music Festival
11 Graham Parker
11, 12 Carole King
12 Thompson Twins
17 Classix Nouveaux
17, 18 Donald Byrd
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
25 Boomtown Rats
27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf

MAY
1 The Cure
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
9 Foreigner
13 Girlschool
17 Nick Lowe
24 Judie Tzuke
27, 28, 31 Ry Cooder
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images

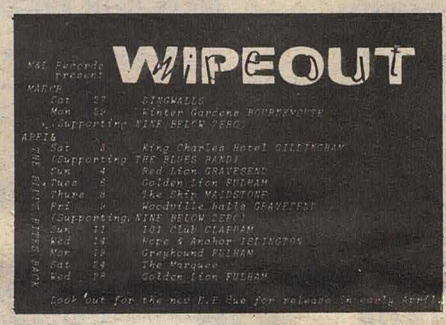
JUNE
1 Altered Images
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
3, 4 Camel
25, 26 Toyah

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

WIPEOUT



LIVE ADS 261 6153

THE GREYHOUND

Greyhound Stadium

900 High Road,
Chadwell Heath, Essex
nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath.
No 98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 25th March	8pm – midnight *Modnite* SMALL WORLD + Jam Tarts	£1.00
Friday 26th March	8 pm – midnight *Hard Rock* JACKIE LYNTON BAND + Bluebird	£1.50
Saturday 27th March	8 pm – midnight *Mythical rock* DANCING DID + Mosaik	£1.50
Sunday 28th March	8 pm – 10.30 pm VERTICAL HOLD	£1.00
Monday 29th March	8 pm – midnight *Hard Rock* TANGEANT + Wild Dogs	£1.00
Tuesday 30th March	8 pm – 12 midnight 60s NORTHERN SOUL NIGHT	£1.00
Wednesday 31st March	8 pm – midnight *Kosmik Rock* CHEMICAL ALICE + Hellrazor	£1.00
Thursday 1st April	8 pm – midnight *60's Revival Nite* FRUIT EATING BEARS + Support	£1.00

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 25th March	THE FLOSS ROCK SHOW VICTIM	£1.00
Friday 26th March	THE ALMOST BROTHERS + A Dark Design	£1.50
Saturday 27th March	SEX GANG CHILDREN + Boy Meets Girl	£1.50
Sunday 28th March	RESULTZ + John Vincents Lonely Heart	£1.00
Monday 29th March	HIDDEN CHARMS + Cloud Nine	£1.00
Tuesday 30th March	IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	50p

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DEREK BLOCK presents

GRAHAM PARKER

PLUS GUESTS

SUNDAY 11th APRIL 7.30pm

TICKETS £4.00 £3.50

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748-4081/2)
KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

JACKSONS

JACKSONS LANE
COMMUNITY CENTRE
ARCHWAY RD, N6
(OPP HIGHGATE TUBE)
Tel: 01-340 5226

SATURDAY 27TH MARCH, 8pm
BREAKOUT THE KLEENEX NIGHT . . .

HANK WANGFORD

+ JIM DARBY
+ FRANK CLEWETT

Members £1.80 Others £2.30

ROCK CITY

TALBOT ST
NOTTINGHAM

Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm-2am
Friday 26th March £3.00 Adv

NINE BELOW ZERO
Friday 16th April £3.50 Adv

JUDIE TZUKE
Wednesday 5th May £3.00 Adv

NICK LOWE

Must be over 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 6052 / 0051

Thursday 25th and Friday 26th
THE WILD WOMEN OF WONGO
1.50 (not Thur) 5.05 8.10
+ **PORKLIPS NOW**
1.30 (not Thur) 4.30 7.30 10.25
+ **GLEN OR GLENDA**
3.20 (not Thur) 6.35 9.30
Saturday 27th
WIVA presents **THE PRISONER**
2.00 6.30
11.30 all night **GOLDEN TURKEYS**
Sunday 28th
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
1.00 6.50
+ **ORPHEE**
2.35 7.25
+ **TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE**
4.15 9.05
Monday 29th
Polanski's
MACBETH
2.35 6.50
+ **REPULSION**
5.00 9.15
Tuesday 30th Bogart
IN A LONELY PLACE
4.25 7.30
+ **GUN CRAZY**
2.50 6.00 9.00
Wednesday 31st
Bruce Springsteen in
NO NUKES
2.00 3.45 5.30 7.15 9.00

THEATRES

Boogie!

A DAZZLING, DIZZYING, ROLLERCOASTER OF SOUND AND STYLE, HURTLING THROUGH FOUR DECADES OF SWINGING SINGING SISTERS.

SPECIAL PREVIEW OFFER
25 March to 5 April
Best seats (normally £7.90) only £3.50 each with this coupon at the Box Office.
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Offer subject to availability

MAY FAIR THEATRE
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The LYCEUM

STRAND, LONDON WC2

Derek Block presents

FASHION

plus ?

THURSDAY 15th APRIL 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715
KEITH PROWSE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; & USUAL AGENTS.

Tears For Fears

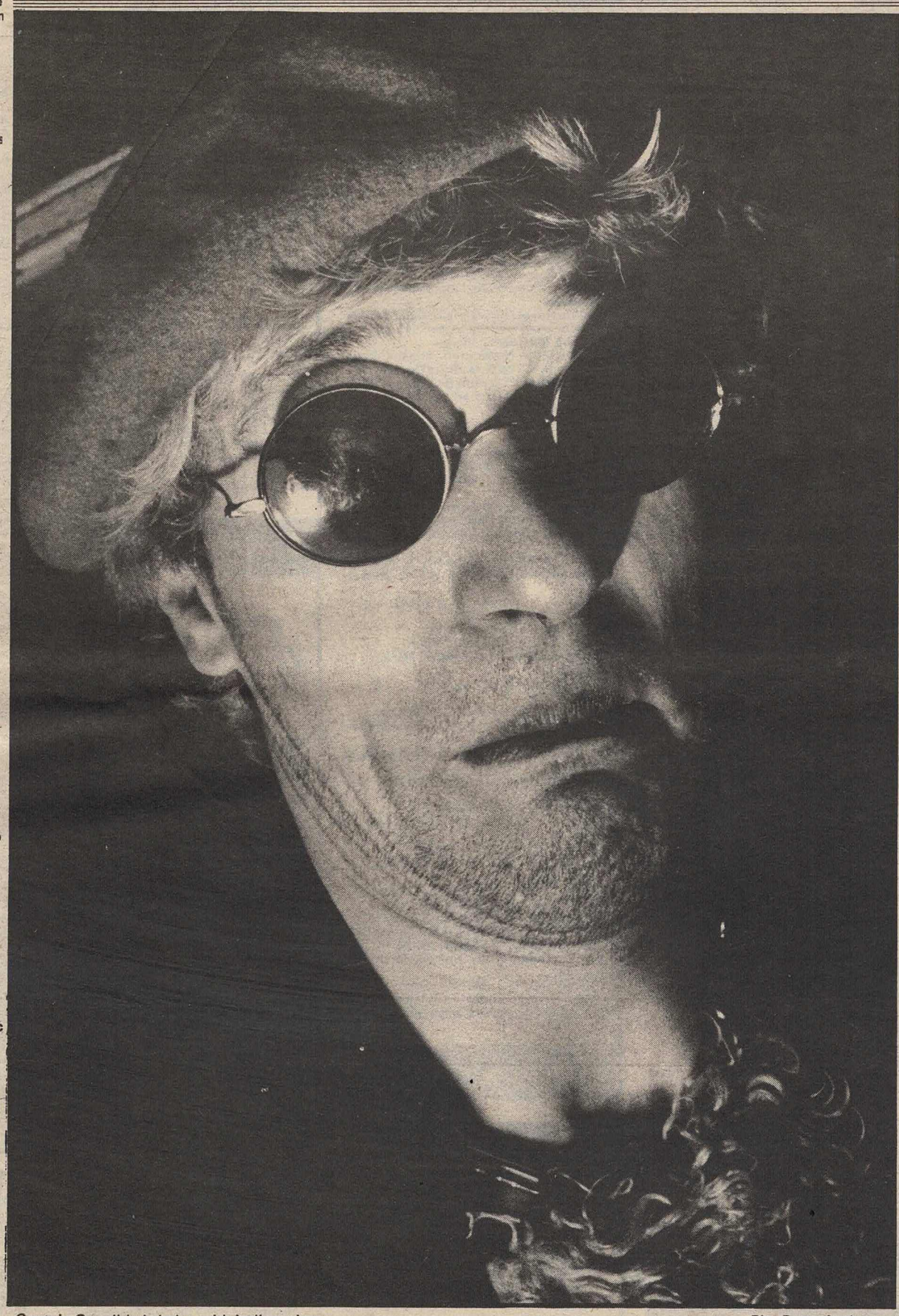
1st April

Moles Club, Bath

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 25th

Abersytwyth University: **Haircut 100**
Basildon Racquel's Club: **Calling Hearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingam Star Club: **Bamboo Jazz**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Station 360**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jazz Club: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson**
Brighton New Regent: **The Danse Society / Christians In Search Of Faith**
Bristol The Lansdown: **Icons/Screaming Dead**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Cuban Heels**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World/Jam Tarts**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Wall**
Crewe Crossville Club: **Dave Berry**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Jenny Darren Band**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **3.P Sweet**
Crumlin Woodbine Villa: **Hot Dog**
Derby Blue Note: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
Doncaster Japs Wine Bar: **Salem**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
East Kilbride The Gemini: **Red Ellis**
Edinburgh Caley Hall: **Diamond Head**
Edinburgh The Buccaneer: **Twisted Nerve**
Farnham the Maltings: **English Country Blues Band**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Higsons**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Hanworth Horse & Groom: **Avenue**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Clientelle/Destroyer/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Elano B**
Hitchin The Regal: **Pigbag**
Huddersfield Star Bar: **Blancmange**
Hull New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **Generator**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Kilmarnock The Sandriann: **All The Rage**
Leamington Lillington Youth Club: **Collapse/Wirthdrawal/Third Circle**
Leeds Polytechnic: **B-Movie**
Leeds Warehouse: **Huang Chung**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Slade/Vardis**
Littleborough Lydgate Inn: **Beau Leisure**
Liverpool Cagney's: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **French Lessons**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **The Fixx/Zanti Misfitz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Robin Williamson**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Random Hold**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Stargazers/The Rimshots**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Chuck Farley**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zounds/Instant Automatons**
London Central Polytechnic: **Babylon Rebels / Fast Relief**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisib;es**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Matinee Idols/Pleasure Dome**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Killer Wales**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Waso**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Earwigs/Mr. West Experience/The Zoo**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **XTC**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Fall/The Birthday Party/The Room**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at The Clarendon): **Victim**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Hectic Speak**
London Hounslow Borough College: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Islington Empress of Russia: **Pookiesnackenburger**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Disco Void**
London Islington Pied Bull: **A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Limehouse**
London Marquee Club: **The Blondes**
London Mile End New Half Moon Theatre: **Exposure/The Avengers**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.8 Railway Hotel: **Ghost**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Senators**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **The Deltas**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate (for three days)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lfuxosmin**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Cars/The Visitors/The Cocteau Twins**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Lightning Raiders/Dirty Stranger/T-34**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pride**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam/Rudi**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Zila**
Manchester (Duckinfield) Drifters Club: **The Business**
Manchester Fagins: **The Nashville Teens (until Saturday)**
Manchester Polytechnic: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Margate Queen's Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Dolly Mixture**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Shanghai**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **None So Blind**
Nottingham Blitz Diner: **Parade**
Nottingham Commodore International: **David Essex**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Innervision/This Way Up**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **Alien**
Peterborough Raffles: **Religious Overdose**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Blue Movies**
Plymouth College Of Further Education: **Secret Affair/De Metros**
Portsmouth Wedgwood Rooms: **Caught In The Act**
Preston Warehouse: **Chelsea**
Stroud Somerset College of Art: **Black Roots**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Rascals**



Captain Sensible bristles with indignation *Pic: Peter Anderson*

A FAIRLY quiet week, with a distinct lack of major tours opening, while the only significant one-off is a London concert by THE DAMNED at the Lyceum on Sunday. Even so, quite a few big-name tours are already in progress — including THE JAM, XTC, MOTORHEAD and HAIRCUT 100.

THE FALL set out on the road earlier this week, reaching the highlight of their schedule tonight (Thursday) at London Hammersmith Palais, also playing Swindon on Friday. The week's only other new tours are by the evergreen ROY ORBISON, who opens in Crawley on Friday; and trumpet star TOM BROWNE, whose first-ever UK visit gets under way in Brighton on Tuesday. Gospel enthusiasts also have the chance of catching the EDWIN HAWKINS SINGERS in concert at London (Friday) and Birmingham (Saturday).

As usual, London has the pick of the crop and the Hammersmith Odeon is particularly busy — with XTC (Thursday), MOTORHEAD (Friday to Monday) and HAIRCUT 100 (Wednesday) — and XTC also pop across the road to the Palais on Monday, when THE PASSIONS are their special guests. Additionally, Q-TIPS play their final shows before disbandment at The Venue on Friday and Saturday. And the 'Scotch On The Rocks' season continues at the ICA Theatre, with headliners THE SCARS (Thursday), TV21 (Friday), THE REVILLOS (Saturday) and RICHARD JOBSON (Sunday), plus two other acts each night.

friday 26th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **All Stations / Laissez Faire**
Birmingham Garratts Green College: **Predyction / Project A**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **The Traitors / The Invisible Men**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Dave Cousins**
Bradford Palm Clove Club: **Boys From The East**
Brentford Hermit Club: **Short Stories**
Bristol The Stonehouse: **Yon Canny Band**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Robyn Hitchcock Band**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Cuban Heels**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Haircut 100**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band / Bluesbird**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Morrissey Mullen**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Pigbag**
Chirk (N. Wales) AAA Club: **Dave Berry**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **Re-Flex**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **B-Movie**
Corby K.K. Club: **Energy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Roy Orbison**
Croydon The Star: **Brunel**
Cumbernauld Cottage Theatre: **The Dolphins**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Higsons / Cuddly Toys**
Farnborough Technical College: **The Silence / The Signals**
Feltham Football Club: **The Stargazers**
Folkestone Toby's: **Danse Society**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Footprints**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Slade / Vardis**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Red Ellis**
Glasgow Night Moves: **End Games / Willie Gardener**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **All The Rage**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Special 20**
Grangemouth Bon Accord: **Duff Party**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **XTC**
Harlow Football Club: **Chas & Dave**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
Hitchin The Regal: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Hull New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Kidwelly Working Men's Club: **The Extras / Graham Larkbey**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Foot & Mouth Cabaret/ Joolz / Ian Saville / Margot Random Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dr. Funk / Behaviour Red**
London Camden Dingwalls: **True Life Confessions / Screen 3**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Grapes: **Alvin Roy**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Blood Poets / The Prams**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Nightingales**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Kabbala**
London Charing Cross The Centre: **Contacts**
London City Polytechnic: **UK Decay / The Orange Cardigan / Action Pact**
London Clapham 101 Club: **24 Hours / King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pinski Zoo**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Kerr's Blues Band / Doris Henderson**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Desolation Angels**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechcic: **The Beatroots / Damaged Youth**
London Euston Friends Meeting House: **Edwin Hawkins Singers**
London Forest Gate Norwich Road Centre: **The Sinyx / The Mob / Rudimentari Peni / Anthrax**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Amazon**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sindy & The Action Man**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Fear Of Flying / The News**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Cook The Books / 3.P. Sweet**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Splodge**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The 45's**
London Islington Screen On The Green: **Carmel / The Big Combo**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Lee Kosmin**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tres / As The Newt**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER PAGE*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Studio Two**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis / His Create He**
London Putney White Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Pryzmix**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **TV21 / Boots For Dancing / The Twin-Sets**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Connexion / The Fabulons**
London W.14 Last Chance Centre: **Map Of Africa / The Playschool**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Skank Orchestra**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam / Rudi**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Stix**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Diamond Head**
Manchester The Gallery: **Chris Sievey / The French**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Judie Tzuke**
Northampton Nene College: **Secret Affair / The World Service**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Visible Targest**
Nottingham Rock City: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Wall / Riot Squad**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Toy Guns**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Huang Chung**
Stoke Talbot Hotel: **Metropolis**
Stoke The Vine: **23 Jewels / If All Else Fails**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Fall**
Wokingham Angie's: **Little Sister**

saturday 27th

XTC: Birmingham

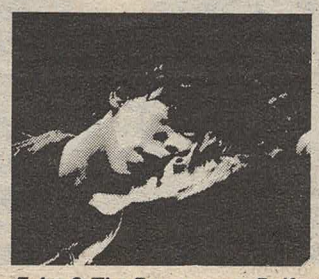
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Carlton Club: **Second Image**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Set/Extensions**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **XTC**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Edwin Hawkins Singers**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Alex Atterson**
Bristol Hawthornes Hotel: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Morrissey Mullen**
Bromley Technical College: **Naughty Thoughts**
Burton Libra Club: **Alien**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **The Toy Guns**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Fixx/Flex**
Cardiff Central Hotel: **Fire Down Below/Rabid**
Cardiff Nero's: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Dancing Did/Mosaik**
Cheltenham Art College: **The Photos**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cleator Moor Civic Hall: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/Psycho Faction**
Clitheroe Trinity Youth Centre: **Youth In Asia/Pure Mania**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wasted Youth**
Croydon The Star: **Messenger**
Davidstow Village Hall: **De Metros**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Jam/Rudi**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Slade/Vardis**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Blancmange/Cuddly Toys**
Ellesmere Port Ellesmere Arms: **French Lessons**
Glasgow Cathkin Hotel: **Cuddly Toys**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Dolly Mixture**
Harlow Football Club: **Chas & Dave**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Spiteful Child**
Hinckley Leisure Centre: **Diamond Head**
Hull New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Liverpool Adams Club: **The Interns**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Mike Harding**
London Archway Caxton House: **The Promenaders/The Work/The Murphy Federation/The Casual Labourers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Pascal & John**
London Camden Centre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra/Crouch End All Stars**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band/Wipe Out**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Camden Grapes: **Art Morgan Group**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/F.X.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Feelers/Connexion**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Deptford The Duke: **Studio Two**
London Forest Gate Freemasons Tavern: **Paragon**
London Forest Gate Norwich Road Centre: **Rubella Ballet/Erazerhead/Assassins Of Hope/The Snipers/Lack Of Knowledge**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tilt / Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Pete Nu Trio**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **London Secret/The Extras**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Holly Beth Vincent/Ground Zero**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **The Wall**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots/The Nice Men**
London Lee The Centre: **Comes Running/Glass House**
London Marquee Club: **Spider**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **The Psychotics/The Outskirts/Screaming Concrete/The Mixers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne/Zut Alors**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Helen Watson & Suzie Adams**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Revillos/Those French Girls/Epsilon**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Waves/Man Alive**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight & Thin Line/The Area**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **52nd Street**
Manchester The Gallery: **Chris Sievey/The French**
Needham Market College: **Richard Digance**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Mothers Ruin/A Silly Night**
Northampton The Mailcoach: **Energy**
Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **Linda & The Limpets**
Penzance Demelzas: **Black Roots**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Smith**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Box 33/Graham Larkbey**
Poole Arts Centre: **Judie Tzuke**
Redditch The Fox: **Iganda**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Higsons**
Rochdale Kirk Holt Club: **Dave Berry**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
St Albans City Hall: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **David Essex**
Windsor Safari Park: **Blue Rondo A La Turk**
Wigan Trucks: **Blitzkrieg**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **K. K. Khan**

sunday 28th

Richard Jobson: London

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Berlin**
Altrincham The Unicorn: **Beau Leisure**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Opera House: **The Jam / Rudi**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Slade / Vardis**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Defectors**
Bristol Colston Hall: **David Essex**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Vertical Hold**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Diamond Head**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Blancmange**
Hanley The Star: **Bashful Alley**
Harold Hill Red House Club: **The Nashville Teens**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Studio Two**
London Camden Grapes: **Kenny Clayton Group**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Beggars Opera**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shea Ramah / The Boobies**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Silence / Decoy Avenue / Admit One**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kim Martyn Duo**
London Finchley Torrington: **Chuck Farley**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Lost Patrol**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **30 Bob Suits**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Dance Hall Style / Steve Boon**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Legislation**
London Oxford Street 100 Club (lunchtime): **Alan Skidmore**
London Putney Half Moon: **Alan Price Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Ravi Shankar**
London Stockwell old Queen's Head: **H. G. & The 100 Years / Martyr**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Damned / Vice Squad / Peter / The Test Tube Babies**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Richard Jobson / The Bluebells / Endgame**
London Walthamstowe Assembly Hall: **Haircut 100**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Spynal Chord / Civilization**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Force**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Iris Williams**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **Secret Affair**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
Manchester Rotters: **Bauhaus**
Matlock Northwood Club: **Alien**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **One Million Fuzz-Tone Guitars**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Richard Digance**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **De Metros**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Poole Arts Centre: **Roy Orbison**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ar Log / Tarzans Milkman**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **None So Blind**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Saz Index**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **XTC**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Box 33 / Graham Larkbey**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Wellingborough Chequers Inn: **Energy**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 29th



Echo & The Bunnymen: Belfast

Bedford The 5's Bar: **The Psy-kicks**
Belfast Queen's University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **The Higsons**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Lost Robert's Blues Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Tangeant / Wild Dogs**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Haricut 100**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Slade / Vardis**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **21 Strangers**
Gateshead Wheelers: **Morrissey Mullen**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Abrasive Wheels**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kettering Market Tavern: **Energy**
Keighley Funhouse Club: **Sisters Of Mercy / The March Violets / Seething Wells**
Lincoln Lindsays Disco Bar: **6th Sense**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Gatecrashers / The Gymslips / Passion Puppets**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Vendetta / Foreign Legion**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Heartbeats / Victor Mature**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alain Debray Trio**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Stopband**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Holly Beth Vincent**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jenny Darren Band / Fear Of Falling**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ginger / Stingray**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hammersmith Palais: **XTC / The Passions**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Ground Xero**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Judi & The Shades**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Tytan**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sharp Practice**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stoke Newington The Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Crown Of Thorns / Red Performance / Airport & Dean**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lost Loved Ones / Dance On A Telephone**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **A Blue Zoo / The Bloods**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Oxford St) Strawberry Fields Club: **TV Personalities / White Brothers**
Maidstone Pizza Express: **Geoff Miller Sextet**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Cherry Boys**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Manchester Ritz Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **If All Else Fails / Twist And Perverse**
Oxford Blades: **Diamond Head**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **David Essex (for a week)**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**

tuesday 30th

Dolly Mixture: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo; **Bizarre Unit**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Kathy Stobart Quintet / Lennie Best**
Brighton Sherry's: **Tom Browne**
Bristol Granary: **Diamond Head**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Fuze/Electra Complex**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Doncaster Mainline Club: **Coil**
Feltham The Airman: **Jeep**
Hopwas Chequers: **Bashful Alley**
Keighley King's Head: **Ik!**
Leamington Spa The Crown: **Ideal Husbands**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Holly Beth Vincent/Ground Zero**
London Camden Grapes: **Stan Greig Group**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Buroohaha/Purple Panic**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zerra I / Vane / Va Va Voom**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton Jam Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Hank Wangford / The Electric Bluebirds**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Studio Two**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Captain Swoop & The Fabulous Wonderfuls / Kid Khaki & The Karajomos**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Feelers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Miss The Villain**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Meteors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Chemical Alice**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dolly Mixture / The Rimshots / The Gatecrashers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Europeans / The Umpires**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Slade/Vardis**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Melvyn Poore**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle The Soul Kitchen: **Hurrah For Youth / Sophisticated Boom Boom / Recognitions**
Royton The Railway: **Private Sector**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Jam/Rudi**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **Stopband**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Huang Chung**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Widnes Laporte Club: **Dave Berry**
York Arts Centre: **Kenny Wheeler Band**

wednesday 31st

Haircut 100: London

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Hey Hey Elastica**
Aldershot West End Centre: **The Riff Twins / Roots Rockers**
Birmingham Ambassador Club: **The Traitors / The Invisible Men**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bridlington Royal Hall: **Mike Harding**
Burnley Centrespot: **The Fits / Anti-Social / Living Dead / Chronic**
Cardiff Central Hotel: **The Bulbs**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Fire Down Below**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / Hellrazer**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Diamond Head**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel: **32/20**
Corby The Kingfisher: **Energy**
Coventry Guy's: **Blancmange / Calling Hearts**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Tom Browne**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Red Ellis**
Glasgow Jamaica Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Vice Squad / The Criminals / Strangeways**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Studio Two**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Camden Grapes: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Holly Beth Vincent**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bee Vamps / Carmel**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Edmonton The Cock: **Prime Cut**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Oscar Blandemer**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Decline & Fall / Last Touch**
London Fulham Kings Head: **C. C. Rockhouse**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Dan Ar Bras / Steve Tilston**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Haircut 100**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Back Door Man**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **John Davies**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Khaki & The Karamojos**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **UK Decay**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Motivators**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Mack / Slaughterhouse Five**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John McLevy — Jack Emblow Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Urban Dissidents**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip Shop Show**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Bushwackers**
London Walthamstow Rose & Crown: **The Game**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band / Norman Lovett**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Little Sister / The Deltas**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **The Last Laugh**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The White Brothers / Family Rico**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Diodes**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ekome**
Manchester Fagins: **The Higsons / The Diagram Brothers / James**
Manchester The Gallery: **Beau Leisure**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **East Side Torpedoes**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Gary & The Moondogs**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Linda & The Limpets**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Shout**
Portsmouth South Pier: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Reading Top Rank: **Nine Below Zero / The Fleshtones**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Kenny Wheeler Band**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Jam / Rudi**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Lost Patrol**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Nemesis**

LIVE ADS

Brunel University S.U. ENTS
BRUNEL KINGDOM ROOM
PRESENTS
UXBRIDGE 39125
in the KINGDOM ROOM
Thursday 25th March
DAVE LEE TRAVIS ROADSHOW
Adm £2.00 8pm

Please phone before setting out£ check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
KILLER WALES
THU 25. Ivor Novello songs meets Brecht's dark cabaret. The effect is mesmerising.
PINSKI ZOO
FRI. 26. Left centre modern jazz - Coleman, Ayler, Tyner - and a lot of hard blowing underpinned by a solid swing beat. "a constant motion of frenzied pleasure." N.M.E. Plus the MOTIVATORS playing mowtown soul.
THE FEELERS
SAT. 27. Compelling mix of demonic conga, keyboards and brass, latin poly rhythms and electric rock - you just can't stop dancing.
SUN. THE SILENCE + DECOY AVENUE + ADMIT ONE
MON. THE HEART BEATS + VICTOR MATURE + KREPSCULS
TUE. ZERRA I + VANE + VA VA VOOM
BEEVAMP + CARMEL
WED 31st. DOUBLE BILL!!
THURSDAY APRIL FOOLS DAY. WITH: THE SCORCHERS & THE CHOCOLATE FROGS.
THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. TILL 0 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1971
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NEW MERLINS CAVE
Margery Street, WC1
Saturday 27th March
BRIAN KNIGHT'S THIN LINE
+ THE AREA
8.30 till 12.00pm
Extension in back bar only
No admittance after 10.30pm
TICKETS IN ADVANCE £1.50 OR ON THE NIGHT £2.00
AVAILABLE FROM THE PUB
All enquiries 01-864 7978

acid disco
CROWN of THORNS
+ + + + + + + support
monday 29th march
THE Venue, victoria

HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET, LONDON WC2
DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS
eurythmics
Pinskizoo PLUS FLEX
MONDAY 5th APRIL 9.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM ROUGH TRADE; HONKY TONK, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE; KEITH PROWSE & USUAL AGENTS.

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS
TINA TURNER
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 9 APRIL 1982
Performance at 8pm Tickets £5, £4 and £3
Tickets Available from Box Office Tel. No. 01-748 4081
and usual agents - agency tickets subject to booking fees

SUNDAY 28TH MARCH
SECRET AFFAIR
+
Walter Mitty's
Little
White Lies
At the: Barracuda Club
No 1 Baker Street, London W1
Tel 486 2724
8.00 till 1.00am Tickets £3.00
advance tickets are available from the same address.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

ALBINO toast of the toasters Winston Foster alias **Yellowman** has two new LPs released this week, with a further two imminent.

Over from the States on the Channel One owned Hit Bound label arrives a nine-track set produced and arranged by Joseph Hoo Kim at the studio and entitled 'One' (JJ 067). Joined by partner Vernon Rainford as **Fathead,** the album features Roots Radics laying rhythms for such as 'One Yellow Man In a The Yard', 'Fools Go To Church On Sunday', 'Herbman Smuggling' and co-operative single 'You Wrong To Send Come Call Me'.

Yellowman . . . 2+2

On UK release courtesy of Greensleeves is a further Channel One production, this time masterminded by Henry Junjo Lawes for 'Mister Yellowman' (GREL 35). Featuring 10 titles, the LP dispenses familiar theme on 'Yellowman Getting Married', reworks Ernie Smith for 'Duppy Or Gunman' and lauds JA radio show 'Morning Ride' among its number.

Meanwhile, upcoming from the DJ is a further LP on unknown origin apparently titled 'Water Pumpie' and one other from Desmond Hip City in Brixton as yet untitled. Yellowman is also heard toasting two new **Georgia Henry** titles 'Full Of Love' c/w 'Nobody Wins' for Assignment Ravin' discomix.

Other new 12" titles include: **Zabandis,** 'Jah Jah Say' c/w 'Things Are Getting Harder' (True Vision TRV 001); **Dego,** 'Dancing Time' (A1 — 044); **Jah Son,** 'She Loves The Rub A Dub' c/w **Papa Tullo,** 'Rub A Dub' (Negus Roots — NERT 011) — produced and arranged by Robert Palmer; and Winston & Milton, 'My Sweet Woman' (Starlight — ST361).

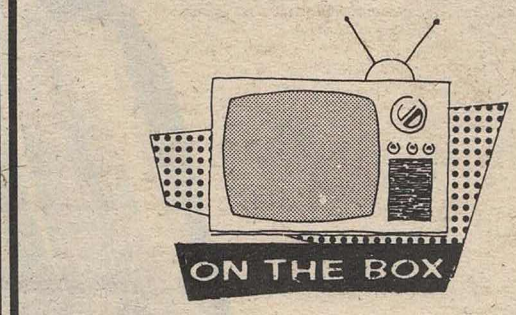
On Jamaican 7" pre-release come two tunes from Dennis Brown on the Yvonne's Special label: 'Why Fools' and 'Can I Change My Mind'; and from the same source a latest George Nooks vocal 'Rapid 16'. Other new pre include: Ranking Toyan, 'Sodom In Jamaica' (Black Solidarity); Dean Fraser 'Pupa Lick' (Germain); the distaff existential of 'diseases' from Genie and Tash with 'The Ladies Side' (Volcano); Captain Kid, 'Put It Down' (Musical Ambassador); and Carlene Davis, 'Ism Schism' (Sonic Sounds).

Out on a 10" white label via Island emerges a version of 'Proverbs Extraction' taken from the last Pablo Moses LP.

The Caribbean and Commonwealth Cricket Club invite one and all to their opening season dance at the Clarendon Resturant, Hammersmith Broadway, W6 this Saturday (27) — from 8.30pm to 3am — featuring live on stage Family Love and sounds by Tiffany Hi-Fi.

Finally, the London Trotters present Lambar's DISCO AT 95 Kingsland High Street, Dalston, E8 every Sunday from 8pm to 1am. Soul — Funk — Lovers Rock. Dress casual but smart. Sounds by Gemini.

Penny Reel



IAN PENMAN empties another bottle of Optrex and gets on his soap box.

Friday March 26

Toward The Unknown (Mervyn LeRoy 1957). Dullard test pilot pic for child aeronauts everywhere. William Holden is the Lead, but watch out — if you can last out — for a young James Garner somewhere in the casting suburbs. **(BBC1)**

No Drums, No Bugles (Clyde Ware 1972). One man show from Martin Sheen, from the years when he seemed to slip into a small movie per week. A C.O. in the American Civil War holes up in a cave — sounds like the stuff of a well spun short story, rather than something for the screen. Sheen's eyebrows are always good for an arch, though. **(BBC1)**

Great Day (Lance Comfort 1944). Start of a four film tribute to Dame Flora Robson, on the occasion of the lady's 80th birthday, this British RKO production is a minor melodrama about morals in a Wartime English village. **(BBC2)**

Saturday March 27

Soft Beds, Hard Battles (Roy Boulting 1973). Hack slapstick comes unstuck as Sellers slips between six character shapes in shakey story of Whoretime French brothel *(Cat that out — Ed.).* ITV call it "outrageous", but anyone who starts from the premise that prostitution in France is out of the ordinary is bound to come a cropper. Which reminds one of Joe Orton's censorship-dodging fictional institution of ill-repute, the *Kingdom Come* . . . **(ITV)**

The Sea Hawk (Michael 'Bring On The Empty Horses' Curtiz 1940). Flora Season no. two: a swashbuckling (dubloons, pantaloons . . . oh, complete the 'loons' gag yourself — I've got a serious column to write here, already) tale off the coast of Spain, with Robson as Liz the First and 'Errol' Flynn as a sea dog with the pirate-petrifying name of Captain Geoffrey Thorpe. **(BBC2)**

Escape From Zahrain (Ronald 'What's in a' Neame 1962). Yawnsome big yak of action-packed yarn, 'starring' Yul 'Never Act Again' Brynner. **(BBC1)**

The Chess Players (Satyajit Ray 1978). Satur Day's *(Enough with the Imperialist humour — Ed.)* Foreign Movie, and, as usual I'm stumped. So over to Andy Gill, in our 'Gavin Millar Memorial Leatherbound Armchair and Weighty Tome Holder' studio for an analysis of today's action in this gripping Pro Am International Chess Tournament: ". . . Richard Attenborough is bearing up well under the strain of several simultaneous metaphors, and coach 'Cool Hand' Ray is doing his utmost to insure a slow, steady but savage indictment of colonialism." That ends *NME's* chess coverage for today. And a late result: Cahiers Paris DC O, Gillingham USA 7 . . . **(BBC2)**

Poison Pen (Paul Stein 1939). Flora Season no. three: another little village melodrama, with some vile anonymous villain kicking up a bitchy storm via a series of vindictive letters — what a great plot! **(BBC2)**

Sunday March 28

Stagecoach (Gordon Douglas 1966). Turgid remake of the old John Ford glory needn't have bothered trying. Bing Crosby, Ann Margret and a cast of thousands try to look as if they are. **(BBC1)**

The Italian Job (Peter Collinson 1969). Ludicrous, over-long but likeable over-the-top epic comedy, featuring the unlikely starring combination of Benny Hill, Noel Coward and Michael Caine (Second Best Englishman on TV last week behind Peter Cook, for his Johnny Carson spot. Funny how Johnny Carson brings some people out in spots . . .) Famous for a multi Mini car chase, but the smaller gags are better. **(ITV LWT)**

Topkapi (Jules Dassin 1964). Great big slab of professional fun, with form and formula that inspired many imitations but few peers. Peter Ustinov wonderfully seedy, the plot wonderfully silly . . . **(BBC1)**

The Spy Who Loved Me (Lewis Gilbert 1977). Phil McNeill writes: "After the sad demise of that plucky little outfit Wire, I was irritated to see Gilbert and Lewis spiral off into a somnambulent mire of 'moderne' mood muzak for cerebral cocktail . . ." (contd. page 39). Seriously folks, this is the Bond before last — a mega-bore hi-tech blik-bok tik-tak Roger Moore metal teeth car BOOM BOOM crunch punch slurp midriff bang whallop (contd. 1.30, The Kings Arms) . . . **(ITV)**

Seven Days In May (John Frankenheimer 1964). Far preferable fare over on Beeb 2, as their Politics USA Style season continues. See *Winter Kills* last week — magic wasn't it? The token Ian Penman 'I hedged my bets last week reviewing a film I hadn't seen and now consider to be possibly one of the greatest ever made' comment.) Frankenheimer's — hedge, hedge — intense realisation of Rod Serling's seamless script has fine performances from Fredric March (as the Prez), Burt Lancaster (right wing loon — ah! the third loon) and Kirk Douglas (straight A guy). **(BBC2)**

Monday March 29

Saraband For Dead Lovers (Basil Dearden & Michael Relph 1948). Stewart Granger and Joan Greenwood swoon through the tragic love affair of Konigsmark, son of Zog, and Sophie Dorothea, wife of the Elector of Hanover who later became George I of England, begat of Hesslebac the Burgher, son of Sloth, Emperor of Thornemi, later the nephew of Baron Beemish Von Beembarg, Uncle twice removed (for incest) of the Honourable Otis Cribblecosis . . . (contd. page 56, Python Jokes We Have Loved To Death)

Cagney And Lacey (Ted Post 1979). Ted 'The cheque's in the' Post hacked up this conscientious crime pic, with Loretta 'if only I could ditch that Hot Lips bitch' Switt as a female detective battling crime with one hand and the predjudiced piggery of her male colleagues with t'other. "Tyne Daly co-stars in first role after the equally memorable *The Enforcer*" (Monty Smith, in his *Movie Facts No One Else Really Gives A Dog's Old Bone For,* Canadian Film Institute, 1981) **(BBC1)**

The Third Man (Carol Reed 1949). Reed's masterful evocation of post-WW11 trafficking and trial-blazing, set in the perfectly jaded labyrinthine lore of Vienna. There are too many 'classic' scenes to number — although the fave has to be Welles looking down on humanism from on high, blank faced misanthropy (premature existentialism?) at its chilliest. Danga danga dang, da dang . . . **(ITV Thames)**

Wednesday March 31

Countdown (Robert Altman 1967). One of the earliest example of the Altman aesthetic — tho' all that library of USA TV productions still languishes in the mistiness of time — this is a curious stitching together of soap and Sci Fi, with the always marvellous Robert Duvall and James Caan. **(BBC1)**

MONTY SMITH juggles with his Kia-Ora and choc ice in the front row.

Absence Of Malice (Directed by Sydney Pollack). Solid Hollywood professionalism in not entirely convincing anti-investigative reportage melodrama, Paul Newman back to something like his best as the libelled businessman, Sally Field flailing away to irritating effect as the busybody pen-pusher. **(Columbia)**

Atlantic City (Louis Malle). Welcome run out for one of last year's quiet classics, a compelling lowlife drama built around Burt Lancaster's faded memories and Susan Anspach's future aspirations in the tatty East coast gambling resort. Big Burt fully deserved his BAFTA Best Actor award last week. **(Enterprise)**

Halloween 2 (Rick Rosenthal). The seemingly invincible Shape turns Haddonfield Memorial Hospital into an abattoir in a mechanically efficient, not altogether unstylish, but fairly repellent follow up to John Carpenter's four-year-old blueprint, eschewing the playful suspense of the original in favour of some graphic effects. **(EMI)**

Mad Max 2 (George Miller). More vicious road games from the undeniably talented Dr Miller but the mindless mayhem of his futuristic punk Australian apocalypse, however brilliantly orchestrated, is just as hollow as the stuff currently being churned out by his American counterparts, Spielberg and Lucas. **(Warner Bros)**

On Golden Pond (Mark Rydell). Well-meaning, stodgy soap opera allowing septuagenarians Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn to tilt at a few more windmills and go for broke come next week's Oscars. Not unintelligent, just profoundly unimaginative. **(ITC)**

Taps (Harold Becker). Disastrously Disney-ised *Southern Comfort* with the boys in the brigade standing up to the evil property developers who'd turn their military academy into condominiums, the bastards. Never gets to grips with the dubious politics involved and a major disppointment after Becker's astute adaptation of *The Onion Field.* **(20th Century Fox)**

Venom (Piers Haggard). Remarkably silly shocker starring a big Black Mamba that bites Oliver Reed on the end of his knob. Director Haggard defends himself in this week' *Silver Screen.* **(HandMade)**

Wild Women Of Wonga (Michael Curtiz, or someone nearly as good). The trash ethic buffoons are lapping up this crock of puke. Me, I'm such a humourless bugger that I fail to see the intrinsic comedy value of a film made by incompetents for morons, but its curio appeal is worth four, maybe five minutes of your time. **(Scala)**

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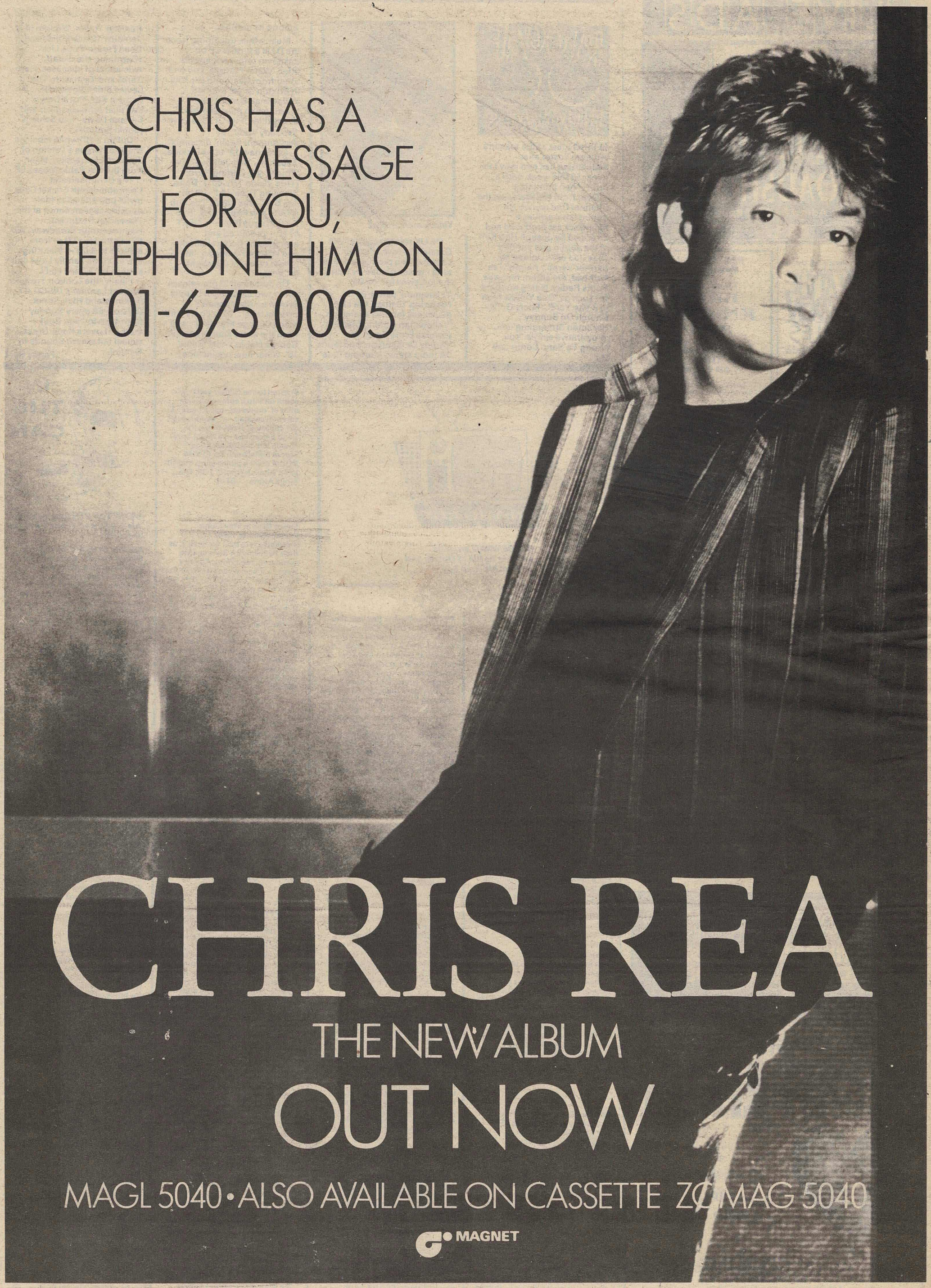

CHRIS REA

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LIVE!

The silver-sweet sweat of success *Chris Sullivan and Blue Rondo pics: Bryn Jones*

THE GLANCING...

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK

Southgate Royalty

1/ What is *not* news is that I had a hell of a time.
2/ *What* is that flash saying?! That the young Turk boys are not simply cool in a jumble steal stew, they are a silver glancing blow from a forgotten heaven. They should *zap* you, dead.
3/ What determines a group's aura? What function should groups fulfill? Should they all slot in the same manner? There are some groups, for instance, who ... I mean, the B52's should have released two or three *knockout* 45s and disappeared; any fool can tell you that's their *essence*. Like, when you listen to Theatre of Hate's album — oh, and it is an *album* — you know that you are in the presence of something irrevocably *adult*, you know? Just as you know when you have dipped your finger into some greasy *kid's* stuff. There are, of course, neutral propositions: with A Certain Ratio it is nice and positive, with Classix Nouveaux it is nought and negative. When you're nought, you're . . .
4/ I'm not sure about making a virtue out of the references you're making, but I sure loved Blue Rondo A La Turk on Saturday night. Blue Rondo A La Turk are halfway between a cartoon that kids could believe and a night that adults could relive. They could go either way and it wouldn't matter. They can *go*.
5/ "Beauty will be amnesiac or will not be at all." — Sylvere Lotringer, *The Dance of Signs*.
6/ The Soul message has always been *do it, just do it*. Which, if you want to start a ball extrapolating around its apparent simplicity, is quite a complicated statement: it is a casting off of peripheral considerations such as guilt, remorse, self-image, analysis, arrest. But there must be marks of research impressed upon the flesh which yields up such an abundance of . . .
7/ Production, for instance. Blue Rondo A La Turk's 'Klactoveesedstein' 45 turned my head in their direction, but it is not a perfect record, too cluttered. Records that are . . . *really* . . . have productions that *aren't there*, in fact, they have instruments that are practically *somewhere else* altogether. You don't *consider* it, which is the spell Blue Rondo A La Turk managed to work over me on Saturday night. You could grasp it in something by James Brown or Gil Scott Heron played before or after: a spotless, even 'clinical', even dirty, production, but *poetic* because it lets *rhythm* free, pell mell all over everything.
8/ The dancin' beat is emphasised. This is why some, so many, 12" mixes are becoming a drag, because solely an excuse to revert to stoned faaaaaaar out meanders or to dub-cut sneak-in an excruciating guitar solo or some such nonsense. We want melodies! We want to *walk* to your rhythms! Such things can set a bo(d)y free!
9/ Objectivity is a pure fiction. I offer up my disavowal. Logic will be tangential or will not be here at all. I realise Blue Rondo A La Turk's valour whilst writing over an Eric Dolphy tune.
10/ Once and for all: the club 'scene' in London, elsewhere, somewhere — which Blue Rondo A La Chris Sullivan are supposed to epitomise, or something — is in no sense *elitist*. There is no elite: half this supposed elite are your unemployed urchins, who make their own fashion, own way, own pleasure . . .
11/ Let it also be heard, from on high: Blue Rondo A La Turk on the restrictively small Royalty stage on Saturday night, with an audience they later claim is not sufficiently prepared to give in, up until a closing few numbers, this rendering the boys in the band less spirited, volatile, verveful, vengeful, very well . . . they were, well . . . *superb*, or one of those sorts of words. I'd stopped wondering if there was laugh left in the 'gig' night out: but started all over again. Stop worrying! Relax! Blue Rondo A La Turk on that stage are just *great*.
12/ A revue: if James White's scowl dropped off, and he let his Nietzchean laughter free . . . not that he should.
13/ Socks, hand signals, squeals, sockets. I could see my self clearly getting in love with this idea of Chris Sullivan's — and the nine or ten or some number of merry men who make it work. I suppose it has to be said, so: Blue Rondo A La Turk can really PLAY. The opening percussin' drumblin' gust, the *bass*ic catch, the million voices, and, most of all on Saturday night, *phew!*, those horns were really let out to play. So spell it out: a variety of tempos, a great selection of songs, all of them individually distinguishable *as songs*.
14/ The tart ensemble of chic brio. It's a pity that Blue Rondo A La Turk should have picked up a reputation for being snappy dressers bereft of any musical or spiritual lore. A pity, because not only do they possess such lore, they are *such* good dressers! (I particularly like the guitar player's socks on Saturday night.) But they aren't over-dressed or over-stressed in any one direction or over-concerned with their dress — they all of them look as if the evening's clothes relaxed around them. Besides, the line about fashion or style being a decadent predeliction is patent nonsense — the cultural spark of clothing is as 'important' as any other public code or system of signs. So: get pissed, forget it, forge a passport, and start all over again . . .
15/ Dean Martin's cufflinks. Two bottles of *Pils*. Flushing your bones with soft jazz. A carnival of drunken hymns. Cool, creases, smoke and broken glass, surrealistic ties, detail, stance, chat, cross-cultural charm . . .
16/ Melody is not a function of repressive ideology, it is not 'middle of the road', it . . . is an affirmation in the middle of nowhere. And with Blue Rondo A La Turk, it should not be a question of how 'authentic' it — or bits — can be judged.
17/ How the saxophone implores and ignites.
18/ Forget meaning.
19/ Repression cannot resist the folly of like-minds.
20/ 'Klactoveesedstein', means the psychological lure to youths of jive culture's intangible material choreography.
21/ Or, splinters of medication allow me to ungather: *"It don't mean nothing!!!"*

Ian Penman

DANCING BLOW, 1-30!

BOW WOW WOW

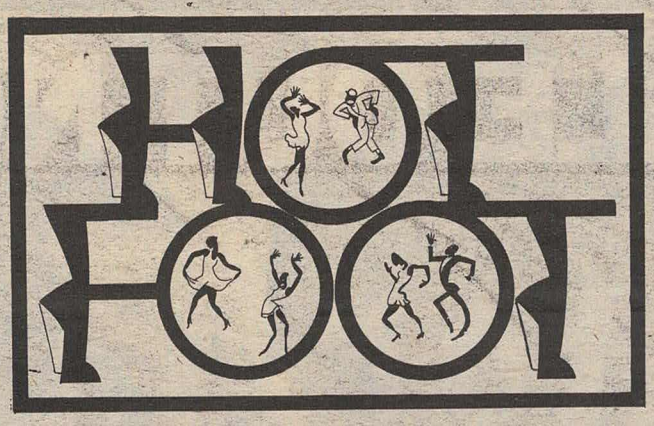
Empire Ballroom

22/ Let me remind you, to begin with, that there are people worth trusting. Who was it that had, a year ago, the nerve and the knowledge to anticipate this brilliant and essential new pop boom? — even sensible Simon Frith is politely accepting that pop music has never been so diverse, adventurous and gratifying. Who was it that, a year ago, just knew and was telling you beautifully that it wouldn't be long before The Associates, ABC and Bow Wow Wow were in the top 15 and The Human League, Altered Images, Depeche Mode and Japan were regular chart sensations? Who was preparing you for pop's greatest period? Me! So let's be friends. I care about your health. Let's keep moving. You have to be quick . . .
23/ Bow Wow Wow the successful pop group lightly sprinkled with demonic and apocalyptic images: Malcolm McLaren the romantic egoist, the self-styled lord of the jungle, the monstrous product of Europe . . . from a rapid flick through *Heart Of Darkness* via *Top Of The Pops* to the Empire Ballroom . . .
24/ . . . out to the edge of the forest, to the bush, towards the gleam of fires, the throb of drums, the drone of weird incantations . . . inside the very attractive Empire Ballroom Bow Wow Wow are making good use of artificial props and I'm not thinking of 'jungle sound' but of the Jungian archetype of the child as totally vulnerable and totally invincible. I'm also considering McLaren's Nietzschian knowledge — beneath the surfaces of 'modern' life Nietzsche discerned vital energies which were wild, primitive and completely merciless. At the appropriate hour, man, he proposed, would raise himself to titanic proportions and conquer his own civilisation: the vital forces will be released in revenge, and produce a new barbarism. I decide that Bow Wow Wow are some sort of cartoon version, a gloriously pop-ied embodiment, of McLaren's ironic moral imperative. They're not much of a hair-raising experience but they're exuberant entertainment. Cheerful, radically sceptical *stuff*.
25/ I'm not sure of their value but one thing's for sure: they're very quick. Their songs are tongues licking and flicking all over your body: warm tongues with just the right amount of moisture. Happiness for Bow Wow Wow is not a taboo. Bow Wow Wow plead in the end for the essential amorality of pleasure. This pleases me. I will gladly let Bow Wow Wow play around with my pessimism and poke fun at my tolerance. It's not healthy to rely on solemnity.
26/ I should like to suggest that at least on the face of it a stroke by stroke story of a Bow Wow Wow show is as exactly absurd as a chew by chew account of the consumption of a chicken's wing.
27/ . . . it is as though the relentless grip exerted on lives through yearning, frustration, boredom, guilt can only be prised open by the forces of sensation. Bow Wow Wow! are full of significance because they are full of themselves. They are neither tasteful nor tasteless: ignorant nor composed: anguished nor apathetic. They wouldn't mind if you say they don't matter. They understand, with a slightly menacing certainty, that what really matters is the leap into exhilaration, and the preparation for that leap. They also know that rock music as it has come to be guarantees nothing, neither a direction, a meaning, or indeed an ending. Bow Wow Wow declare boundless loathing for the language handed down to us. So you could say that one way and another they're not only 'liberating new pop' (which doesn't mean much to anyone but me) but also primitive irrationalists (which will mean something to everyone). Not only explosively enthusiastic but also a flight from the hard angularity of things. Actually . . .
28/ Forget meaning.
29/ Even if you're a toad you'll have to agree that you either like Bow Wow Wow or you don't. I can't explain it any more than that: I'm not feeling guilty about it. (You're obviously only going to support and celebrate a 'polemic' or music that you 'Agree' with . . .) The interpretation of Bow Wow Wow that appeals to me most of all is: 'impatient, diabolical joy.' The interpretation that appeals to me least of all is: "monotonous'. Bow Wow Wow don't make me feel sad, and I've always felt deep affection for the obstinate bastards. Bow Wow Wow could become merely competent instead of severely uncommon, reasonable rather than irresponsible: who knows? At this moment they do nothing to paralyse my imagination. It's hard for me to feel indignant about them, just as it's easy for me to doubt the very idea of absolute value. For now Bow-Wow Wow refuse to be tender and their tenacity is to be celebrated. Sometimes . . . beautiful is resolution. I'm all worked up!
30/ What a world.

Paul Morley

Annabella bow-wows to the new pop boom Pics: Peter Anderson

LIVE!



An occasional guide to clubbing it

GLASGOW

TO THE VISITOR in search of Glasgow's clubland, Charing Cross is an excellent starting point. Behind you, in the distance, lies the 'eccentric wedge' — the heart of the fashionable West End, where Roy Jenkins has been pitting his frayed wits against the opposition (and not least the local crazed bigot Pastor Jack Glass, who is vehemently objecting to the papal visit, and the council's recent decision to lift the ban on Python's *Life Of Brian . . .*) in *that* by-election.

Ahead — most of the city's clubs and discos, dotted in and around a cluster of cinemas, bars, stores and restaurants: Sauchiehall Street really swings.

Head down past the slowly decaying opulence of **Tiffanys Ballroon**: a substantially-sized dancehall/roller disco, which hosts the occasional rock concert — long queues, plastic tumblers, nice toilets . . . and past **The Mayfair;** a disco which also present groups from time to time. Slightly lacking in atmosphere, due probably to its rather bitty lay-out, although the regular reggae discos seem more intimate.

Turning up into Scott St., we're now in Unicorn Leisure territory. Next door to their offices and not a stone's throw from the Art School, under the sharp vision of whizz-kid entrepreneur Gary McGrotty, **Maestros** incites and salutes the prevailing fashions. Inside, it's smart and comfortable; good music, disgraceful but lively toilets. At the mirrors, groups of girls furiously backcomb and lacquer huge shocks of peroxide, henna-red and blue-black hair. Eyes are darkened menacingly, and lips, slicked bright red, draw deeply on long cigarettes. Reflections are coolly admired.

Maestros features a variety of local and established live acts most Sundays, which tend to attract a slightly different audience, with the familiar faces of the local rock elite amongst them. There has already been a noticeable disintegration of previously rigid rock and disco audience structures, but the complete fusion envisaged by McGrotty will perhaps never be realised, because no matter how acceptable the music may be; broadly-speaking — to the post-punk subculture the traditional disco process sucks a big one.

Different games, different aims; we'll leave on the strains of 'I Travel'. You can guarantee you'll hear at least one of those Simple Minds' thumping disco beats. Back onto Sauchiehall St., and across the road to Unicorn's shimmering showpiece . . . tucked away unobtrusively at the corner of Wellington St., the smooth silver facade of **Ultratheque** belies the almost breathtaking splendour of its interior: a glittering array of lights, lasers, mirrors and very fine music, boy couldn't possibly meet girl in a more stunning disco environment. That prevalent (female) teendream dilemma — is it love you're after or just a good time? — could quite easily pale in importance under the hypnotic whirl of the luscious surroundings. Groups are rarely invited in, although at the height of their popularity Spandau played a prestigious concert here to a packed house last summer. Besides the recent Haircut 100 concert, I think only the rather dreadful Funkapolitan have had the privilege . . .

Back down Sauchiehall St., to the last club on the list, bypassing **The Savoy Centre** *en route* (another Unicorn establishment, duplicating the disco ritual without the seductive grandeur of Ultratheque) and climb flights of stairs flanked by glittering blue walls to **Night Moves,** which opened a few months ago with the specific aim of combining live music and disco: which may not sound particularly ambitious, but for Glasgow it's a first. The only club in town to boast that modern wonder — the video screen — although I do think it's about time they ditched 'Girls On Film'. Night Moves present live music most Thursdays and Fridays, But attendance levels seem to fluctuate quite dramatically: which could probably be attributed to the often glaring inconsistencies in booking policy. Glasgow audiences are notoriously fickle, and popular local groups are often far more reliable crowd-pullers than obscure indie groups. Night Moves, while still in its infancy, is a valuable option — although the toilets are a bit cramped . . .

Which leaves only **The Warehouse,** at the Clydeside, near such local beauty spots as Paddy's market: a well-designed, up-market nighterie, with several bars, split levels, and restaurant. Oh yes, and the most nauseating collection of flabby, be-jewelled middle-aged swingers you're ever like to encounter under the one roof at the same time.

Nocturne

Pigbag pump and swing

Pic: Peter Anderson

DANCE TIME DEMENTIA!

PIGBAG
THE BELLE STARS
MOUTH

Hammersmith Palais

DANCE? I could have tried all night.

If any of the electro-bozo prancing petals had any dance in them, they'd sound like this. If any of them had any sex, knew anything about sex appeal, they'd look like this and call themselves MOUTH.

MOUTH have (s)punk, have fantastic ears have smooth aggression and the best drum solo in captivity. They're funnier than the Higsons and they don't even have lyrics, they make more noise than a safe Maximum Joy yet there's only three of them.

MOUTH were brilliant ... but I didn't dance cos I missed 'em. The Belle Stars were just that. Just. The problem being they're not quite special enough to be anything *more* than nearly famous or look any better than reasonably sharp. The crowd brought out the polka dot shirts and the whistles and loved them but I just fell in love with the singer and got bored with the beat.

The Belle Stars churn out the right rhythms, put on a show and are overwhelmingly pleasant. The singer keeps saying "Excuse me!", the band play a song called 'Funky Chicken' and keep on churning cowardly funk. Spew it up! Burn it down ... You know the rap.

Now, if they had Dammers' keyboards or Lesley Woods' guitar they wouldn't need to be nearly so apologetic but then the boize 'n girls on the floor seem happy with second best these days and everyone loves a pub rock band, the fretless throb and easy reason to dance with stoopid frenzy.

I would've danced out of boredom but Pigbag came on and woke me up with less excuses, more action. They start low key, quietly messing around, Rip Rigging it so that, when they suddenly let loose with 'Sunny Day', the pumping bass thumps all the harder.

Down go the beer glasses and out onto the dancefloor come the illuminated jumpers (look daft, sure, but better than a beret). The bohos dance with their bums and assault all in their vicinity with dangerously driven backsides or else make shy attempts at muted pogoing before realising it only makes their berets fall off and doesn't look right anyroad. The horns squawk and interrupt, sound like they're improvising and fill the songs with great slices of careering brass while the drums rattle round the edges. But the bass runs the show —two black skins down the front have sussed this is skank music and are dancing the sharp way, all shuffling Doc Martens and controlled arm-flail, speeding along with the bass rush.

Pigbag are supreme, a demented dance-machine who pump and swing and don't have to prove they're crazy. They're one of a crucial minority of bands, one of the few who can justify being solid dancetrack, who can get away with uplifting noise and nothing else. They capture the brilliance of Madness and still box clever but never flirt with the feigned delirium, the rhythm 'n' muesli middle class indulgence of Rip, Rig & Panic.

Pigbag keep pumping, pumping, the crowd keep jumping and when they encore with 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag', MOUTH joining them onstage to provide even more bottle, you're driven to dance.

I could've tried but I skanked. Rush now and avoid the Panic!

X. Moore

VICIOUS PINK PHENOMENA

Leeds

GIVEN the potential pratfalls facing a back-up team who decide to drop their guard and take some tentative steps out onto the more demanding solo stage, Vicious Pink Phenomena were wise to fix their live debut for the Leeds Warehouse and ensure that their launch was a strictly local and low-key affair.

The Pinks — Josie and Brian — were the duo who supplied the extra vocal muscle on Soft Cell's attractive gallery of hit singles last year. Now they are shaping up to show that finesse to impress in their own right with a single, 'My Private Tokyo', on Dave Claridge's intercontinental Mobile Suit label and a swift spate of live outcrops.

Tonight they blend perfectly into the scheme of things in a sweaty, swaying northern club, the presence of a group on a stage for 15 minutes doing little to upset the rhythm of a Friday night on the town: for the marine boys and facility girls grooving on the dance floor or grappling in dark corners, the band were almost incidental to the evening's entertainment — a diversion, albeit a welcome one.

Their three-song set seemed over before it had a chance to really start, Josie and Brian singing over a backing tape supplied by Soft Cell's Dave Ball, one of the unsung master craftsmen of contemporary dance pop, his grounding in northern soul the ideal pedigree for this type of pumping, fluid electropop.

The show tries to palm itself off as performance art, although this conceit only extends to the stage of Josie spray-canning the band name like a lithe-limbed J. Walter Negro on two plastic screens. The songs — 'Promise', 'Paris' and 'Tokyo' — dip and surge with brisk concision, although they do tend to reek of the tiresome eulogising of foreign parts, rather like some band from New Zealand waxing lyrical about the mystery and mystique of Middlesbrough.

As a live attraction, the Vicious Pinks are diverting but not yet addictive. What they play is not totally throwaway, but neither was it the most dynamic live music I encountered over the weekend, that particular honour going to Blue Rondo's souled-out Southgate Royalty show the following evening.

My nagging suspicion is that they will have to come up with something a little more substantial if they are to last this year's course. I could be wrong, however: speaking on last Friday's *Roundtable,* Tottenham's Glenn Hoddle, no stranger to the merits of artistic grace and precision, predicted that 'My Private Tokyo' would be a number one single. As recommendations go, they just don't come any better than that!

Adrian Thrills

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Saturday 27	**LONDON**	Hammersmith Odeon	Tuesday 6	**BRISTOL**	Colston Hall
Sunday 28	**LONDON**	Hammersmith Odeon	Wednesday 7	**LEICESTER**	De Montfort Hall
Monday 29	**LONDON**	Hammersmith Odeon	Thursday 8	**LEICESTER**	De Montfort Hall
APRIL			Friday 9	**BIRMINGHAM**	Odeon
Thursday 1	**PORT TALBOT**	Avan Lido	Saturday 10	**BIRMINGHAM**	Odeon
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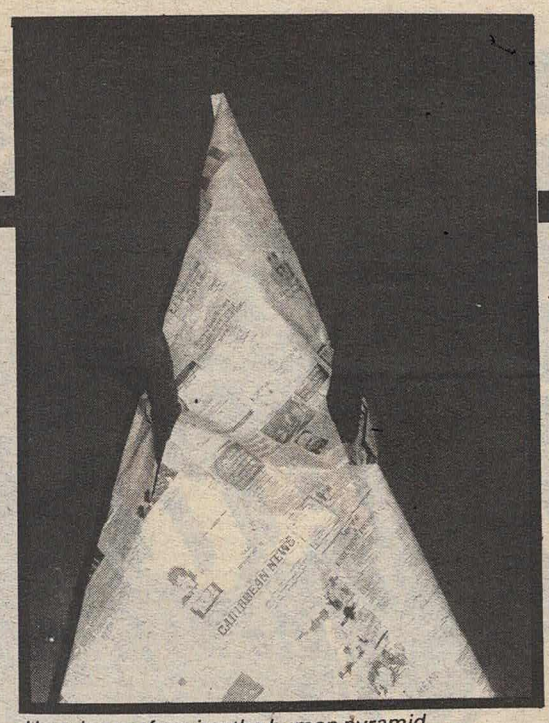


Hermine performing the human pyramid

Pics: Erica Echenberg

HERMINE

The Fridge

I THOUGHT Hermine took her name from a character out of de Sade or Bataille, and was into SM and playing with whips and other fetishistic toys. Nothing of the sort: she's an amateur Nico who plays off her amateurishness in a way that is mournful, coy and deadpan all at once.

Hermine — the person rather than the persona — is probably essentially shy and vulnerable, so why should she want to go on stage with only the occasional backing tape and a microphone which amplified her cracked voice and nervous broken English? She does it because there's a calculating side to her too, and because she gets to make a mockery of love and, even more, of men. "There's been a lot of men in my life but not much life in my men" is an approximation of one of her lines: it's the kind of tired Old World sophistication which Victoria Wood in some of her songs has made very Lancashire and gritty. The French and English don't have a lot in cultural common, but a certain music hall tradition they do share: mythical boulevards and Blackpool pier meet — and wasn't one of Jeanne Moreau's parents from Lancashire?

Hermine also does her thing (braving the shouts from the more drunken troglodyte sections of the audience because she likes rolling around with fictitious beasts — the kind she makes a date with during the song where she waits under the clock like some Sandie Shaw without the voice. In both of Hermine's two very brief sets, Jules Baker (builder of special effects and maker of monsters and puppets — for The Goodies amongst others) comes on stage modelling one of his creations. First there was a fantastical eyeless aquatic version of a giant panda, a brown canvas-and-cloth blob thing which, after cuddles from Hermine, jumped into the audience scattering them. It was unclassifiable, therefore threatening. Baker's second monster, though, was more orthodox, a brontosaurus which those trogs first stroked, then toppled over, becoming audience participators with a fury and probably illustrating all the points which Hermine had been making about men.

I'm making it all sound more significant than it really was, for ultimately Mlle drowns in her own tentativeness, a performer who didn't intervene in the Saturday night disco-life of the Fridge, but merely interrupted it. Good fun, eh?

Paul Tickell

AWESOME!!!

VAN MORRISON

The Dominion

VAN MORRISON is small, fat, balding, awkward and far from good looking but it doesn't matter A DAMN because he sings with more passion than anyone alive, and has the ability to produce astonishing music.

Consider the amazing range of styles and formats he's embraced over the past 20 years, without ever losing grasp on his perspectives or the spiritual core of his music.

It seems only natural that Morrison's career should arrive at his present resting place but the low-key nature of many of his recent songs does not detract from tonight's show as they are revitalised by a superbly precise and uplifting group of musicians: Van himself doubles on electric piano and guitar, playing some very tasteful vibrato on 'Wavelength' in particular.

The most inspiring thing about the whole evening was that Morrison is so obviously hungry, progressing into new areas and still determined to pare down his music so that it gives the maximum effect.

Songs are re-coloured, re-vibed and re-interpreted, it's as if he has subsumed all his old strengths and scopes and crystallised them into a set which is the accumulation of past glories but still a refreshingly new and regenerative experience in itself.

Sidestepping the ritual chants for old favourites (he said it was *"too late to stop now"* ten years ago, bozos) his opening medley is brisk and tantalising highlights from 'Into The Mystic', 'Moondance' and 'Wavelength'. The band had proved their impeccable credentials — the power of the city blues masters tempered with a mature jazzy restraint — in a brief introduction and from the start the match was perfect. Morrison, *the* incomparable vocalist, was back with a vengeance and only Otis Redding, perhaps Al Green, could have captured the same power and feeling, the notes hitting all the right places and the emotion — sensuous, ravaged and demented — joyously pouring out.

In this light even the likes of 'I Was Lifted Up', 'Vanloose Stairway' and 'Summertime In England' become tremendous *tour de forces*, the band winding down, curling upwards and breaking out into a steamrolling stride. With Morrison surging along at the fore, his most unrestrained vocals since the best bits of 'Too Late To Stop Now', the whole thing cooks at maximum pressure.

There wasn't a duff moment anywhere but, some memorable moments from an unforgettable performance.

The shimmering sanctifying 'It's All In The Game' with its duet between Van and Pee Wee Ellis, 'Summertime In England' with its seductive maelstrom and stream of conciousness rap building to one of those intense climaxes as Morrison, with some new lyrics about Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg and Christopher Isherwood!, testifies with neo-baptist fervour, the splintered funk of 'I'm Satisfied', an electrifying 'Cyprus Avenue' (a completely new song, sparse rhythm and new vivid lyrics). Then there's the bits where he just hollers or yells — *"Turn it up — that's enough"*, *"Railroad"*, *"It Ain't Why — it just is"* and it sounds better and makes more sense than anything you've ever heard.

I saw Van Morrison play twice last weekend and he produced the most awesome kind of soul music imaginable and two of the most inspired performances I'd ever witnessed. It left you with a rich glow, he hadn't played 'Warm Love' but, really, it was ever present everywhere, the natural effect of music rooted in emotional sincerity and nurtured with creative honesty.

Gavin Martin

CHOOGA CHOOGA

The Fridge

MORE baggy suits, more bow ties, more girls banging percussion (a champagne bottle yet), shaking marimbas and cooing choruses — yes, it's another art school band.

This one's from Edinburgh and everybody wears white . . . but hang on, 'cos the bassie has an enormous pair of black Docs sticking out the bottom of his baggies and he plays much the same style — tough, bouncy, pushy — and those fey vaguely latin rhythms that art school bands are likely to peddle you are being pumped with righteous invention. And when they switch off that damn drum machine and one of the female duo climbs behind the kit, there's a decent rhythm section at work.

Just as well, since there's scant melody from the squeaky sax and keyboards and the lead singer seems too busy Byrneishing his vocals to bother much with that tasty gold Fender he's cradling. The songs, though, have sharp teeth, and the band's overall determination and presence are enough to win over the habitual good-time crowd at what is currently London's most under-rated venue. At least all those white suits matched the decor.

Dexter Fabian

PRIDE

Southall

'BRITAIN's number one Jazz-Funk band' proclaims typically tacky hoardings outside Americas, the latest plush 'n polish addition to Southall's late-night (well, midnight anyway!) steppin' and stompin' community. Whether Pride, embarking on only their third tentative musical excursion, actually aspire to that grandiose title themselves would be an interesting question, for the broad-ranging musics they explore perhaps faintly ridicule the possible narrow pigeon-holing of the Jazz-Funk tag.

The notorious conservatism of the British Jazz-Funk 'scene', where indistinctive sludge that is neither Jazz *nor* Funk forms the soundtrack for the fancy footwork of a Woodhouse and Gabicci set, throws up numerous difficulties for any group intent on making live performance a dominant part of their itinerary. For a band not specifically contriving to hype themselves to prominence through fashion-based incubation of rumour and tease, who operate in both spheres of cocktail-smooth jazz and fast black dance rhythm, the use of the existing circuit is essentially inevitable.

Thus Pride, acquitting themselves admirably in their investigation of more subtle body musics, had to endure the stymied response of a sparse crowd irritated and indignant at losing their Roy Ayers for a brief period.

Pride, if tags are necessary, are a Soul band in the respect that, irrespective of the actual musical idiom, their message to feet and head travels via the heart.

Pride are the creative and vocal centre of last year's latin-tinged floorfillers Ariva, whose few brief appearances promised so much, but, collapsing under the weight of it's increasingly varied line-up, ultimately delivered little. Pride is the result of some creative pruning and re-directing, now emerging with a potentially enticing synthesis of varied, contrasting vocals backed by a supple, vaguely experimental rhythmic backdrop.

Nick, Sade and Barbara, the singers, each possess their own individual style which, through constant swapping of lead, harmony and backing roles ensures a positive identity to each number. While the beginning of the set proves nervously hesitant, once they settle into the relaxed groove of the slower, stronger tunes like 'Sweet Love' and 'Diamond Life' they succeed in putting an individual stamp while promoting a familiar feel.

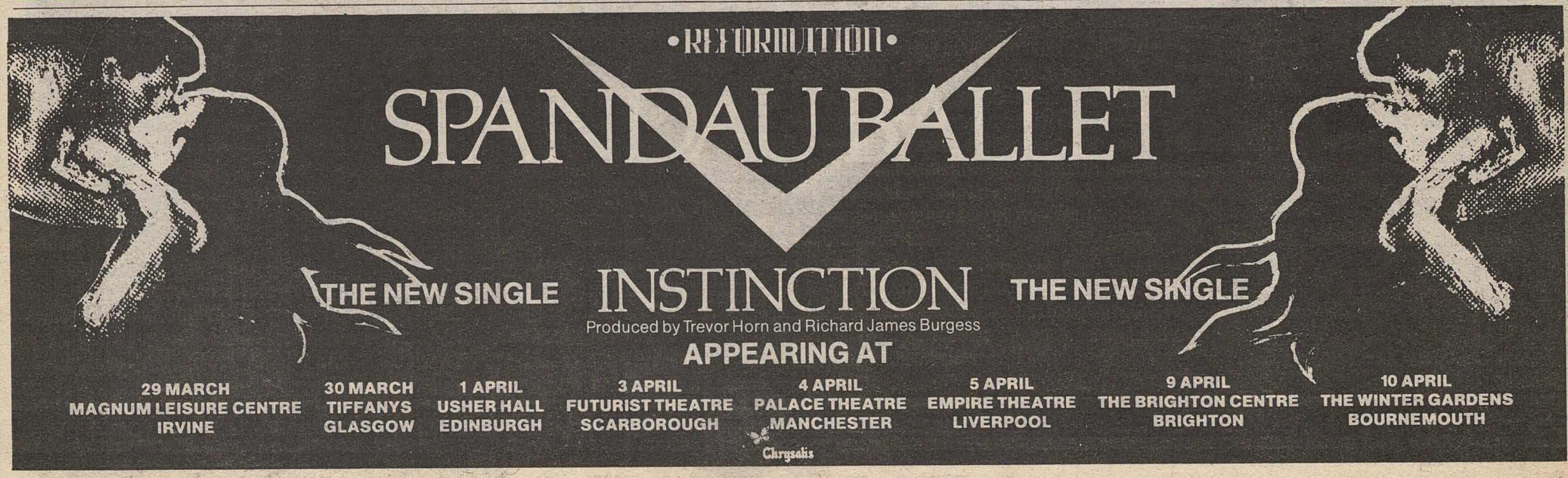
Pride is not a funk band — the bass player sacrifices the get up pop and snap for a more sure-fingered styled, and the (excellent) young saxist is determined to fully exorcise His Soul with a refined flurry of non-riffing Sanbornisms — and as such can never fully appeal to such a confined attitude.

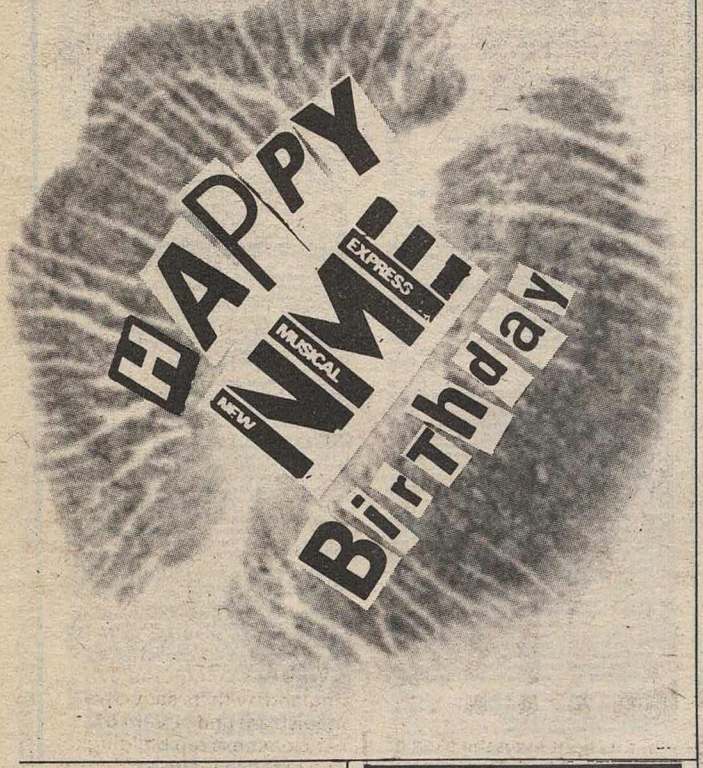
Pride's success will rest on their ability to present their skill and beauty to the pop buyers. They have the looks, the tunes, the balance to be Great Pop. They are not heavy, but rely on brittle assertion of quality rhythm and melody.

Great dance pop already rules the charts — Pride are set to follow.

James T Kirk

MORE LIVE! ON PAGE 59





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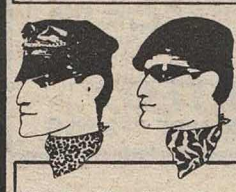

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MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS QUARTET TREVOR WATTS' MOIRE MUSIC

Round House

MOIRE MUSIC saw Trevor Watts pilot a ten-strong team through an enthusiast's welding of African and western musics. That it often seemed more like collision than collusion might be put down to insufficent rehearsal: too often I felt myself adrift in misconceived textural ugliness, dervish violins uneasily astride the saxes (Larry Stabbins excellent on tenor, though). A couple of tunes found an efficacious lilt and a wall of soprano sonorities struck home — otherwise, a confusing set.

One of the father figures of the new jazz, Muhal Richard Abrams played to a rule of very hard intelligence. There didn't seem to be a note wasted or placed without intense reasoning in a collection that seldom bubbled but stoked a smouldering, persistent interactive heat. It began with a tense duet between Abrams' piano and Baikida Carroll's breathy flugelhorn — a promise of spilled emotion always on the horizon but the brink never reached. No sooner had the others (Andrew Cyrille on drums and Wallace McMillan on baritone sax and flute) appeared then all except the drummer marched off for an extended percussion interlude: expected patterns of tension and release confounded again.

The music took on a fluid, conversational shape, Carroll and McMillan exchanging remarks muted or coloured by felicities of tone known only to themselves. A tremulously lucid flute melody wound through the second piece and led to a rippling current of group sound that begged the illusion of total improvisation until the leader stopped it on a dime. Muhal knew where he was all along.

I could perhaps have wished for more of his own piano in isolation. He seemed content to tug at the other players with a half-whispered chord or two or rumble dark-heated *arpeggios* to rough up anything too placid. Carroll's vocabulary impressed me too, a retreat from luxuriant tone and a concern for vivid images from a passion under wraps.

Never too demonstrative, yet a music to wither demagogues in the force of its exact, feelingful logic. Four quiet men unshakeable in their purpose: a generous harvest.

Richard Cook

Abrams ... smouldering heat *Pic: David Corio*

THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

Round House

I DOUBT whether words can do justice to The Art Ensemble Of Chicago. Last week, to packed and ecstatic audiences, they played two astonishing yet totally different concerts: on Friday came a majestic display of ferocious freeform, while Monday night offered a uniquely magical mystery tour of jazz history and exotic musical textures. As well as this, on both nights, they threw in spectacle, comedy galore, consummate artistry and an unparalleled sense of group empathy. Their store of riches was seemingly inexhaustible.

Formed in the creative maelstrom which reshaped Chicago jazz in the mid-'60s, the Art Ensemble settled into a quintet who have grown over the last decade into one of jazz's most popular attractions. Their bizarre stage dress and warpaint makeup, their dramatic tableaux and rampant humour, endow a theatrical panache to their shows. And though the music can pierce the most daunting heart of the avant garde, they're also at home with a romp through dixieland or bebop or the blues, either played straight or wickedly parodied, as in the raggedy, drunken waltz that is one of their funniest party pieces.

On Monday, they deployed their full array of instruments — huge racks of bells and gongs, a clutter of drums and congas, row upon row of gleaming horns — and conjured up a wealth of breath-taking sounds. There were whistles, bells and sirens; a wailing conch; a sopranino, as delicate as birdsong; a grunting bass saxophone; and one stupendous passage with all five musicians banging gongs, building wave after wave of sound into a ringing crescendo. A night of delicacy and awesomeness.

Friday marched to a different drum. They cut down on the instruments and flew into some manic freeform, driven by thunderous percussion — and then took the piss out of themselves by switching into a frantic mime of their own intensity — while Monday's guerilla humour of snorts and honks was replaced by the set pieces of a mock scat duel and a glorious horn rampage based around cavalry bugle calls.

The band's steadfast virtues were evident on each occasion. Roscoe Mitchell's fine-spun soprano and Joseph Jarman's writhing tenor; the endless invention of bassist Malachi Favors; percussionist Don Moye, a matchless reader of moods and tempos; and centre-stage, jerking convulsively, the wiry figure of Lester Bowie preaching, preening and playing the blues, his trumpet swung from side to side as it rasped and yelped and growled encouragement.

But more than its individual components, enthralling as they are, the Art Ensemble thrives on interaction. These are five musicians who *listen* — sensitive, responsive, alert — to attain an almost unearthly rapport. Their timing, their sense of dynamics, is flawless; their music a perfect ebb and flow of affection and ferocity, enchantment and discord. And behind it all is a sublime sense of playfulness which means their music, for all its density or spaciousness or cacophonous flurries, finally walks with a carnival swagger that dispatches you laughing and light-headed into the cold night air.

Like their banner proclaims, "Great Black Music: Ancient To The Future". The best I've ever heard.

Graham Lock

TIMELESS ALL STARS

Round House

ALL VETERANS of varying terms, all still conclusively on the case. The All Stars' faith in the sheer joy of playing broke the bonds of collar-and-tie politeness and went straight for the swing — expertise and roguish enthusiasm spliced in consummate balance, older hearts caught in the very act of singing.

What the six Stars played ran roughly to the seam of hard bop smokin' — tempos swaying between a sportive jaunt and a more bellicose drive — with the rhythm section opening like a clam for the soloists to speak their piece. Up front, Curtis Fuller's trombone wrestled with a gospel-tinged righteousness while the very great and impeccably dapper tenorman Harold Land remembered his Texas guts and his unfaltering linear invention.

At the back, Buster Williams played bass so exciting you almost forgot the cool, the logic and the perfect placement of the rhythm in wondering where it would go next; and Billy Higgins, solid in a way only Blakey can top, gave a big rascally grin from behind his kit to whoever else was playing.

I loved the nuances in Cedar Walton's broad-beamed piano too; but most of all I loved Bobby Hutcherson's vibes. How this brilliant player has been wasted these last ten years is beyond me: the dashing runs, the grave resonance, the pregnant stops and asides, the untarnished lyricism, all portrayed a journeyman who's home at last. His ballad feature of 'My Foolish Heart' was so melting, so creamily transcendant ... I drifted back to a cool midsummer night, Stolen Moments' on the stereo, the breeze in the magnolias ...

It was the warmest mainstream playing I've heard in a month of new moons. They seemed to tease each other on to play better and better, fraternal nods to denote a particularly golden touch, renewing melodic associations in tunes like Walton's 'Clockwise' and 'Firm Roots' with a kind of playing that seemed to renege on itself when Blue Note sold its soul to funk. All Stars in every way.

Richard Cook

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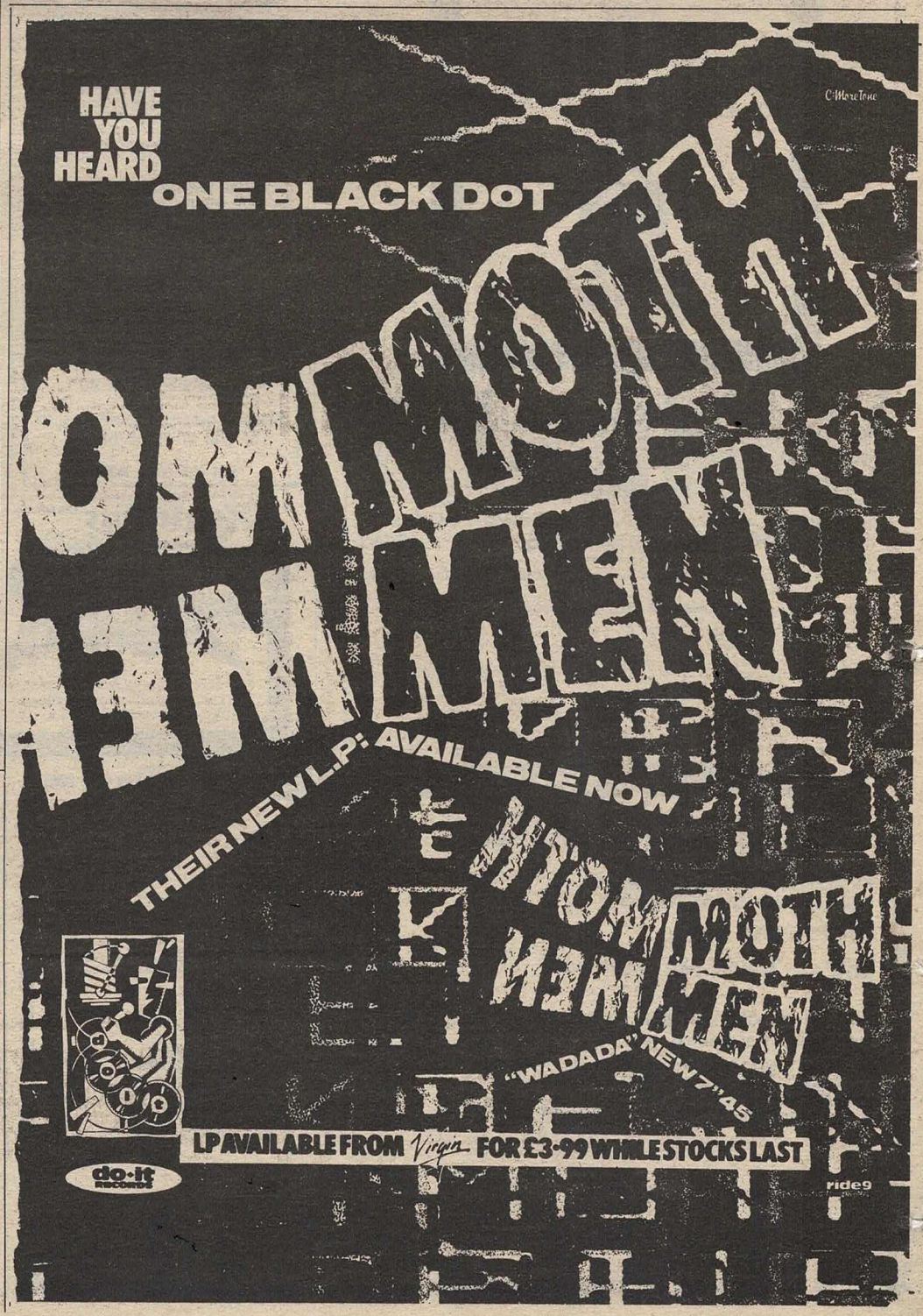

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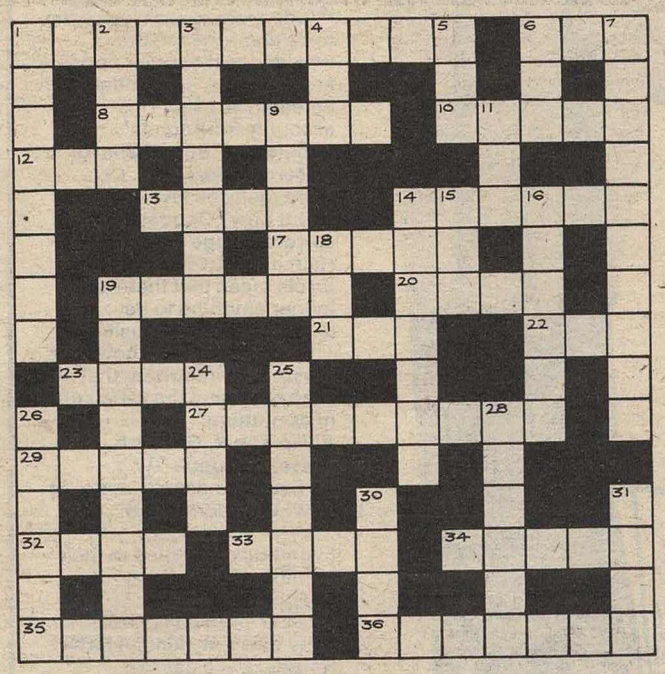
NME X-Press Word

ACROSS

1 Fowl direction from Haircut 100 (7, 4)
6 Burst Mr Osterberg and this is the noise he makes (3)
8 See 3 down
10 Toyah's friend in Barnet (5)
12 Poles Stewart (3)
13 See 19 across
14 Babylonians without a cause? (6)
17 A record (5)
19 **and 13** Pigbag's pair (6, 4)
20 A sort of crunchy band with sugar on top (4)
21 From which Japan's drum was made (3)
22 Speedwagon's number plate (1, 1, 1)
23 Alan of M.A.S.H. fame (4)
27 The A of ABC (6, 3)
29 It precedes Chrissie's sleep (1, 2, 2)
32 He who wears the blue mask (4)
33 In which Bowie delivered his lines with the eloquence of a muskrat at the first rehearsal (4)
34 Joy Division motionless (5)
35 **and 1 down** T Gristle's man of words (7, 1, 7)
36 See 14 down

DOWN

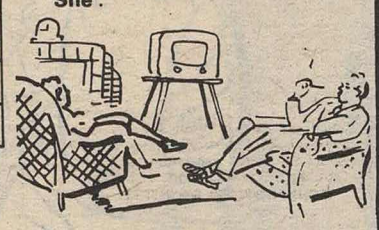
1 See 35 across
2 The metal of the belly (5)
3 **and 8 across** Multiple coronories or Madness single in plural (7, 7)
4 Soggy US West Coast mag dealing with the delights of bathing (3)
5 Was, not not was (3)
6 Label in the sky (3)
7 What the Birthday Party are drunk on, think Vatican juice (5, 5)
9 The lyrical alternative if one cannot beg or borrow (5)
11 --- Cap label upon which Sore Throat did their stuff (3)
14 **and 36 across** Jackson Browne continues without fuel (7, 2, 5)
15 Label, Thorn's partners (1, 1, 1)
16 Brothers who are gone, gone, gone (6)
18 First word of late Beatle album (3)
19 Pumpkin film mark II (9)
24 ---- Duul, Munich band with lemmingmania (4)
25 What she is made of (7)
26 Panic! Where are the others? (3, 3)
28 One of the methods (6)
30 Ms Laine (4)
31 What the Au Pairs did with a different sex (4)



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'I Won't Close My Eyes', 9 'Centrefold', 10 Factory, 12 'Nine to Five', 13 UFO, 14+22D Tina Charles, 15 'Tusk', 17+33D 'No More Tears', 18 Budgie, 20 Bing, 21 'Bachelor Boy', 23 'Tea', 24 Gates, 26+27D+40a 'Beauty And The Beast', 31 May, 32 Set, 34 Evasions, 35 'Closer', 38 'Star', 39 Eric.

DOWN: 1 'Incontinent', 2 'Oh No Not My Baby', 3+41A 'Turn To Stone', 4 Ono, 5 Eddie Tudor, 6 'Evacuate,' 7 'Eat To The Beat', 8 Crass, 10 Fifth, 16 Korgis, 18+19D Billy Idol, 25 'Eye', 28 Adam Ant, 29+32D 'Driver's Seat', 30 Kinks, 31 'Mickey', 36+37A Ohio Players, 37 'Pea', 38 'She'.



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BE THERE OR BEWARE!!! ECLECTICISM IS CATCHING ON.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES with record companies, radio stations, etc. Full-time/part-time. Experience unnecessary. Read "Music Employment Guide" £1.20; "Careers in Radio" £1.50; "British Music Index" (over 1,700 employers addresses) £1.50. All three £3.40. Hamilton House, Publishing, Creaton, Northampton.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

CANNABIS LAW REFORM LOBBY House of Commons, Wednesday, 31st March, 2.30 pm onwards. Details of lobby, newsletter, products: Legalise Cannabis Campaign, c/o: No. 1 Elgin Avenue, London W.9. 01-289 3883.

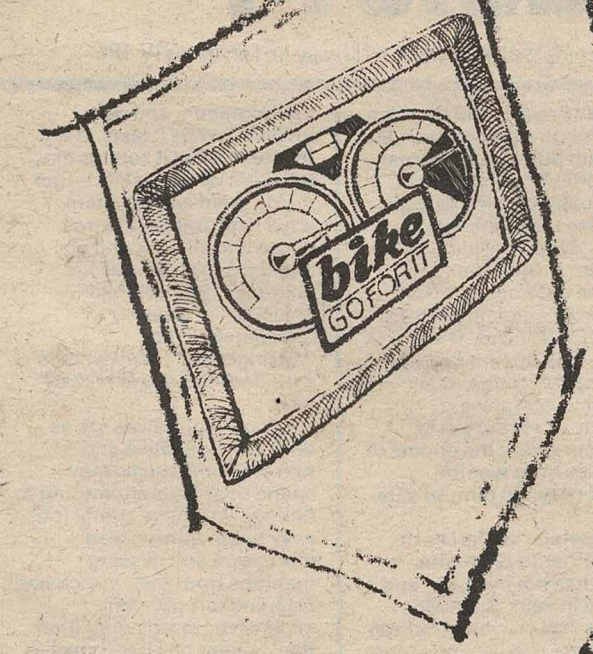
JAM, FANX for great day at Brixton. Special fanx to Dee. Kevin, Dee, Chaz.

MOOD ELEVATORS, new office. 021-430 5115.

WE, ALAN DAVID GEE, RICHARD MARK BROWN, MICHAEL JOHN MINGARD OF TEMPO HOUSE, FALCON ROAD, LONDON SW11. HEREBY GIVE NOTICE IN PURSUANCE OF SECTION 2 (1) a (1) OF THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES ACT 1973 THAT WE INTEND TO APPLY TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EMPLOYMENT FOR A LICENCE TO CARRY ON AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY FOR MUSICIANS AT THE ABOVE PREMISES SUCH AGENCY TO BE KNOWN AS **COMPUTABAND**

ANY PERSON DESIRING TO MAKE REPRESENTATIONS AS TO THE GRANT OF THE LICENCE SHOULD DO SO IN WRITING TO THE DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT WITHIN FOURTEEN DAYS OF THE DATE OF THIS NOTICE.

On your ass or your elbow.



There's a hole lot of good news in Bike this month.

The biggest patch ever, at the best price ever – free!

As well as covering holes we also cover Honda's flat-track style FT500 in a Bike exclusive, the first road test.

We have scoop pix of Norton's new wankel in jam sandwich trim. Tell you what we think of Guzzi's flash bike de luxe, the Le Mans III, and the launch of Yamaha's RD80 and DT125.

Two headbangers drool over 750 Kawasaki strokers, while our sedate and responsible testers compare the custom 400's from Suzuki, Honda, Yamaha and Kawasaki in this month's giant test. Bike. Got a lot going for it this month.

Go for it.

Illustration: SERGE CLERC

CONFESSIONS OF A BAGGIST!

FROM YOU TO US: post your most to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

MY BRILLIANT CAREER

And it came to pass . . .

Elvis was our '50s, Dylan was our '60s, and Bowie was our '70s. Is there not a solitary artist in the '80s who can bewilder and amaze us with talent alone? We need superstars like we need oxygen — to give us something to aspire to. I write as a mere mortal with no media manipulative chances.

Bob Belsen, Glasgow.

There we have it, a letter that in 61 paltry words sums up the entire 30 years of our existence! As for the '80s, it's early days yet, Bob, though I'm prepared to stake my reputation on Transparent Illusion. Remember where you read it first! — M.S.

THE GOLDEN MAN

I am writing to express my gratitude at the short, yet dignified, piece in your March 13 issue on the life and untimely death of Philip K. Dick. As your article pointed out, there was no mention in the media of Dick's death and had it not been for *NME* I would never have found out about the demise of this great author.

That he should die now, at the age of 53, is a tragedy in many senses. He was, it seems, about to finally reach a wider audience via the adaptation of his novel *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep* into the movie *Blade Runner*, with Harrison Ford as Rick Dekard. His own account of how the film eventually came about in the last copy of *Starlog* magazine was bitingly funny, and yet showed the man's basic admiration for people who were willing to put care and attention into their work, as he himself always was. Maybe the film, and his tragic death, will eventually serve to bring his books to the attention of a new generation of readers. I can only hope this is the case because his writings, and thus indirectly himself, were a continual source of wonder, inspiration and enjoyment.

Many thanks, Maxim and Malcolm. If the sad news of his death had to reach me, I could not have chosen a better way of finding out than via your article.

Huw A. Lloyd, Machen, nr Newport, Mid-Glamorgan.

So Philip K. Dick is a hero now he's dead, eh? What happened to the review of *Valis* when the paperback came out? Or a review of the hardback of *The Divine Invasion?* Maybe SF isn't cool in hardback but people still read it. I take it the film will make a review; perhaps you can make it a cult.

Dr Bloodmoney, Frolix 8.

What a pleasing disposition you have, Dr. Are you always so desperate to grab the wrong end of the stick? — M.S.

HANDEL WITH CARE

Paul Du Noyer is right, there is much to admire in *NME*, especially the recent tribute to Philip K. Dick and the Alan Vega interview. What *is* depressing is the fish and chip brigade whining on about 'reality' in *Gasbag*. Just what do these pathetic creatures in their dark clothes want from a music paper?

Nothing, it seems, that disturbs their warped vision of Paul Weller as the new messiah, or of Ian Curtis as the old one. One can almost feel sorry for people like 'A Cynic', who need to have their reality defined for them by pop stars and music papers. Almost.

Chris Walker, London W14.

TART JAM LABELS

Barney Hoskyns: "The Jam have somehow attracted vast legions of the disaffected, the non-aligned and the nobodies."

Gary Crowley: "The Jam are the best show in town."

Adrian Thrills: "'Going Underground' is a dynamic, straightforward rocker." Mark Ellen: "The Jam can do in three minutes what most people can only squeeze into ten. And do it better." Paul Du Noyer: "'Sound Affects' is every bit an album of this decade. The Jam should go on being number one in our hearts and charts because they earn the right to be." Gavin Martin: "The Jam are a pyramid of professionalism, power and humility." Graham Lock: "'Town Called Malice' is a magnificent howl of outrage." Charles Shaar Murray: "The Jam are the best group in the world." *NME* Reader's Poll 1979, 1980, 1981, Best Group: The Jam.

Watch out, Barney, not only are you writing for nobodies, you're writing with them.

Andrew Nobody West, Fleet, Hants.

A BIT OF A BARNEY

A note to Barney Hoskyns: Smug elitism isn't the shape of reality and I'd rather try to put "some joy back into this town called Malice" than accept the ugly, failed cynicism of The Fall.

The Horse, Nottingham.

"They are the religious conflagration of melos itself"? (*NME* Birthday Party review, 13.3.82) Barney, you've got to be joking. The closest my dictionary comes is "melon".

Bogmorton, London WC.

MASS DEBATE '82

Unfortunately, the sort of person who buys a music paper *is* the average rock fan. Barney Hoskyns, for instance, was probably nothing more than an average rock fan until the *NME* signed him up as resident Social Democrat in charge of giving people what they want. The average rock fans, that is.

"I love rock music!" declares Barney, and buys Ian McCullough a pint of beer. But that's not all! "I hate Penman and Morley!" he continues, with touchingly simple logic, "Because they hate rock music!" Now McCullough buys him a drink and they toast the destruction of all anti-rockist elements within the *NME*. U2, Echo, Theatre Of Hate — they are the average rock music of today, safe, conceited, complacent, arrogant, churning out LP after LP of music the appeal of which lies in its wanton averageness. So dim, so safe, so dull.

Meanwhile, the forces of good gather to prove that Barney has not hectored and lectured in vain; the *NME* Readers Poll proves a triumph for average rockism, and there are eight letters moaning about Morley in a single *Gasbag* because he has satanically denounced Theatre Of Hate as litlte more than a collection of ears.

"Nonsensical articles!" shouts one. "Stick to music, please!" says I. Taylor of Chatham, Kent. "Stick to Barney, I. Taylor!" says I. The point, of course, is that Morley and Penman are anything but average. Unlike Barney, they do not report, but write. Both are good writers — not something you find often in these days of Bushell and Elms — with at least a passing interest in words and language, the real tools of their trade.

As Morley said in his article last year, it's no use standing back from pop music and analysing it, describing it, and (still worse) worshipping it as some sort of messiah come to exorcise us of our unclean habits; you have to realise it is a purely transient phenomenon, and get involved while it lasts. Don't tell them what it sounds like, tell them what it *is* like — get inside them and tell them why. Paul and Ian are not content to sit back and use standard rock journalistic language like "seminal", "halcyon", "clever", "intelligent" and "Springsteen"; they want to stop describing and tell you why.

"Rock" journalists are as dull, unimaginative and narrow as the music they spend their lives attempting to define. They have comfy jobs, easy tasks, transcribing interviews and passing opinions from their armchairs, listening through their expensive stereos. And then they appear on chat shows as the voice of youth, frustrated social workers with wholesome consciences. "We are not that important," says Chris Bohn. Absolutely.

Morley and Penman want to take the art of writing about music a stage further than that. They are not interested in armchair socialists like Lowry and his sneering cartoons which take real revolution further away by making it familiar and safe. They aren't interested in Barney and his lightweight banter. But then again, they aren't interested in stale conventions like "rock" music either, and that may well get them the sack. Paul and Ian are the real *NME* alternative because they genuinely want to do something different.

Tony Faure, Brighton, Sussex.

Yes, but isn't it working? Paul Morley is getting all you bozos to actually *do* something, albeit only writing to the *NME*. Read the Jam advert on the back — wake up! And Morley's the bastard to make you do it. It's years since *NME* was so vital and thought-provoking, and the *Gasbag* mail shows that readers are socially aware.

Garry Mulholland's letter said (not his point, of course): "Your average rock fans want to be comforted in the knowledge that other people are as uselss, despondent and defeated as he is. This accounts for *Sounds*' popularity." But *NME* is for discerning rock fans. Can there really be fewer of them about now? Or does the current deluge (trickle?) of Haircuts, Blue Rondos and Errols mean that there is no longer anything to be discerned in rock music?

I'm buggered if I know, but music is so important that I'll keep following the *NME* and miss nothing.

Philip Simm, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

PS Even I've done something now! Well done, Paul!

Everybody's entitled to their opinion. Except Garry Mulholland.

Dean White, Hastings, Susse.

Now that's my kind of letter! However, the debate continues . . .

Congratulations for the 29 mentions of Paul Morley in one *Gasbag* (13.3.82). Is this a record? Or will it be a few years before he has become famous enough to start making those?

Chrissie Geldof and Bob Hynde, Slough.

Paul wouldn't make a record if you offered him a million dollars and Ian Dury's Housewives on back-up vocals. — M.S.

Ooooh! You are a liar! — P.M.

I think Mr Morley must work bloody hard writing all those reviews, interviews *and* letters.

Chris, Thurchapel, Plymouth.

This debate is now closed. Until next week. — M.S.

PS

If a talented, creative journalist came to work at the *NME* he'd be the first.

Mr Bastard, Milton Keynes.

That, sir, is a vile slur on the fond memory of Gordon Coxhill. — M.S.

SEEING THE LIGHT

Last week, against my better judgement, I bought a copy of *Sounds*. Upon reading their Readers Poll I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Best Group: Rush, followed by eight more (save for Human League) unmusical, irrelevant creeps. Worse still, well-known humanitarians The Exploited came 10th, The Jam scraped in at number 17. Best Single: 'Tom Sawyer' by Rush, 'Ghost Town' coming 14th. So I think all *NME* readers (including myself) owe you an apology for all the recent bitching.

The *NME* may have hiccups but *Sounds* has terminal brain damage. Apology accepted?

Chris Gibb, Colliers Wood, London SW19.

Upon receipt of a crisp fiver to cover the distress factor, of course, absolutely. — M.S.

VISUAL BITS

So Penman, this time you've chosen to don a Maverick (suit. Think of the fashion upheavals man! Zoot's cute) to lie in your semi-oh!-logical word Barthes. A spectacular gesture of bespectacled jester 'nother facade ridden to the swamps, soaking an already sodden French '50s form fetish.

All this heavy metalanguage, SIGHnS! of the rhymes, godpen! just to demistify-magnify Cromagnon Dentistry's own chump chop chagrin chin, playing "Rocky" the Universal Roll, overbaked and jammed into that sick-sauced centre of selfsameness. For those hogtied, dogtired, trickset of spacial facial contortions (each one exposed tens to times in each episode of each show) look no further, Jim'll fix it.

Yeah, well, I do grant that this characteristic of "Rocky Roll's" passe persona is good form fodder for the Roland Penman Critical Ready Reckoner, but it's much more languid than your ludicrously liberal linguistic lounging warrants.

Thauvin.

Get stuffed. — M.S.

When will it be Monty Smith's turn to introduce *Film 82?* We could all do with a laugh.

Tony Cascarino, Crockenhill, Kent.

I'd rather do *Clapperboard*. — M.S.

I have noticed that over the last few weeks the main attraction for me — and I suspect many other of your readers — has been removed from your paper. May I suggest that you stop printing your film guide to make space for the full page, full colour feature that *Errol* deserves.

Mark Fretton, London N22.

Certainly you may suggest it. Now shall I tell you what to do with your suggestion? — M.S.

What a bright idea to give away a video of *Jubilee* in your latest competition. What use will the prize be to those of us who can't afford a video machine to play it on? You are effectively running a cosy little competition for wealthy readers only, and contributing to the ever widening gap between the rich and poor. Not very tactful, is it?

Coming soon: Win free petrol for your limousine! Free landscape gardening for your country mansion!

Martin McMahon, Norwich.

You're right, of course, and from now on we'll review only flexidiscs that are given away by other rags, and ripped paperbacks from Oxfam. (Fact: It costs less than £4 a week to rent a video — I didn't realise you had to be wealthy to afford that.) — M.S.

Let's get straight to the point: *Riverside* is bloody awful and if that Edna Rembrandt or Nora Van Gogh or whatever she is says "video" one more time I'll drop her.

Nobby Da Vinci, Wallasey, Merseyside.

Alice Cooper once proclaimed that he would die young and therefore have a good-looking corpse. After having seen him on *Riverside* I would say he's left it too late.

Colin Duncan, Oxford.

NEW TOWNS, NO STYLE

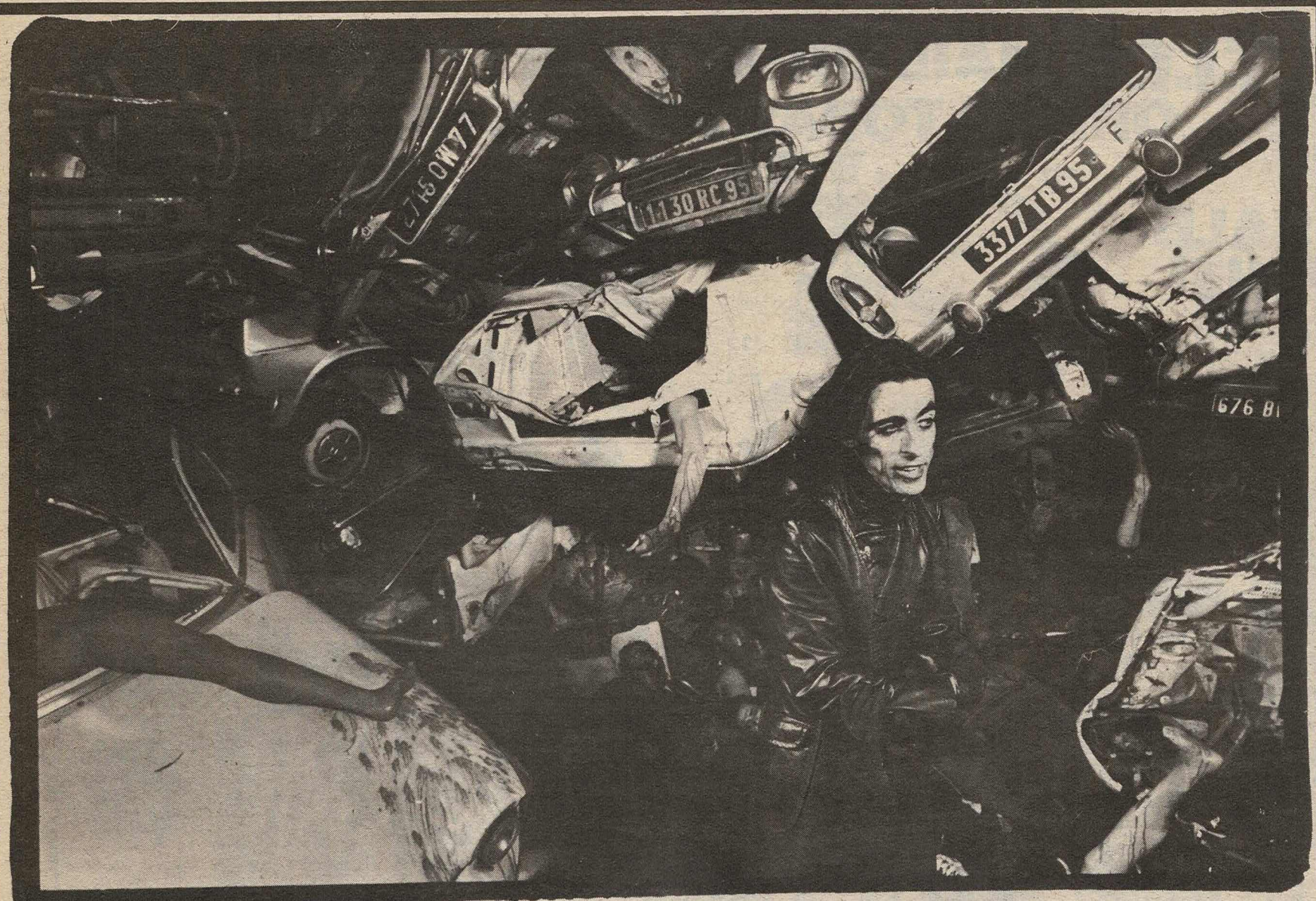
Dear Mr Stockbroker,

I totally agree with your views on Henley. Having to live amidst the complacent tits in this place drives me nuts (and has done for 19 years). However, I'll be here for at least another six months so I'll have to put up with it. I missed your gig in Henley because I was too stoned to care, this being the only cure amongst the young here.

Diggit Bill, Henley.

PS Here are a few lines:
They sit content,

Still hazy after all these years: MONTY SMITH



And talking of exhibitions — which we are if you read the bottom picture caption before you read this one — how about this fine display of old wrecks, currently on show as part of Le Centre Pompidou's "Celebration du Trash Pathetique Week", in Paris. Pic: Claude Gassian.

Complacently surrounding themselves
In their material well-being.
They have social standing
An agreeable mortgage
And rigorously pursue
unlimited wealth.
Pre-determined simplicity.
The cure's not working too well, is it? — M.S.

"I live in a town with a hundred lights around." I arrange gigs at Bowes Lyon House, Stevenage. I keep my hair in the now too-common mohican style because it's the longest I know of. I don't spell my name T.O.N.Y.

New towns breed irritation over minor matters.
Tim Swain, Stevenage, Herts.

AN IDIOT WRITES

According to Julie Burchill I am an idiot. My crime? Am I a supporter of the Tory Government? A racist? Do I wear my shoes on the wrong feet? No. I like Japan and occasionally buy their records.

A piece of advice for all rock journalists: Insult the musicians if you must, but *never* insult the readers unless you want a one way ticket to the dole queue.
J. Caesar, Bristol.

Could I just say that Pete Shelley is the nicest person I've talked to in years. Thank you.
Girl in the grey suit at Kirklevington Country Club 10.3.82, Co Durham.
PS Please print this — it's of personal importance.
You're wasting your time, dear, believe me. — M.S.

My mates and I were wondering . . .

How *do* you pronounce 'Corbijn'?
Puzzled Duncan, Manchester.
We favour the Danny Baker interpretation: Corbij-a-minge-minge. Personally, I struggle with 'Anton'. — M.S.

At last my letter to you was reprinted in *Pseud's Corner* in the current ish of *Private Eye*, I was wondering if this qualifies me to be a contributor to your paper. If so, when do I start, how much do I get, and do I get to meet Ian Penman.
Brian Helicopter (Honorary Pseud), Leamington Spa.
Would you settle for Julia on the switchboard? — M.S.

t-zers

GOOD EVENING. This Week, *T-Zers In Action* looks at the problem of crime. We have to face the fact that the law 'n' order lobby have a point — statistics *do* show that the great majority of crimes, and nearly *all* crimes of violence are committed by a particular minority in society. MEN! Even more sinister are figures which show this unrepresentative male grouping provides most of the fascistic Chief Constables, senile Law Lords, corrupt financiers and deranged politicians ruining the country. This is why this week *T-Zers In Action* begins with the question — **Rhodes Boyson** and **Jim Jardine**: Are They Mad Or Merely Male?...

Rude Boy Rhodes, Tory Education Under-Secretary, blames the Permissive Society of the '60s for today's crime wave, while Jim 'The Noose' Jardine, Chairman of the Police Federation, reckons it's all down to the abolition of capital punishment. The solution is obvious, and something we at *T-Zers* have been advocating for several years — hang all hippies!...

Take **The Boomtown Rats**. *(No thanks, you take 'em — Ed Who's Determined To Slip In A Few 30-Year-Old Jokes To Mark This Special Anniversary Issue.)* Their gig at Athens' Sporting Stadium last Monday sparked a riot as 8,000 fans tried to squeeze into the 3,000 capacity venue. Hundreds of baton-wielding Riot Police rushed to the scene as the rioters lit bonfires, overturned cars and smashed windows. The Rats agreed to schedule two extra shows to accommodate the disappointed fans — 78% of whom, say police statistics, either are hippies, know a hippy, or have at one time owned a paisley shirt...

Still in Greece, we hear that the Land Of A 1000 Balalaikas has withdrawn from this year's Eurovision Song Contest. And the reason, according to a TV spokesperson, was that the 30 contending songs were all so bad they would have caused "international embarrassment". (Would that the BBC were so sensitive)...

At least the Greeks have realised that "Most pop music is drivel" (83½% actually, according to Scotland Yard's Serious Drivel Squad). Them and **Paul Weller,** author of the above quote. The **Jam** pudding went on to blast fellow-popsters for not being serious enough. "Pop should be music with some kind of meaning," opined the Woking Wittgenstein, "not the showbusiness rubbish people like **Adam Ant** and **Depeche Mode** want to bring back." Miaow...

...And miaow. **David Bowie's** new single is 'Cat People (Putting Out Fire)', taken from the soundtrack of the film *Cat People*. Lyrics are by Bowie, but the music's by **Giorgio Moroder**. The Pale Thin One has also been involved in a nude-shower-scene fracas with **Catherine Deneuve,** his co-star in the forthcoming flick *Hunger*. You know how these things go: Deneuve insists her double do the scene, Bowie insists his double do the scene, now **Penman's** demanding *his* double reviews the wretched thing...

ELVIS' corpse in sick jokes shock! YOP, a youth magazine produced by Dudley Council for Voluntary Service, was in the firing line of an international pop music furore last week when **Elvis** fan **Mick Wright** of King's Wingford lambasted the mag for printing "so-called gags" about his hero: " 'Elvis lives — and they've gone and buried the poor sod' is not my idea of a joke," said licensee **Mick.** It's funnier than **Presley's** Las Vegas disc anyway...

Here's another chuckle — **Colonel Tom Parker** is claiming that **Elvis'** £13 million estate be liquidated and half the money handed over to him on the grounds that he wasn't so much a manager, more of a partner...

Delving ever further into the realms of absurdity, news comes winging that **Dave Davies** has had a close encounter in Kentucky with "beings from other realms of existence." The **Kinky** guitarist reckons the weird creatures were not from outer space but "beings living in a higher existence on Earth" — ie, definitely not yer average Kentucky punter. The momentous meeting will now be the subject of a solo Davies LP...

Even stranger things are happening to Swedish teenagers. Doctors there are busy identifying new diseases like Punk Eye (haemorraging due to violent pogoing) and Disco Finger (a painful complaint that comes from snappin' 'em to that dancin' beat)...

And is all well in **The Specials AKA** camp? *(Well, is it? — Ed)*...

At least **Spandau Ballet** are match fit. **Steve Norman** and **Tony Hadley** stepped onto the pitch at half-time during the Spurs v Southampton match to draw the winning ticket in the club's regular £1,000 raffle. The Ballet boys now plan to rhyme "croon" with "over the moon" in their next single, 'Chant No.3 (Just Select That **Hoddle, Ron**)..

Ronnie Lane has gone to Florida for treatment for multiple sclerosis, a disease that attacks the nervous system. The **Stones** are helping out with hospital bills...

The **Undertones' O'Neill** brothers currently moonlighting in **The Wesleys,** synthesiser band...

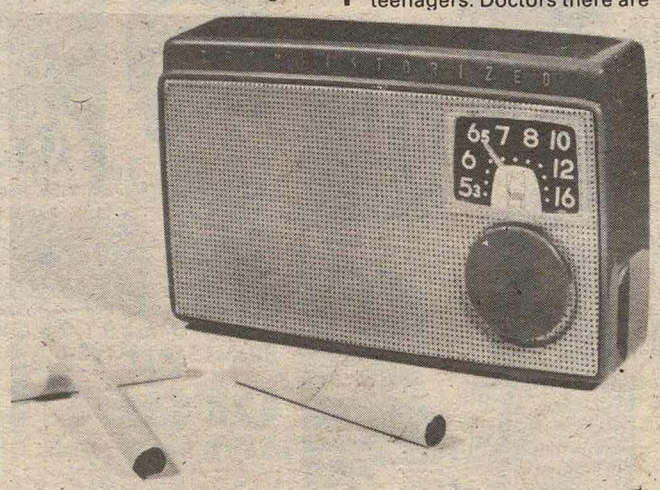
The hottest parties in New York just now are the rap/B-Boy events hosted by the **Sure Shot Party Crew.** Last week, during a spin session by **Afrika Bambaataa,** the Fire Department decided the place was *too* hot and raided the Negril club venue for over-crowding. The B-Boys danced in the street to entertain the evicted punters until the event was relocated at Danceteria...

And **The Nitecaps,** New York's young soul rebels, have signed to Sire Records and are choosing a producer for their first LP...

From murky futures to a murky past. **Oliver Bendt,** leader of the **Goombay Dance Band,** once failed the audition for *Opportunity Knocks*...

Quote of the week, from ancient rocker **Adrian Gurvitz:** "I saw just about everything — drugs, women, crazy excesses — but I've always managed to remain Adrian." Cosmic, man...

And on the subject of silly monikers, did anyone see last week's **Barney Miller,** which sported a character with the implausible handle of **'Neil Spencer'**. What's more, the so-called Spencer described his job as "wetnurse to a bunch of sleazy bozos". Carry On Nurse... the next 30 years start here...



And finally . . . let's hear it for the 27th anniverary of the transistor radio! Yes, 1955 it was when the Japanese genii at Sony gave birth to this little beauty, the TR55. Just one of the arty-facts you'll be able to bore your mates with after seeing the Sony At The Boilerhouse exhibition now showing (till 3rd June) at the London gallery of the same name.

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
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Paul Morley

Art & Design
Richard Krzyzak

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Bob Edmands
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Andrew Tyler
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Cynthia Rose
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Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Paul Tickell
Barney Hoskyns

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel
Research
Fiona Foulgar

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58. EXPLOITED - ARMY LIFE
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69. J. ROTTEN
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71. THE WHO
72. JAM - BEGINNERS
73. K JOKE - 2nd ONE
74. DISCHARGE NEVER AGAIN
75. K JOKE - REQUIEM
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